Dec. 16, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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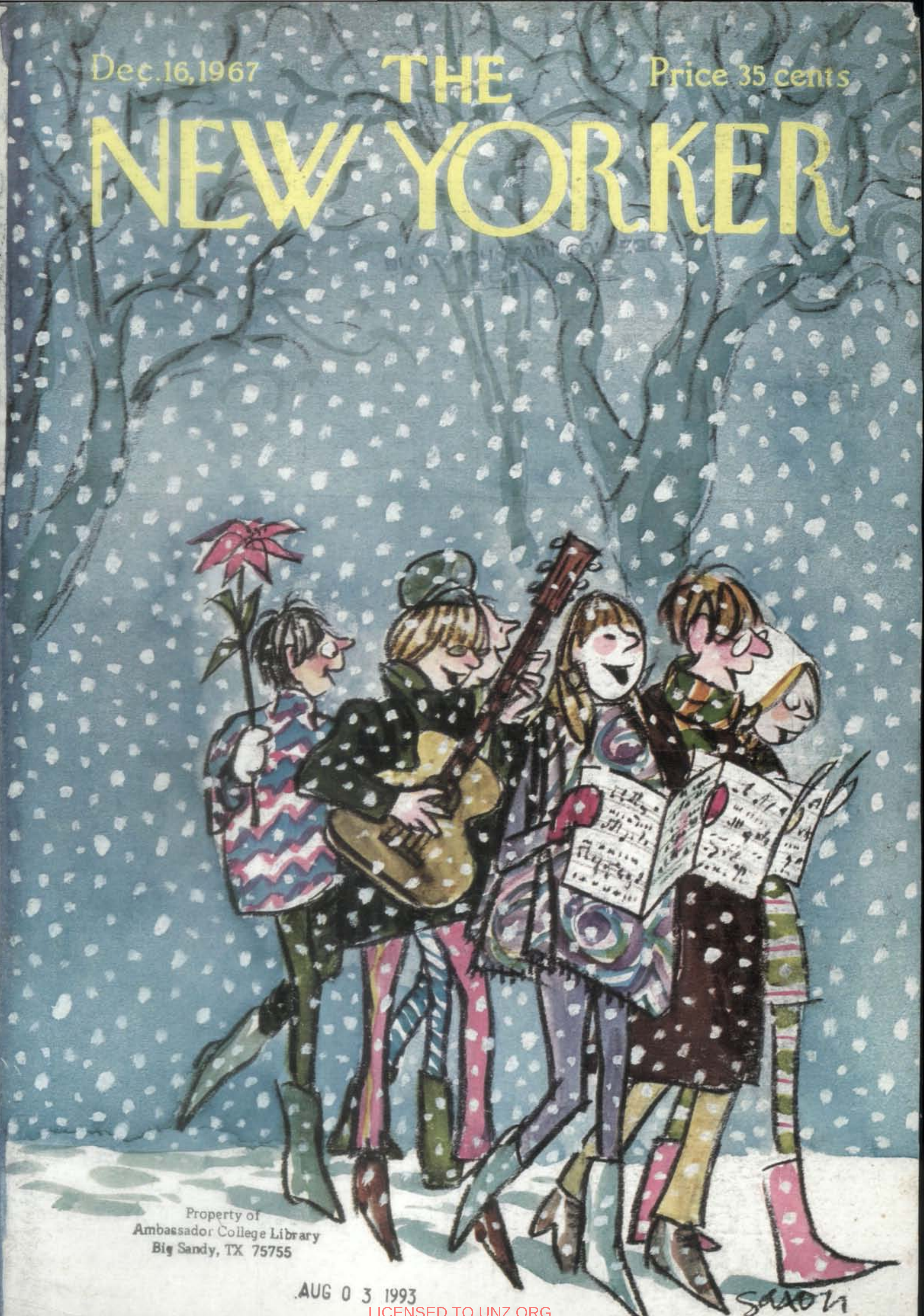

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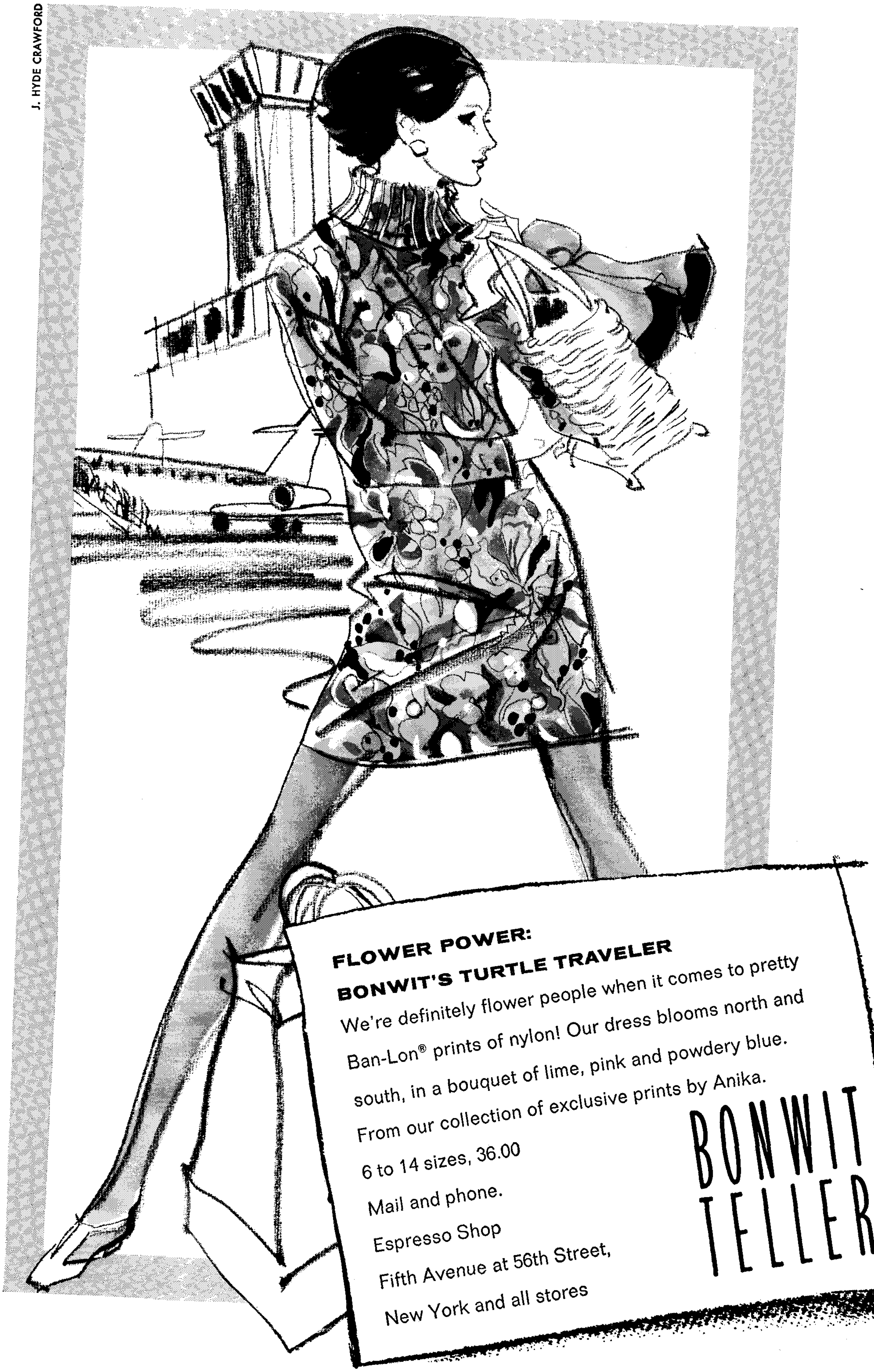

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the *Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave.* and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Thursday, Dec. 14, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's first full-length play, written a decade ago, is obscure but interesting enough if you are one of the author's disciples. The American cast *isn't* too successful in portraying the various English types on view, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is only intermittently satisfactory. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Everything in the Garden—Some ladies on the loose in suburbia, picking up a fast buck as call girls. This play, adapted by Edward Albee from a work of the late Giles Cooper, is a very empty exercise. Barry Nelson, Barbara Bel Geddes, Beatrice Straight, and Richard Thomas are among those caught up in it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Halfway up the Tree—Peter Ustinov's dishevelled comedy about the generation gap, which comes alive when the playwright cuts out philosophizing and gets down to old-fashioned farce. Anthony Quayle, Eileen Herlie, and Graham Jarvis head a worthy cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—Final performances of a nine-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Bertolt Brecht's **MOTHER COURAGE:** Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jacob Gordin's **MIRELE EFROS:** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

More Stately Mansions—A turgid, awkward *melodrama salvaged—unsalvaged, actually*—from a manuscript that Eugene O'Neill thought he had torn up. Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill head the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Something Different—All about a playwright whose invention has failed, and who has to employ some odd methods to get going again. Carl Reiner's comedy takes a while to get going, but before it has ended it introduces some funny scenes, especially one in which Claudia McNeil participates. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 17.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles. Reopens Monday, Dec. 18, after a week's vacation. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—A musical about a philandering musician who is chased by a couple of pubescent girls while he is chasing older girls. A dull business in which Don Ameche, Lord have mercy on him, is featured. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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How Now, Dow Jones—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but it does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman are noteworthy in a hard-working cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things were just be- the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae have replaced Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Spofford—Melvyn Douglas in a comedy derived by Herman Shumlin from Peter De Vries' novel "Reuben, Reuben." Mr. Shumlin is the director. Opens Thursday, Dec. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice in a one-man show, imported from London and adapted and directed by Patrick Garland from the works of John Aubrey. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 18. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—A three-week holiday revival of **BRIGADOON**, with Bill Hayes, Margot Moser, Karen Morrow, Russell Nype, and Edward Villella. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Mati-

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Lanvin
Wilson
A great year — for Arpège
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES**, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 2 and 8; and Sunday at 2 and 7:30. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 19, to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St., 246-0390, where performances will be given nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30, with matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **TOSCA.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 4 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3 and 7:30: **IOLANTHE.** . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30: **PATIENCE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Ceremony of Innocence—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Donald Madden, Olive Deering, and Nancy R. Pollack. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) only. Membership performances start Thursday, Dec. 14. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—At Cristemasse merie may ye daunce. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—For the necessary data, please see the notation under **CHEETAH** in "Night Life."

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis has directed Euripides' tragedy of the pre-Trojan war. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Peddler and the Dodo Bird—A pair of one-acters by Emanuel Fried, the first about a small-time businessman who has cheated an old friend in a number of ways and gets caught at it, and the second about a crazy, alcoholic old factory worker who is tormented by his former union boss and defended by his present one. Much of the dialogue is Warner Brothers tough. The actors do as well as can be expected with the rather shopworn material at their disposal, and Thomas Anderson even manages to be sporadically believable as a touchy carpenter and as the proprietor of the saloon where the tormenting goes on. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

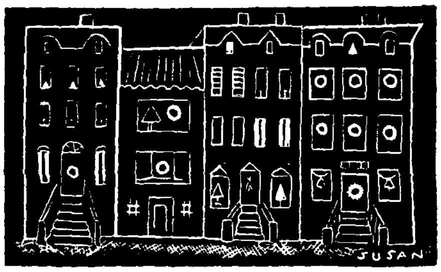
The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 2.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company, under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Walking to Waldheim and **Happiness**—A pair of tiresome ethnic items by Mayo Simon, but Aline MacMahon gives a good performance as an all-purpose Jewish mother in the first, and Jacob Ben-Ami gives an extraordinary performance as a cranky old man on the brink of senility in the second. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 17, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 19-22, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Louis Falco—With his dance company, in a program of his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Arena," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—The first three performances in a nine-day engagement that will run through Saturday, Dec. 30. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:30: "Post Meridian" and "Orbs.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "Aureole," "Agathe's Tale," and "Piece Period." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30: "Post Meridian" and "Orbs." (Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "Enter, Venus," this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—George Kirby, a true good-humor man, ends his dinner and supper sessions in the Royal Box on Saturday, Dec. 16, the night on which Mary Lou Collins, a chirruper, signs off, too. Also *exeunt* the men in Lee Evans' orchestra. Activities will resume later on.

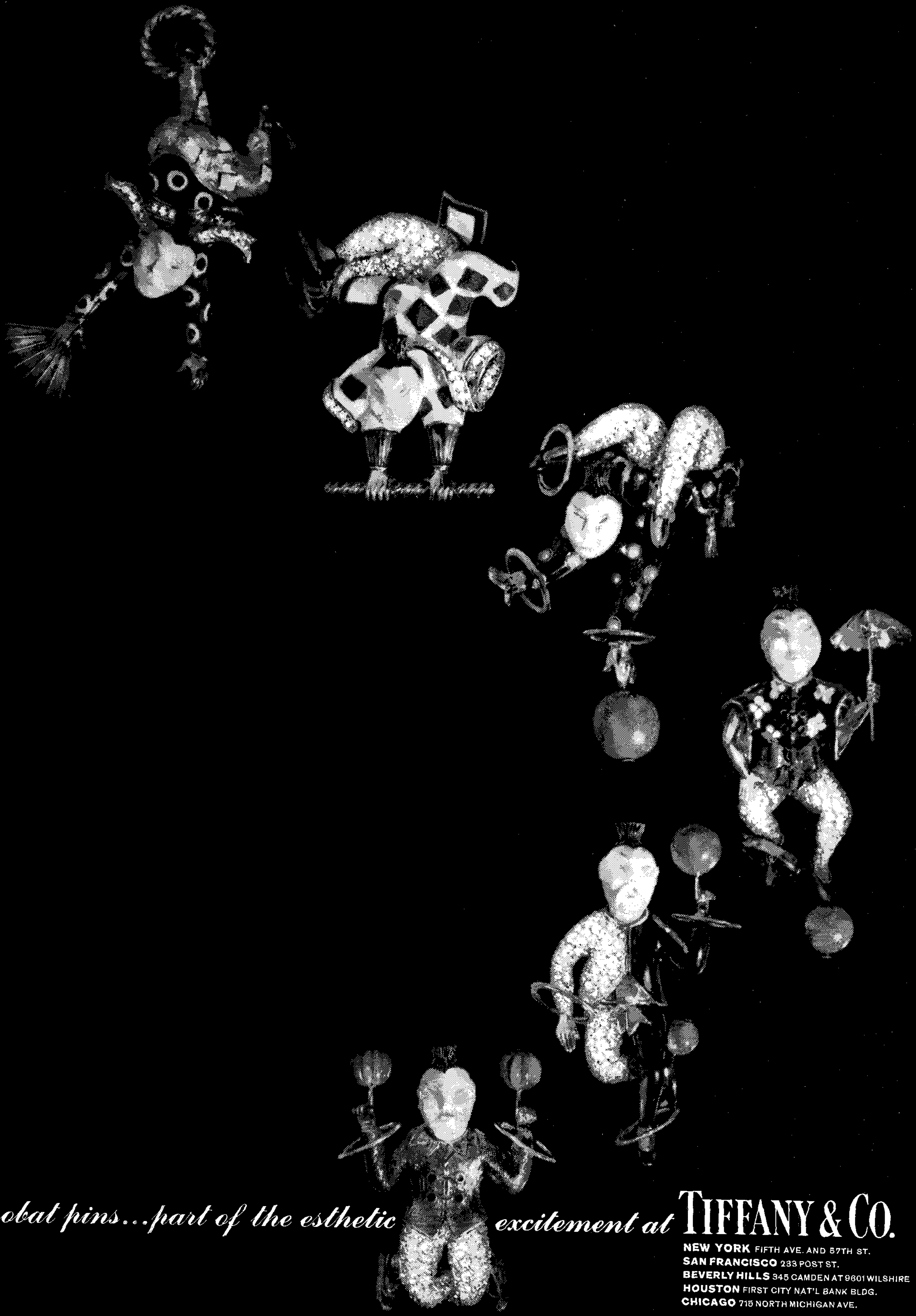
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—New York, New York, it's a wonderful town, and here assembled are some of the impetuous people who keep it going. Pir Marini's minute dance band takes the stand at nine and hangs on until two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff has agreed to keep the place open until early in the morning. The staff includes Lester Lanin—in person, not in effigy. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They stick around every night until well after the theatre. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work. She is invisible Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there is Vikki Carr, imbued with glee and whee, and singing her winning little head off. The orchestra of Burt Farber, now indulging in commendable quantities of Dixie, is spelled by the romantic serenaders run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jonah Jones holds, as the saying goes, a title clear to this mansion in the skies, and the potshots he takes with his horn can often be heard down here on earth. His quartet begins at nine; another foursome reports for duty as early as seven. The silent night is always Sunday.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The Count Basie band, which has been blowing its corporate mind these many years, is still in the jubilant process on Deck C. Eight until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Were it not for Patachou, whose soprano is available in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, one would never know of the sad, glad, mad hearts that beat under the unrevealing exteriors of a million Parisians. She vanishes Sundays. The Maisonette is no longer quite the imperial palace of yesteryear, but then what is?

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Phyllis Diller, whose description of her life and hard times makes them seem one unmitigated tax loss, is finishing up in the Empire Room on Saturday, Dec. 16—during dinner every night, and at supper, too, on Friday and Saturday. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo shuts down the same Saturday, and the Empire Room takes a short break. . . . ¶ Wining and dining never cease in the various layers of Peacock Alley, where the dance trio of Horace Diaz murmurs respectfully from eight to one through Saturday, Dec. 16, and from five-thirty to ten-thirty from then on, and where there is likewise piano on its own, beginning at cocktail-downing time every day but Saturday and Sunday.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands (the Latin one is Argueso's) and the floor are big, and the aura is bland. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

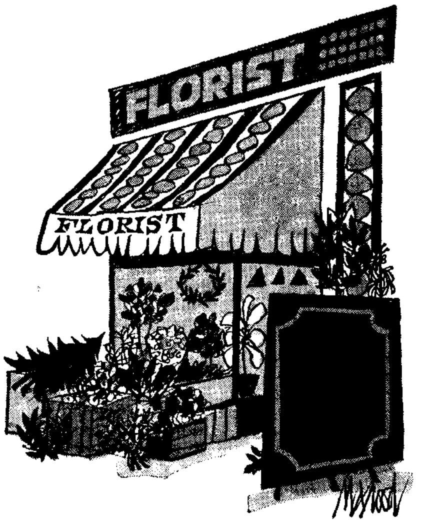
goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other evening keyboard man. Francis Thorne, returned from his ten-year sabbatical in Rome, does the cocktail set—six to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance music; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week, including Sundays (from seven to twelve). The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): Early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is Monday through Friday. The landscaping is Early Tibet. Closed Sundays. . . . **new york hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to one-thirty. (The early set is omitted on Saturday, and all music is omitted on Sunday.) The neat means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 36th St. (685-9080): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano of Cy Walter never treads the trite-and-narrow path that leads to boredom; instead, it leads to enthralldom. This takes place from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **polo bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **gotham restaurant,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The sound of the zimbalon and the violin is heard in this peaceful land from six until nine-thirty every night but Monday and Tuesday. . . . **salum sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorator's fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Felipe Gayo, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this ornamental countinghouse, George Feyer is at his drop-stitch piano from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No trouble with the customs officials, but the immigration men can be a problem. The interior of the country, a veritable Modhouse, is devoted to a sort of non-touch football for both girls and boys. The Fuzzy Bunnies make as much of the music as is live. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Mostly, the music comes straight out of a wall socket and burnt to a brilliant crisp, but occasionally real people (right now, Kai Winding's quartet, which is poised between jazz and romance) take over. On Monday, Dec. 18, the Windings yield place to the extremely tropical threesome of Rubin Mitchell. The nourishment for the inner person is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. . . . **yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **cheetah,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Listen, children, and you shall hear (the minute you open the door) the midnight ride of musicians who have worked themselves up into a frenzy that equals the frenzy of the strobe lights flickering over a scene of youthful revelry. The bands begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges. . . . ¶ Into this whirligig life will be inserted, beginning Friday, Dec. 22, that most original Off Broadway hippie musical called "Hair," with a cast that in age and spirit is as one with the guests here. At seven-thirty all week, and additionally at three on Saturdays and Sundays. The regular Cheetah rumpus starts up again after every show. No action at all Mondays. . . . **wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* mover is the Chicago Loop, a rock-'n'-roll crew that will, on Tuesday, Dec. 19,

A dozen or so terribly spoiled ladies in New York will get this gift for Christmas.

A few out-of-town girls (if they're very, very good) may get one too.

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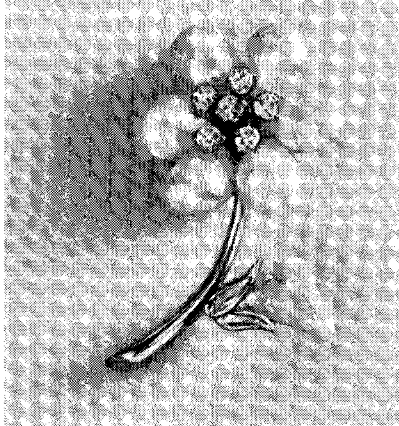

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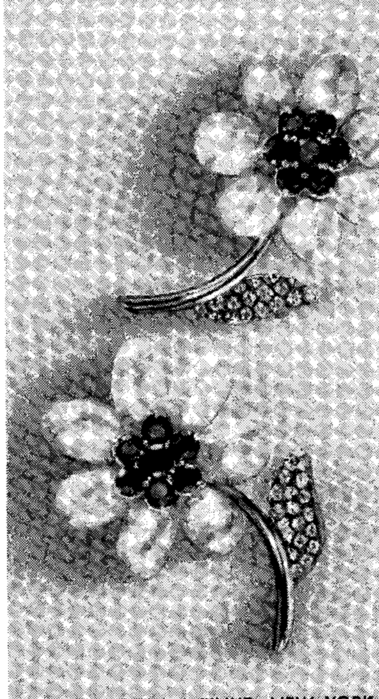


746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be replaced by the homecoming New York Ensemble, which is ingeniously Bach-and-roll. The rollers stay home Sunday and Monday, but everything else keeps whirling those nights. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Where everything is hip and everything is hurray. As much for watching as for dancing, for it really *is* a dream-world circus. Eight-thirty until three or four is the nightly rule. Alcohol is off limits. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, an acceptable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Lana Cantrell, prominent Australian athlete, does a couple of hurdle races as, paced by a most insistent orchestra, she whips out her favorite (and not at all bad) arias. The attendant funnyman belongs in file-and-forget. On Thursday, Dec. 21, a new outlook: the Four Tops, a song-and-prance group that is wonderful and perpetual motion. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *Les girls*, the vital life force around which the charivaris that inhabit this enterprising seminary are built, are back again in a hurly-burly topped by Allan Jones, a singer of an older and quite possibly better school. Twice a night, and in perpetuity, is the house rule.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In Julius Monk's new revue, "Four in Hand," the Age of Elegance meets the Age of Eloquence head on, and interesting indeed is the collision. Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, wits who have worn Monk's-cloth before, are the deft and Delphic oracles. The orchestra is the blithe double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally blithe piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine until eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, goes on furlough after Friday, Dec. 15, to be replaced the following evening by a new set of Latins—the Ballet Español of Carlos De La Camara and Myrna Gloria. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Alejandro Manzana's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She opens fire around ten, or nine-thirty on Friday and Saturday. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The foursome of Roland Kirk, who would like to be a one-man band, and could be if he had another set of lips, is making as much noise as the law allows. Mondays, as always, are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, Mose Allison's trio lives only in the immediate present. Mondays, it stays home. . . . ¶ The lower floor offers, every Monday, the Latin hipster musicians garnered by Symphony Sid, and—Fridays and Saturdays—the words, witty and wry, of Dick Gregory, celebrated war correspondent, and the breezes warmed by Charles Lloyd's foursome. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aides keep with him stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A wharf where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by the quintet of McCoy Tyner, which will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Dec. 19, by Yusef Lateef's quartet. All Mondays are allotted to the mystic rites of Sun Ra's fivesome. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Fridays and Saturdays, Thad Jones gives his brother some mighty assists. Mondays, the gang is off duty. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Heavy armament for this slight vessel; i.e., Friday through Monday, Dec. 15-18, Howard McGhee's seventeen men on a dead man's chest. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Lyn Christie, the deft bassist who was a third of the just departed Tal Farlow trio, has added Joe Beck and Mike Manieri to himself and is going on, every night but Sunday, in this comfortable bar and restaurant. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are *their* throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. Ruth Crews, a contender for the heavyweight belting crown, is in action each Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York is here engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): A Village coffeehouse usually to be relied upon for the quality of its personnel. The current scene is catch-as-catch-can; that is, a new humorist, Stanley Dean, plus a new singer (pop), Kenny Rankin. They depart on Monday, Dec. 18; on Wednesday, Dec. 20, Arlo Guthrie, the son of a great backwoodsman, will start singing the sort of song his father did so very well. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

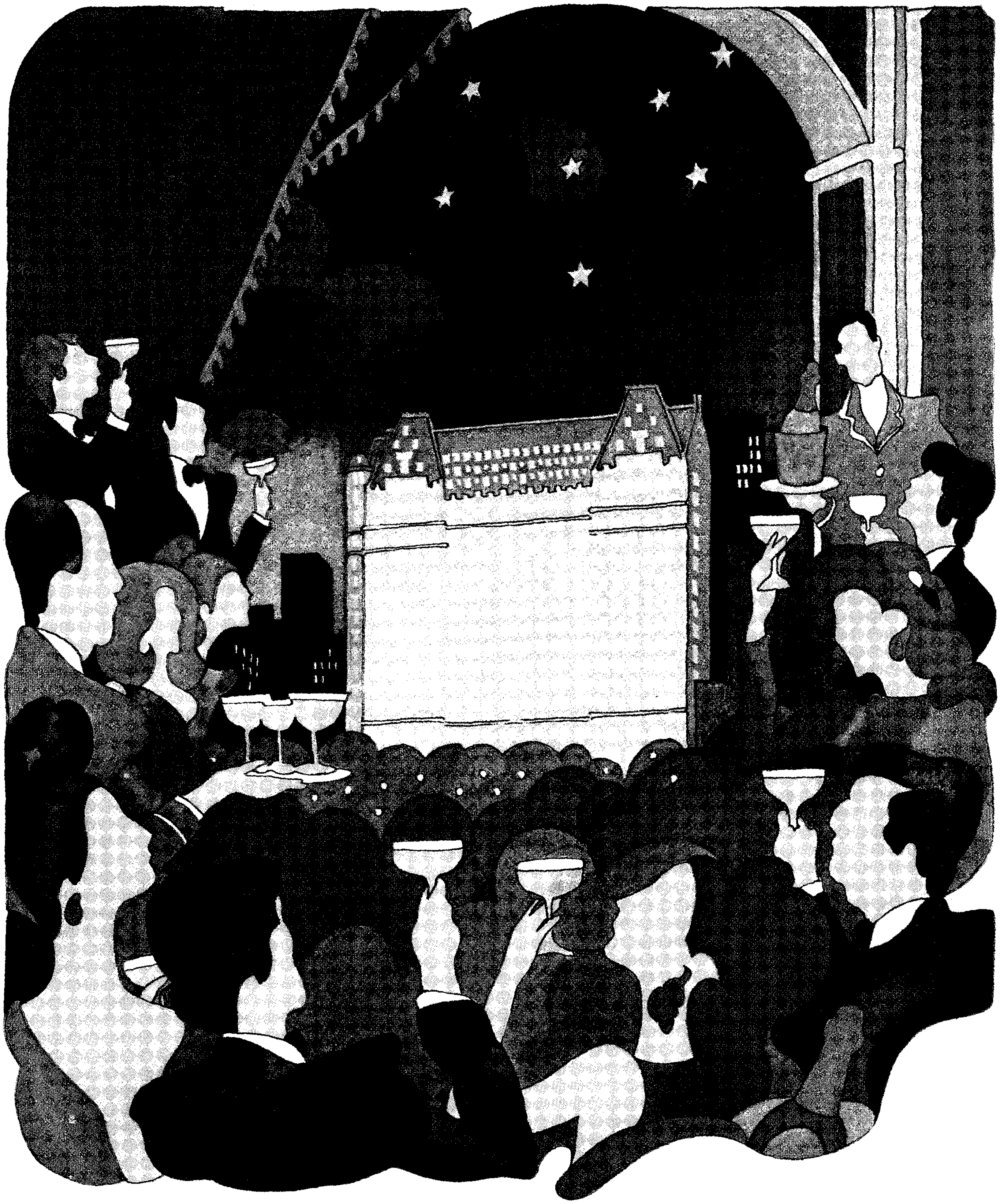
GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Sculptures in aluminum, slate, and metal; through Jan. 3. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DARBY BANNARD—Abstract color-field paintings by an artist who works in bright colors; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Paintings and drawings; through Jan. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Paintings by an artist who participated in the 1913 Armory



Here's to sugar plums and midnight chimes and The Plaza!

Here's to New York's happiest surprise, its lightest-hearted legend and most glittering grown-up fantasy land where fun is evergreen.

Here's to the Viennese tinsel in the Palm Court after 8, and Yuletide starglow in the Persian Room. Here's to Edwardian Room flair. Here's to bright laughter, and the PLaza 9-. Here's to the goose that hangs high in the Oak Room, and blazing New Year festivals at Trader Vic's.

Here's to you, for auld lang syne!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Show; through Dec. 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hans Breder—Light-reflecting geometrical sculptures in chrome, Plexiglas, and mixed mediums; through Jan. 4. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alexander Calder—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Congdon—Abstract landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Metal sculptures of Abstract figures in active poses; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Garel—Landscapes in the Expressionist vein; through Dec. 30. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Grossberg—Eighteen Abstract sculptures in welded steel; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Irene Hamar—Abstract sculptures in luminous materials such as Plexiglas and Lucite; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anton Heyboer—Etchings by a Dutch artist who works exclusively in this medium; through Dec. 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Big canvases stained or painted by a British adherent of color-field painting; through Thursday, Dec. 21. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Pop-style paintings of friends, family, and flowers; through Jan. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Outdoor sculptures by a witty figurative artist; through Dec. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Elegant landscapes by the Russian-born pioneer of Neo-Romanticism; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract metal sculptures; through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—A major exhibition of paintings by a leading American realist of the early part of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse—Forty pencil, pen-and-ink, and charcoal drawings by the French master; through Dec. 30. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tad Miyashita—Collage-paintings by a Hawaiian artist who lives in New York; through Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Petra Moll—Twenty-four primitive paintings by a self-taught Munich housewife, who is receiving much attention in Germany; through Jan. 20. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 2 to 9.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings by America's most-publicized primitive; through Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Three monumental sculptures; through Jan. 27. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Jules Olitski—Acrylics on paper; through Jan. 5. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pachner—Abstract landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Jan. 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Drawings (1966-67) in colored crayon and ink washes, in an exhibition that coincides with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paulémile Pissarro—Impressionist paintings by the youngest and only surviving son of Camille Pissarro; through Jan. 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter—Drawings from the past ten years, done as studies for paintings; through Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Ruscha—Drawings done with gunpowder and spelling out words; through Jan. 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Paintings and color lithographs by a Pop artist attacking the U.S. campaign in Vietnam; through Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Scholl—Carvings by a Pennsylvania folk artist, who died in 1917; through Dec. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Audrey Skaling—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled Decoys, accenting primitive forms; through Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eric Sloane—Cloud studies and rural scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Frank Stella—Monumental shaped canvases by a leading color painter; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Tam—Northern landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pavel Tchelitchew (1898-1957)—Thirty studies for "Hide and Seek;" through Dec. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nearly a hundred works covering two hundred years of American painting; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, such as Marin, Sloan, Prendergast, Hartley, Glackens, Demuth, and Benton; through Friday, Dec. 22.... **peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A twentieth-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by sculptors, among them Nevelson, Agostini, Nivola, Zorach, and Gross; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings by ten artists active for half a century, including Albers, Dickinson, Lindner, Holtey, Tobey, and MacDonald-Wright; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures of parrots by Noguchi, Lindner, Dechar, Baruchello, and other gallery artists; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: About sixty sculptures, oils, prints, watercolors, and drawings owned by the gallery, by, among others, Chamberlain, Nevelson, Francis, Jenkins, Gorky, and Lester Johnson; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Homage to Marilyn Monroe," a benefit exhibit by a large group of artists and photographers, most of them of international reputation; through Dec. 30.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings, sculptures, and drawings by first-line twentieth-century artists, from de Chirico and Calder to Dali and de Kooning, assembled around the concept of "Space and Dream;" through Dec. 20.... **spectrum**, 54 W. 57th St.: Eight paintings by well-known contemporaries; through Saturday, Dec. 16.... **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Bertoia, Delvaux, Stephen Greene, Fritz Koenig, and Joan Ponç; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by thirty-two artists who use kinetic light as their medium; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: German Expressionist drawings and prints; through Saturday, Dec. 16.... **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century English watercolors by West, Constable, Whistler, and others; through Friday, Dec. 22.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Degas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by

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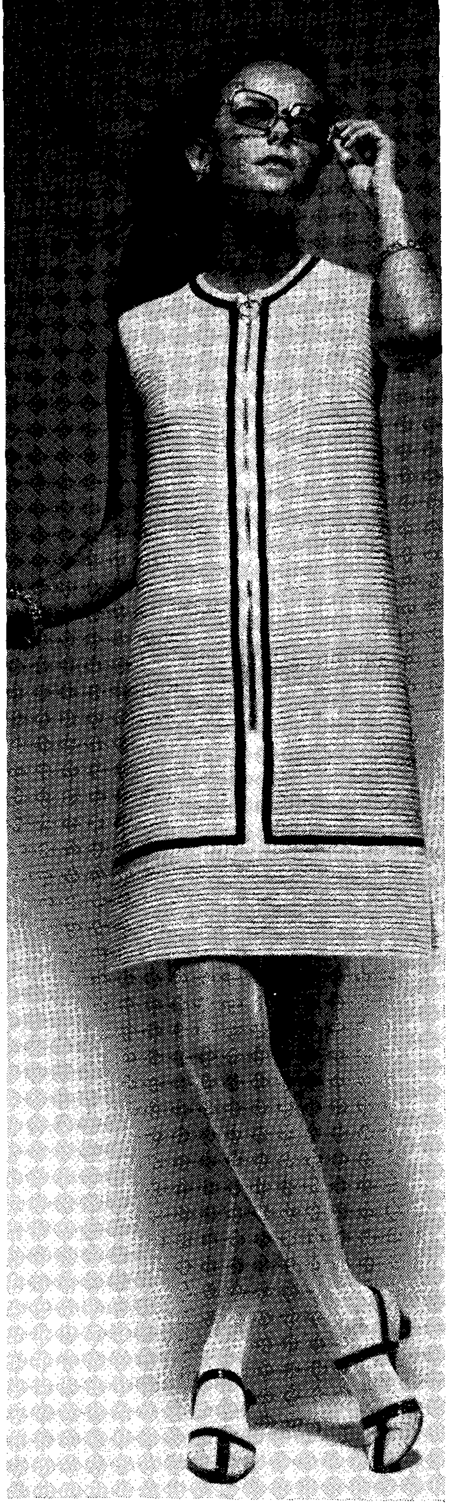

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others; through April 30. . . . ¶ A selection covering a wide range of Japanese art works drawn primarily from the Museum's collection; namely, sculptures, paintings, screens, and ceramics. . . . ¶ A review of feminine fashion, from an English robe of 1735 to a black patent-leather minidress of, needless to say, the moment; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. A good complement to this showing is the Picasso exhibition at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Some fifty illustrations by artists such as de Kooning, Johns, Motherwell, Newman, and Rauschenberg, for a volume of poems by Frank O'Hara (1926-66); through Jan. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1967 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, a hundred and sixty-five examples (most of them executed in the past two years) by as many artists, chosen from all parts of the United States; through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War—for instance, Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings by Leopoldo Presas, an Argentine artist who favors motifs that include women and religious episodes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition (of archeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps) portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D.; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting passages from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 15: A new production of Bizet's "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Nicolai Gedda, and Justino Díaz. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 16: "Falstaff," with Phyllis Curtin, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Lilian Sukis, Karan Armstrong, Karl Dönch, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 18: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 19: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 20: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Karl Dönch, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 21: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Nicolai Gedda, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 22: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 23: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 23: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Mario Sereni. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 22, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Henry Bloch conducting, with Arthur Topilow, piano. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary for either concert.

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Barbara Wallace, soprano; Richard Shadley, tenor; Raymond Gibbs, baritone; Leonard Raver, organ; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Bach-Mozart program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with the Camerata Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lawrence Davidson, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "L'Enfance du Christ" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2:30.

The Play of Herod and **The Play of Daniel**—Performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, players, and actors. "The Play of Herod": Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, at 7 and 9:15. . . . ¶ "The Play of Daniel": Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 9:15, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 7 and 9:15. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. For infor-

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mation about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7711.)

Berlin Mozart Choir—Erich Steffen directing a Christmas concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Tamara Knell directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Holiday Glee Club Festival—The final performances in a series of concerts. Yale, Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Brown, Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; Cornell, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2:30; Dartmouth, Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Harvard, Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Columbia, Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; and Pennsylvania, Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. CO 5-6800.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Bach-Copland program, with Leslie Holmes, Janet Hayes, and Christina Asher, sopranos; Joan Fuerstman, mezzo-soprano; Russell Davis, tenor; Michael Devlin, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Hamilton College and Sarah Lawrence College Choirs—A joint concert, with James Fankhauser and Harold Aks directing a Haydn-Vivaldi program, and with the Hamilton Brass Choir and an orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Wells College Choir—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Mary Ellen Pracht, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Note—The last in a series of Christmas concerts in the plaza beneath the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree—Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 12:30: The Time Inc. Choral Society, directed by Glenda Maurice. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 5:30: The Uniroyal Glee Club, directed by William F. Ondrick. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 12:30: Virgil Fox, organ. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 5:30: St. Raymond's Glee Club and Choir, directed by Lou Fortunate.

RECITALS

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of Bach cantatas, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—The second of two concerts, this one presenting the Bach cycle of flute and harpsichord sonatas. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley and David Randolph, performed by Zita Carno, piano; Gabriel Banat and Stanley Hoffman, violin; the Manhattan Madrigal Group, directed by Hugh Ross; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Igor Stravinsky, Harley Gaber, David Rosenboon, Dorrit Licht, and Terry Riley. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Yehudi Menuhin Trio—A Tchaikovsky-Schubert program. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by fifteenth-century masters. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 5:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Pop—Teddy Wilson's Trio, with Ruby Braff. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Spanky and Our Gang and the James Cotton Blues Band. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30 and 11.) . . . ¶ The Mothers of Invention. (Town Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Rascals and others. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Pete Seeger. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:35: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Luis Rodriguez vs. Benny Briscoe, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 17, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. The Sysonby Handicap, Friday, Dec. 15. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays, except Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

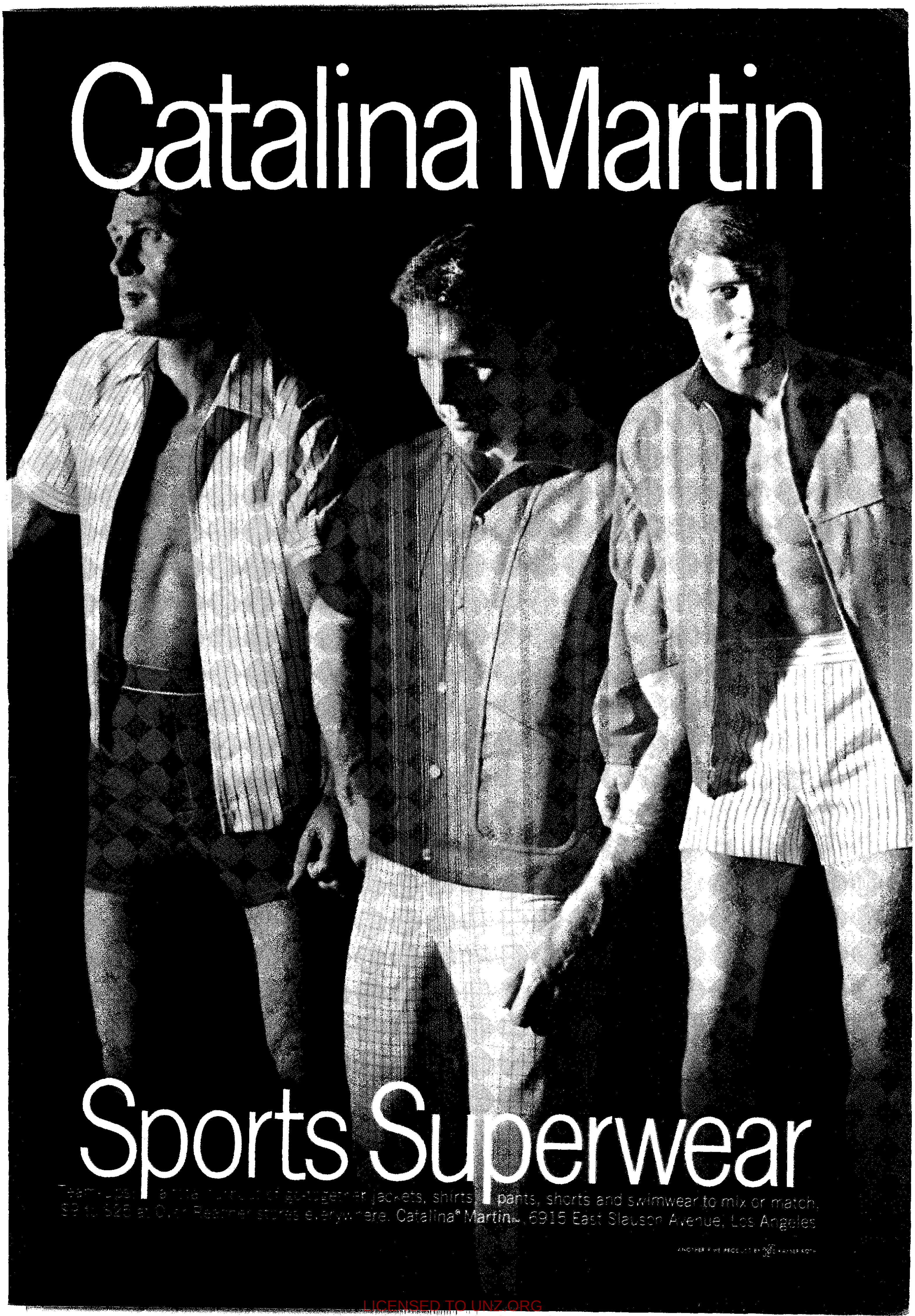
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30: "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)

Olaeta Basque Festival—Singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, from Bilbao, Spain. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays at 1. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **FLORSHEIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Puss in Boots." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Rip van Winkle." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS**: "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE**: "Heidi," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Daniel Boone," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUC-**



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TIONS: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.). . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collection of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars in the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Born Free," with Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers; and "And Now Miguel," with Pat Cardi. A benefit performance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 10. For information about tickets, call 586-8576.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Tuesday, Dec. 19), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR—Vestiges of the good old days: silver, glassware, china, furniture, paintings, toys and dolls and hundreds of other objects. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Dec. 17, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Friday, Dec. 15, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese paintings, Chinese and Japanese woodcarvings and sculptures, and early dynastic bronzes; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 10:30 and 1:45: Decorative and table porcelains, furniture, decorations, and rugs; from various sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, from 10 to 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Six programs in a series called "American Films from the Cinémathèque Française." Dec. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "White Gold" (1927). . . . Dec. 15 at 2 and 5:30: To be announced. . . . Dec. 16 at 3 and 5:30: "The Last Warning" (1929), with Laura La Plante. . . . Dec. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Lonesome" (1929), with Glenn Tyron. . . . Dec. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), with Conrad Veidt. . . . Dec. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Merry-Go-Round" (1923), with Mary Philbin. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 11:30: "Méliès and French Trick Films." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Through Dec. 17: A program of three short films about literary figures produced for National Educational Television. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 19: To be announced. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.). . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 19.)

Camelot—The biggest Lord & Taylor Christmas window of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—The sufferings of a drug addict on his way to being cured. Conrad Rooks is the director and star. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 15.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; Dec. 14. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Dec. 15.)

Cool Hand Luke—An exceptionally good melodrama about a young Southerner who wishes only to go to hell in his own way. Paul Newman is splendid in the leading role. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Dec. 16.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Family Way—Hayley Mills as a bride, though she still seems no nearer to being grown up than Shirley Temple in short socks. John Mills plays her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. Adapted by Bill Naughton from his own interesting stage play. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 19.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—An all too faithful transcription of the Hardy novel, with miles of wild Dorset landscape to make us think of Wessex, and starring such inarticulate children of the soil as Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

How I Won the War—Human nature is a disappointment to Richard Lester, but he recounts his disappointment in hilarious terms. Michael Crawford plays Everyman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 16.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy, directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 19.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Dec. 20.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Dec. 17. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Dec. 20.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando star in a film version of Carson McCullers' early fantasy, which the director, John Huston, has taken at face value, and then some. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Dec. 20.)

Rush to Judgment—The physical appearances of the witnesses called by Mark Lane in his book. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made the McCarthy feature, "Point of Order!" (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 14.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellza-Poppin version of the old comedy. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire of the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; Dec. 14 at 8:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; starting Dec. 15.)

The War Game—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 19.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 15-18.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 16.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 19.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 17-19.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 15-18.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 14.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 20.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 19.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 17-19.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 14.)

Moby Dick (1956)—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel. With Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, and Leo Genn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 16-18.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 19.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 19-20.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 19-20.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 14.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 19.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 15.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 19.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 15-18.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 16.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 20.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 19: "Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.
From Dec. 20: "Fitzwilly," Dick Van Dyke, Edith Evans.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Dec. 14: **THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**
From Dec. 15: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 20: **REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.**

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Dec. 19: "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From Dec. 20: "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 16: **COOL HAND LUKE.**
Dec. 17-18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19, at 7:30: "Doctor Dolittle," Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call JU 2-4970. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Clambake," Elvis Presley.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
GUESS WHO S COMING TO DINNER.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
TOM JONES, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 16: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**, revival.
From Dec. 17: **GEORGY GIRL**, revival; and "The Professionals," revival, Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 20: "The Poppy Is Also a Flower;" and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 19: "Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.
From Dec. 20: "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Dec. 14: "Guilt" (in Swedish).
From Dec. 15: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Dec. 14: **CHAPPAQUA.**
From Dec. 15: **THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 17: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.**
From Dec. 18: "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "Guilt" (in Swedish).
From Dec. 20: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 20, at 8: "The Graduate," Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman. (Opening night by invitation only.)

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"In Cold Blood," Robert Blake, Scott Wilson.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 19: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Dec. 20: "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 20: **REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.**

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 19: **THE FAMILY WAY.**
From Dec. 20: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Terrornauts," Simon Oates; and "They Came from Beyond Space," Robert Hutton.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Dec. 19: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Dec. 20: "Fitzwilly," Dick Van Dyke, Edith Evans.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 14: **RUSH TO JUDGMENT**; and **M** (in German), revival.
Dec. 15-18: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 19: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 16: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
Dec. 17-19: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From Dec. 20: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of nonprofessionals), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 19: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **MORGAN!**, revival.
From Dec. 20: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Dec. 14: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Dec. 15: **CHAPPAQUA.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Terrornauts," Simon Oates; and "They Came from Beyond Space," Robert Hutton.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 19: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.
From Dec. 20: "The Bible," revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Dec. 14: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Dec. 15: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.**

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WAR GAME; and **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"North Vietnam," a documentary by Felix Greene.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 20: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Dec. 17: "This Special Friendship" (in French).
From Dec. 18: "The Stranger" (in French), Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Karina.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 15: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French), revival.
Dec. 16-18: **MOBY DICK**, revival; and "The Shape of Things to Come," revival, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd.
Dec. 19-20: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 19: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," revival, Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 20: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 14: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
Dec. 15-18: **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**, revival; and "Gervaise" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, François Périer.
From Dec. 19: "A Tale of Two Cities," revival, Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 19: **THE JOKERS**; and **BLOW-UP**, revival.
From Dec. 20: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

232
CHARPENTIER
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There's nothing like it back home
...except to be at home
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we wish you the merriest.

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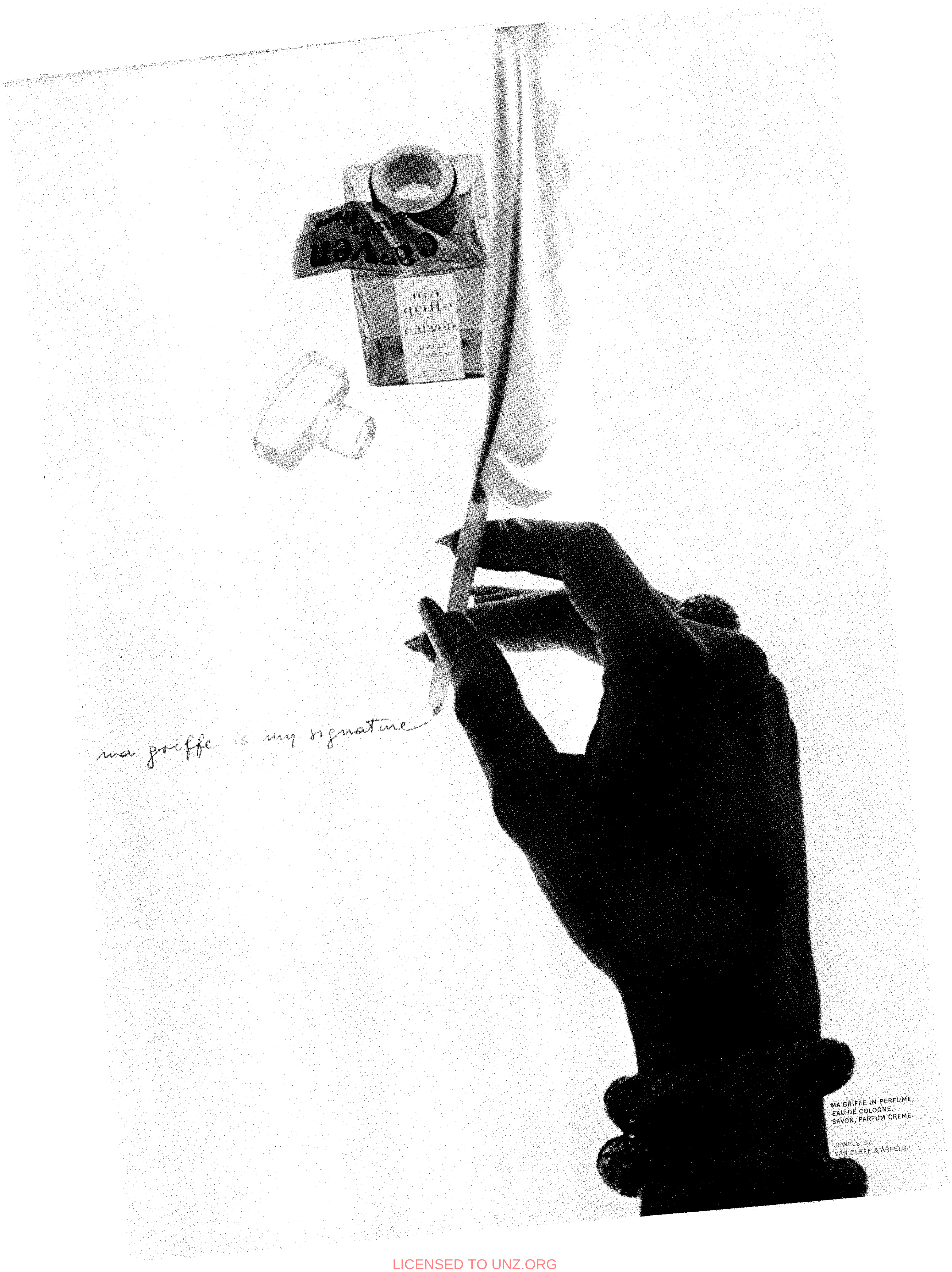
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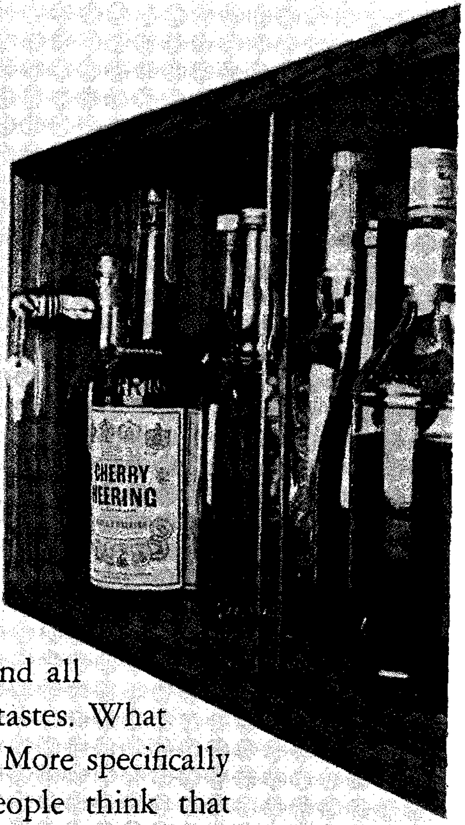

Our bottle looks almost too good to open. So many people don't. They tuck it away for a special occasion or they put it "on display." (That means someplace where guests can read the label, but can't open the bottle.)

They've heard that Cherry Heering is pretty expensive and prestigious and all that, but they haven't heard how it tastes. What adds to their confusion is our name. More specifically our first name. "Cherry." Some people think that means Cherry Heering is a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

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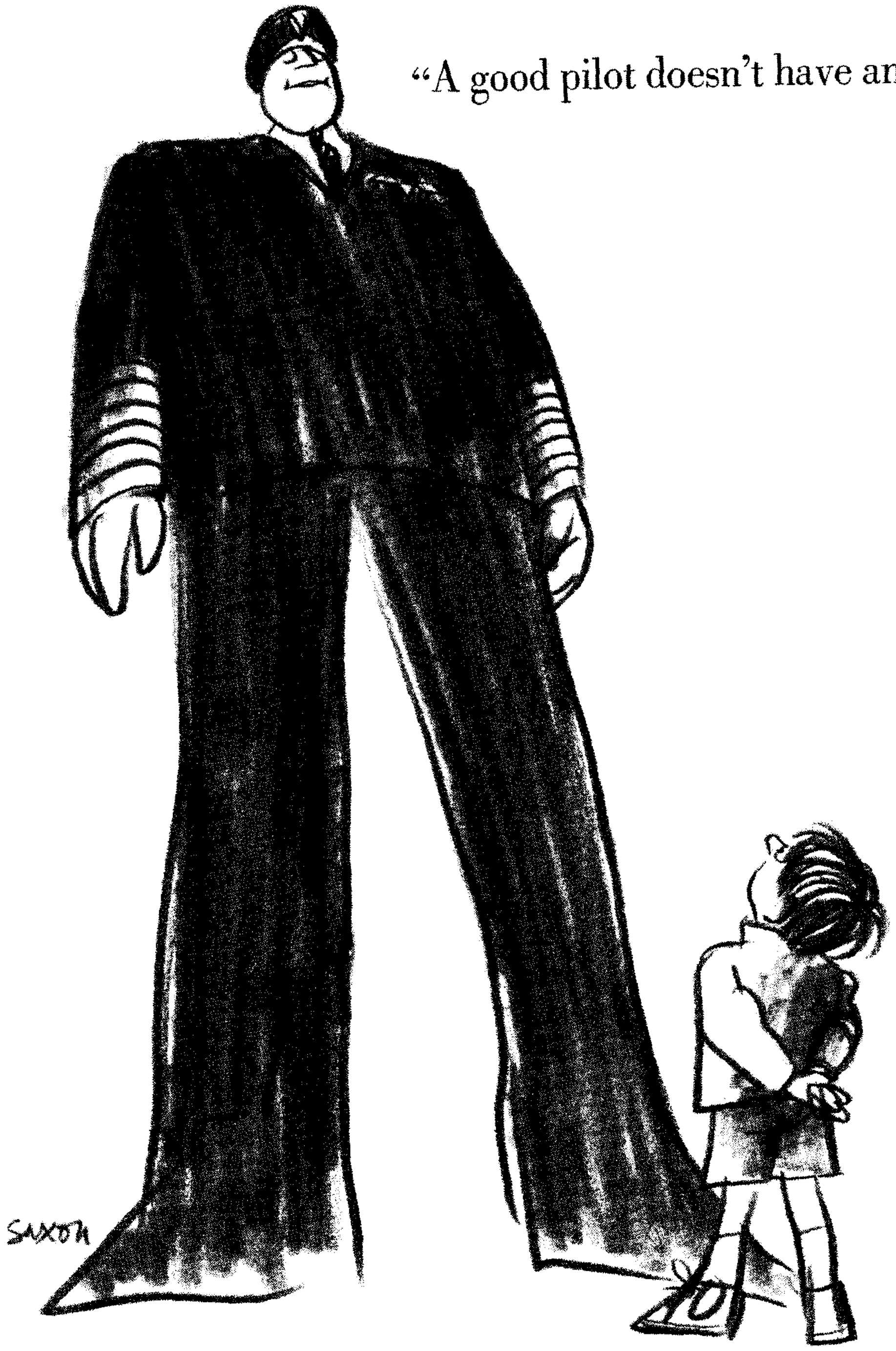

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Up at dawn.

Out to the airport an hour before the flight.

Weather check.

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Take-off.

"Welcome aboard. This is your Captain speaking."

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Post-flight check.

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And then to bed.

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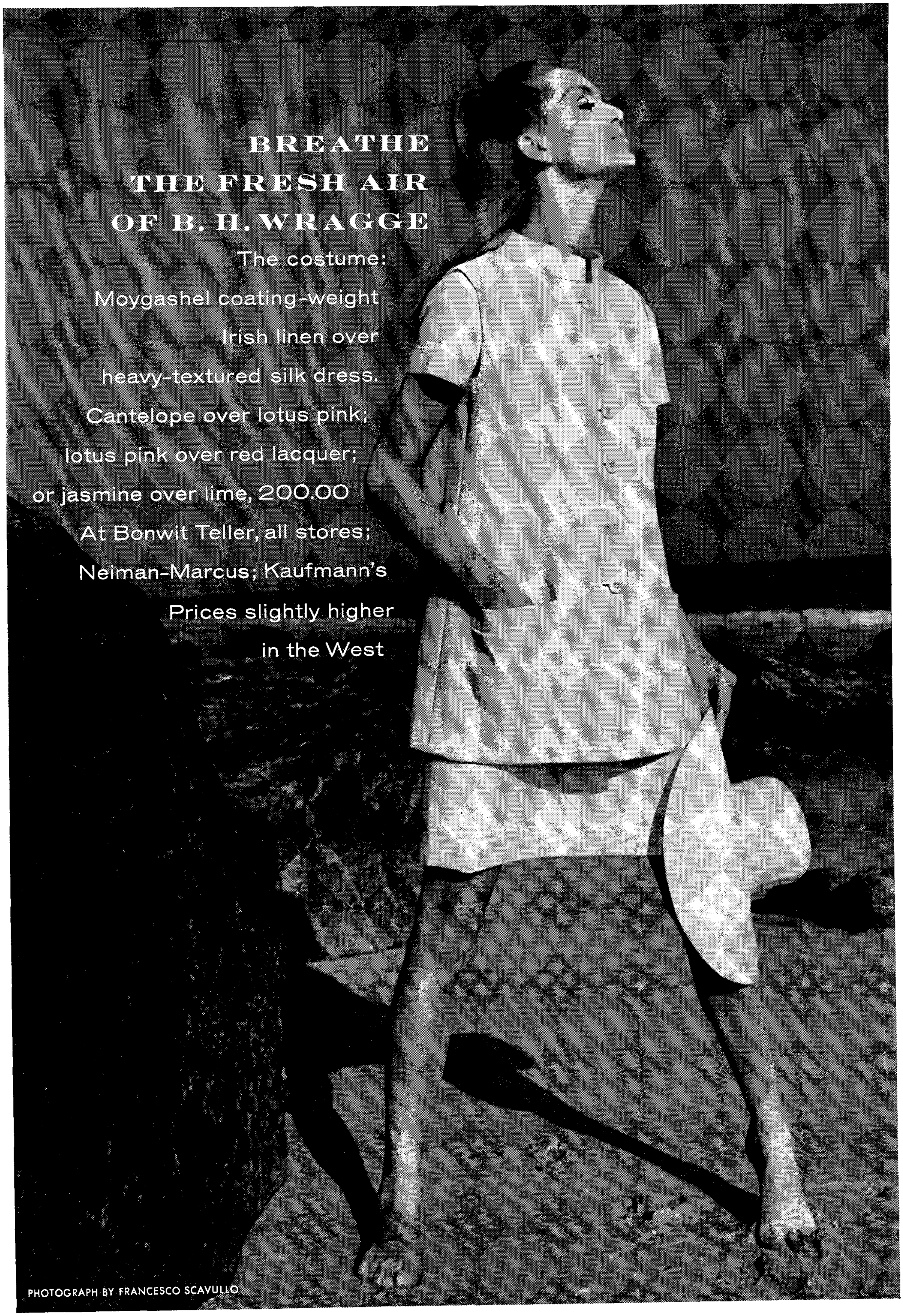

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râmu is a simple thing.
râmu is a many splendored thing.
râmu is just around the corner.
râmu is sweeping the country.
râmu makes the world go ’round.
râmu your magic spell is everywhere.
I’m in the mood for râmu.
Let’s fall in râmu.
The night was made for râmu.
râmu is the reason for it all.
I’ve got my râmu to keep me warm.
When I fall in râmu.
râmu will find a way.
Speak to me of râmu.
râmu is where you find it.
râmu for sale.

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râmu perfume, râmu perfume spray, râmu cologne spray
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râmu me or leave me.

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Some people say they can't keep their eye on the ball.

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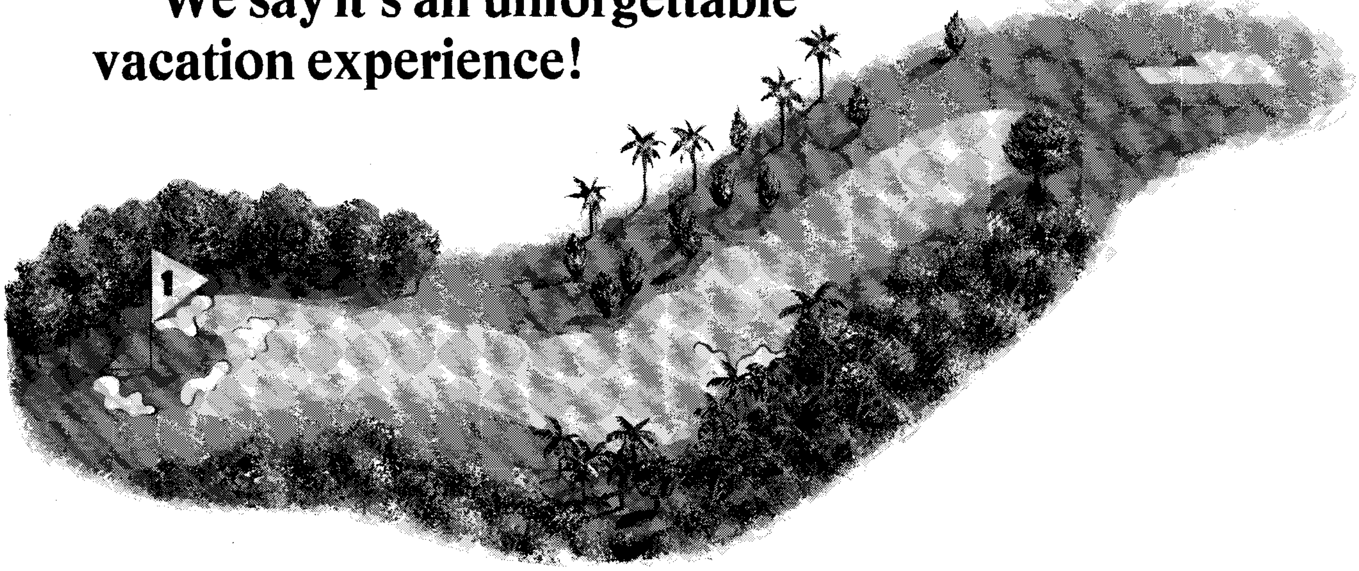

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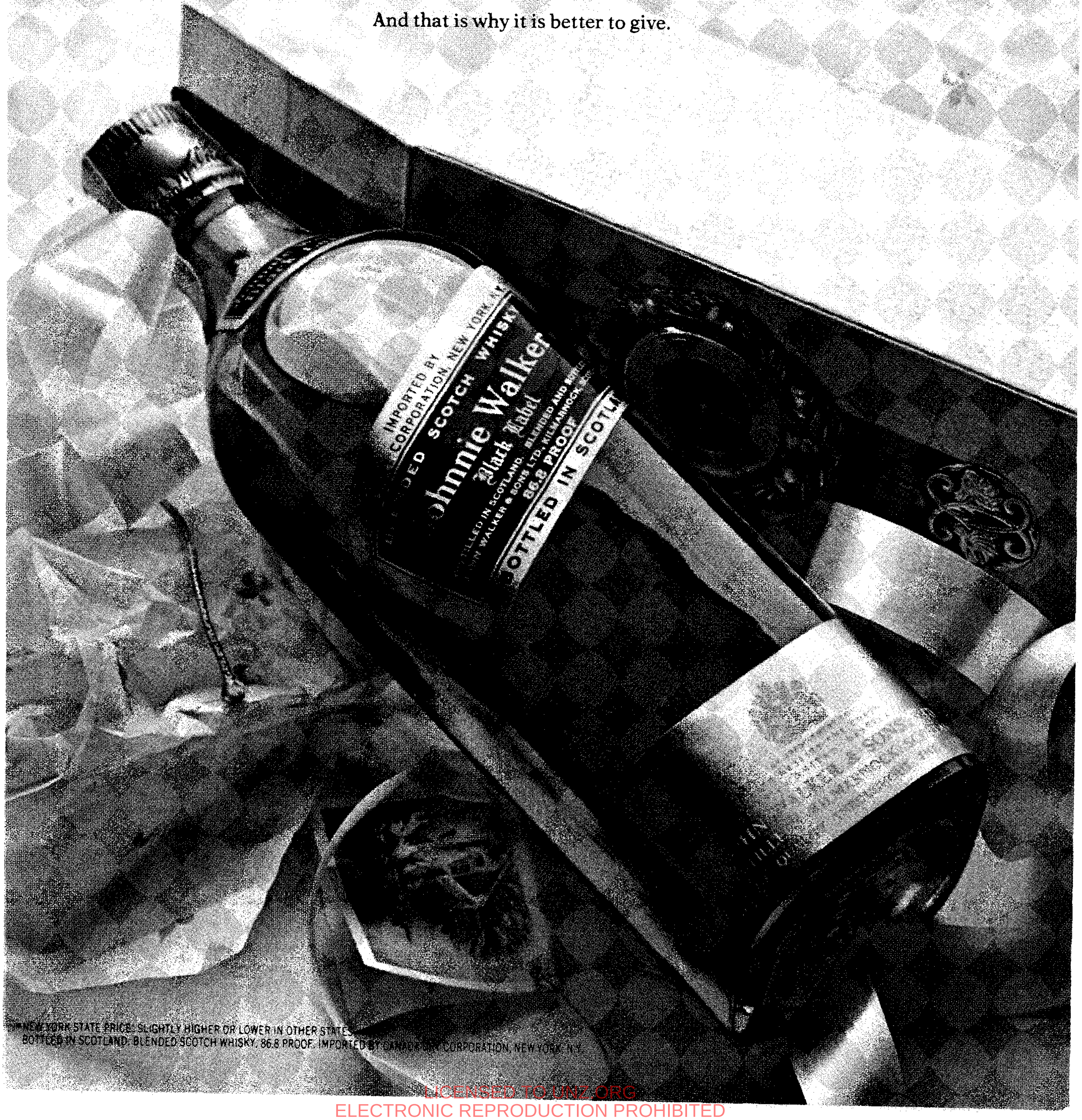
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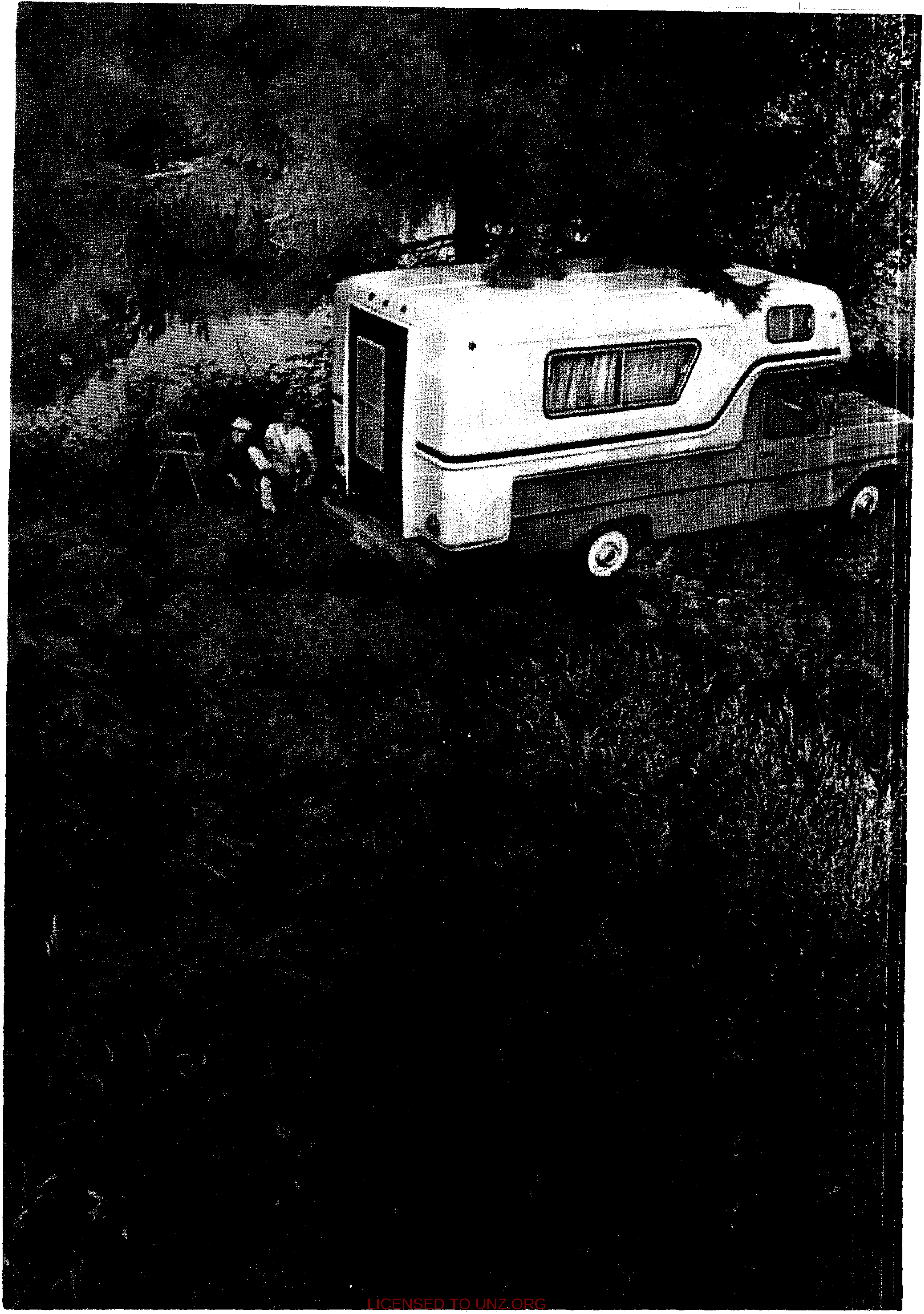


This camper will never rust, pit or peel.

It's made of the same stuff your color telephone is made of.

Outside, it's incredibly tough and all but maintenance free. Inside, it has more space and more wife-pleasing features than any other camper its size. The secret? The great engineers of Borg-Warner, their incredible Cycolac® ABS—and a revolutionary new way of building things.

MOST OF THE TIME, only small things are made out of Cycolac ABS. Luggage, golf club heads, football helmets, lumberjack wedges, your wife's high heels, the instrument cluster and arm rests in your car, your color telephone—things like that.

And usually, they're made by injecting heated Cycolac ABS into a mold. Or by heating a sheet of Cycolac ABS until it's soft and using a vacuum to pull it over a mold—a process known as thermo-forming.

Then the engineers of Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division got to wondering, what happens if you make big things out of Cycolac? Things that are usually made of steel and wood and other conventional materials?

They decided to find out. They got themselves an automatic thermo-forming machine. It's the largest one in the world. It can handle a sheet of Cycolac ABS ten feet by twenty-five feet.

First, they designed and built seven experimental cars using two big sheets of Cycolac for the bodies. The process worked fine. They turned one of these into a finished racing car and entered it into competition—not to win races, but to test Cycolac under gruelling race-track conditions. (It passed with flying colors. And it also won some races.)

Next, they teamed up with an enterprising camper manufacturer—and turned out what you see on the opposite page.

They took four huge sheets of Cycolac ABS and formed them into inner and outer skins. They bonded the skins together with insulation. And there they were. With a camper body that needed no painting either inside or out. A camper body that's stronger and lighter than aluminum bodies. A camper body that won't rust or corrode or lose its color. A camper body that stays cleaner longer because dust can't get inside so easily. A camper body that has almost no nuts and bolts to get loose and rattle. A camper body that gives you about 30 percent more inside space. And a camper body that costs a whole lot less to make—because it's so darned simple.

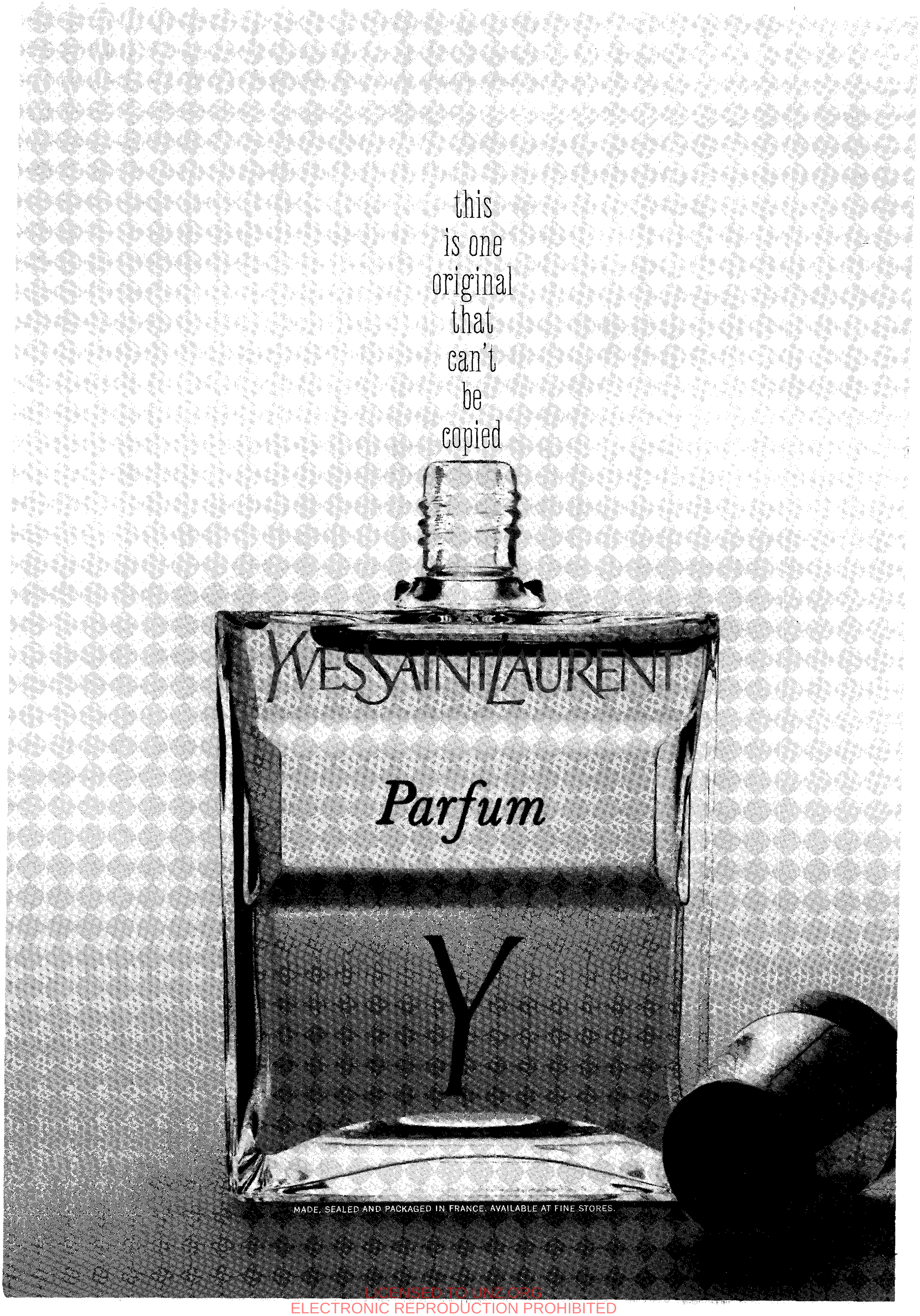
Mind you, Borg-Warner's chemical products group is *not* in the business of selling car bodies or camper bodies—or refrigerators or boat hulls or golf carts or any of the other big things they're forming out of Cycolac ABS these days.

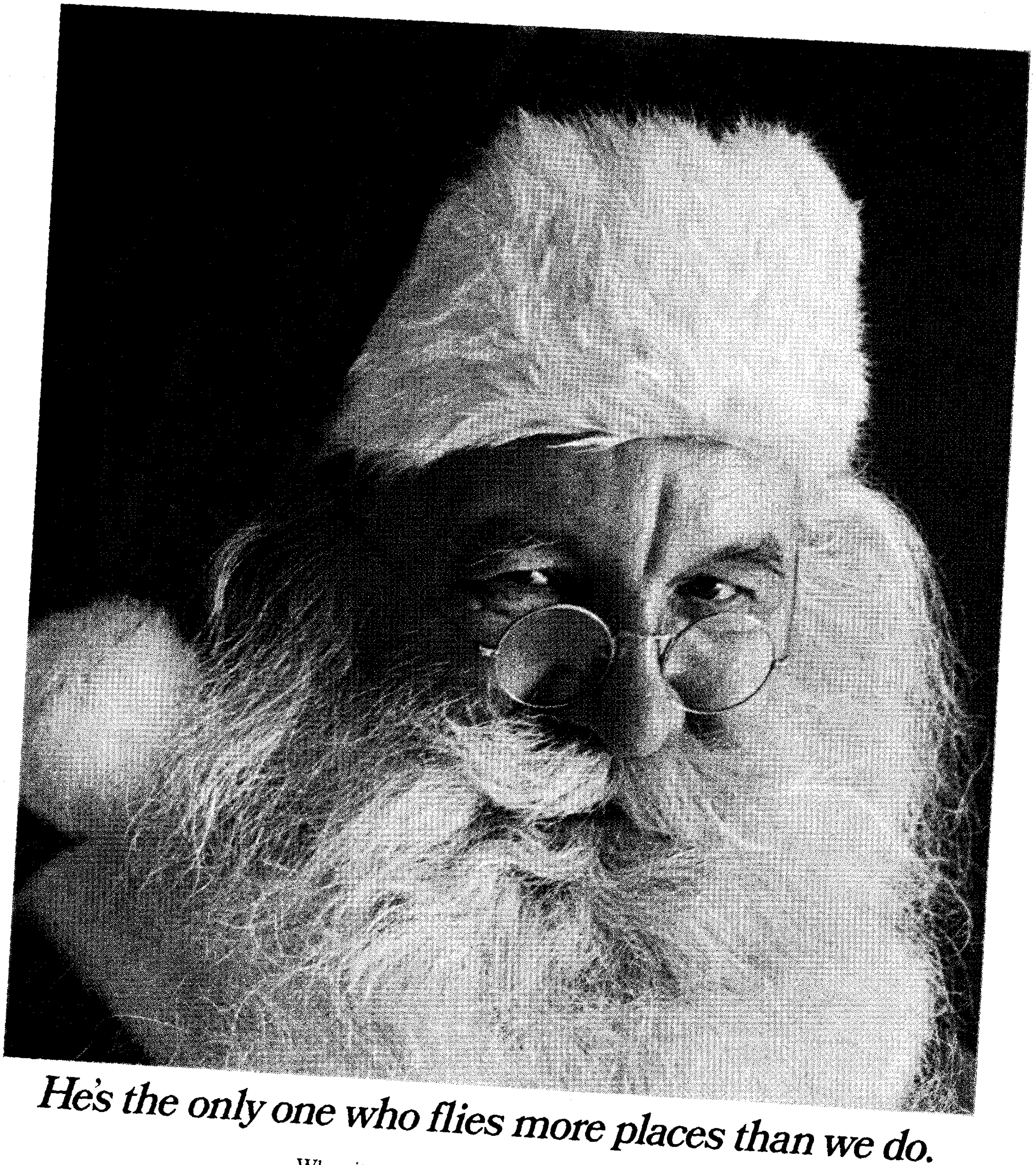
They *are* in the business of finding new and better ways of building things out of new and better materials—and passing on what they find to interested manufacturers.

Which is one of the reasons business is so good these days.

CHEMICAL & STEEL MATERIALS / INDUSTRIAL / AUTOMOTIVE / BUILDER & CONSUMER PRODUCTS. ©1967, BORG-WARNER CORP., 200 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

BORG WARNER®
The great engineers


this
is one
original
that
can't
be
copied
YVES SAINT LAURENT
Parfum
Y
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES.



He's the only one who flies more places than we do.

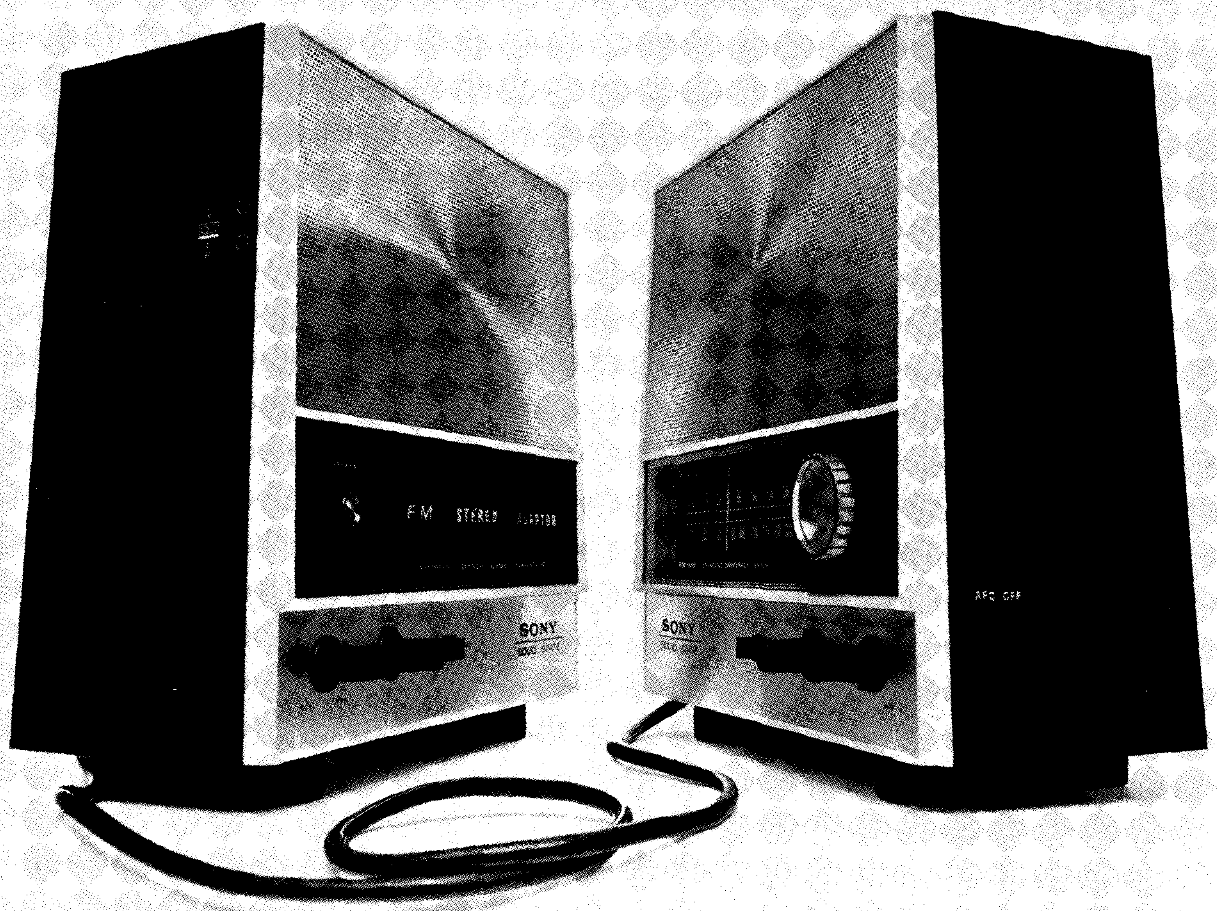
When it comes to air travel, Santa Claus is Mr. Big.
United Air Lines is second.
We say, "If you can't beat him, join him."
So while he's busy flying presents to people,
we help out by flying people to people.
Students coming home for the holidays.
Servicemen on Christmas leave.
Children and grandchildren.
Uncles and aunts.
Cousins by the dozens.
And so, Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good flight.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

© 1967 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

What are that?



That are a radio. Both of it.

The one on the right is the radio part of the radio. Magnificent monaural FM/AM.

The one on the left is the stereo part. An optional accessory that turns the merely magnificent into stunning stereo.

Just plug it into the radio and hear in FM stereo everything broadcast in FM stereo.

It's like having a radio for each ear. Which is very rich. And very rich is how it sounds.

Each piece has its own tone and volume controls for perfectly balanced stereo.

And, for perfectly portable stereo, there are built-in handles, batteries for outdoors (with an AC power cord for indoor), and a perfectly portable size: roughly 8" x 8" and 4" slim each.

Altogether, these is some radio.

The Sony 8F-38W and Stereo Adaptor

JAMAICA

© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

You can make a date with (l. to r.) Vida, Aimee, Iris, Celia, Sally or May. If you'd like to meet an interesting woman in Jamaica.

Vida is a masseuse, actress, and champion partygiver who collects party people and art. But who looks (she's 6 feet tall) more like a Modigliani than an Elsa Maxwell.

Aimee's world: gardens. She writes garden books, a garden column, gives garden lectures to garden clubs, wears garden-like hats, and she often wears green dresses.

Iris is pure Caribbean-Oriental-Left Bank. She runs a gallery crammed with paintings plus old maps, old jewelry, Buddhas, bean beads, wooden busts, salad forks, driftwood, and guango bowls.

Celia, gravel-throated and flamboyant, is an expert on antique furniture. She also invents things—like wearing two gilded ping-pong balls as earrings. On one ear.

Sally has that poetic, fragile, English-beauty look, but she climbs mountains, collects Charlie Mingus and all that kind of jazz, and is a native Jamaican. (She's also married.)

May's our beautiful old world. And she lives in it. In an antique house in antique Spanish Town. A birdwatcher, she'll probably entertain you in a parlour her parents furnished 100 years ago.

There are many others you can meet.

(Including interesting men.)

160 interesting Jamaicans in all will make dates to spend time with visitors who have the same interests they have.

Which is the best way to get to know Jamaica.

Getting to know a Jamaican.

For how-to-arrange-it, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Miami, Los Angeles, Toronto.

Don we now our gay apparel.

Ballantine's
SCOTCH WHISKY
Ballantine's
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballan
ESTABLISHED 18
BY APPOINTMENT
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
4/5 QUART
FINEST BLEN
SCOTCH WH
100% SCOTCH WH
BLENDED & BOTTLE
George Ballantine & So
Distillers—Dumbarton
PRODUCE OF SCOT
IMPORTED BY

If you're looking
for a good Scotch to give,
this wraps it up.

("Ballantine's" is on a slip-off band.) Bottled in Scotland. Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

Julie could bring home a $700 knick-knack and her husband would buy her the whatnot to put it on.

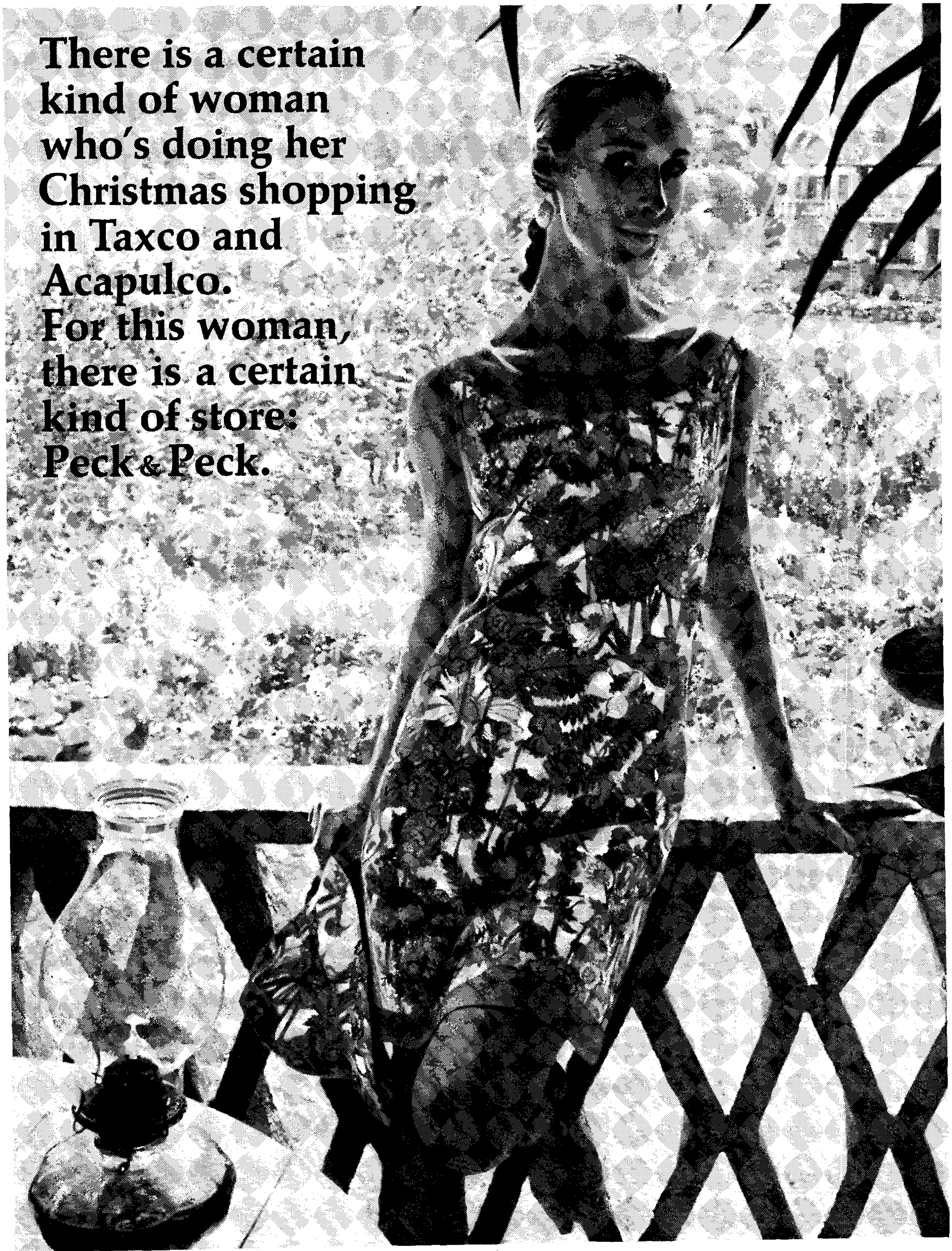
Indulgent? You bet. And why not. He's married to a girl who makes their evenings at home the most glamourous nights of their lives. You can tell by the way she dresses for him.

Yes, that *is* mink she's wearing. The world's most luxurious mink, imported from Scandinavia. Natural White Saga Mink. In an extravagantly beautiful At Home costume by Grosvenor of Montreal.

Expensive? Very. But when a man's wife decorates his castle the way Julie does, he's not about to give her a lecture on home economics.

SAGA

EXTRAORDINARY MINK FOR THE EXTRAORDINARY GIRL
IMPORTED FROM DENMARK FINLAND NORWAY SWEDEN


There is a certain
kind of woman
who's doing her
Christmas shopping
in Taxco and
Acapulco.
For this woman,
there is a certain
kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

The hat matches the dress and the dress matches your mood. Especially if it's a holiday mood! Cotton, vividly printed in a profusion of flowers in blue/green or pink/green on a white background. 8 to 16. Hat and dress 33.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/ PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/ AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/ INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/ KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/PALM BEACH

THE NEW YORKER

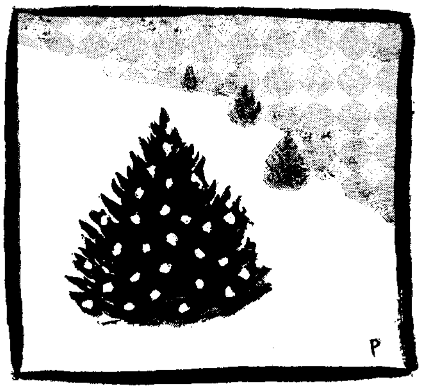
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BERT LAHR, who died last week, was a funny man. He was also, by his own description, a melancholy man, and in 1956, after some forty-five years on the stage, he was able to play the role of Estragon in "Waiting for Godot" with a sorrowful broad clownishness that both typified his art and expanded the play. A striking fact about Bert Lahr is that it is difficult to think of anyone else playing most of his roles—which is to say not that he imposed himself willy-nilly on a part but that his talent, his learned art, and his contained exuberance were such as to gather any role into his own personality and range of experience. He was, of course, a genuine comic—one of the last and best of the comics schooled in vaudeville and burlesque—but a few years after he had played in "Godot" he told us, "In my entire career in show business, 'Waiting for Godot' was the most satisfying thing I've done. At the time, a lot of people were saying that I was nothing but a mugger, a low comic, but I think I proved in 'Godot' that I knew how to act." Offstage, Bert Lahr was quiet and modest and given to self-doubt, and he frequently had the air of a minor civic functionary who had somehow ended up in the wrong city.

The last time we saw Bert Lahr was just over two months ago, when he was starting work on a picture called "The Night They Raided Minsky's." Lahr was to play the part of an aging, unemployed burlesque comedian who remembered the old days with regret and some perplexity. It was a comic role shaded with wryness and nostalgia. Shooting was to begin on Monday, October 9th, on East Twenty-sixth Street, between First and Second Avenues, where a row of condemned buildings had been turned into a replica of a New York street of the nineteen-twenties, and we were on hand to watch. We arrived at about eight-thirty, on a morning that was chilly and gray, and for a time we stood near cameras and arc lights as crews set to work and background actors ran through bits. Lahr arrived at about nine, wearing a checked cutaway, striped trousers, spats, a blue tie, a beige shirt, and a gray derby. He came onto the street from the direction of First Avenue, and as he walked alone past rows of old-fashioned storefronts and pushcarts filled with fish and vegetables, we noticed that he looked tired and possibly a little nervous. After we had greeted him, he told us that he had not slept at all the previous night. We asked him if his sleeplessness had had anything to do with beginning the film, and his answer was immediate and final. "No, no," he said, with a wave of his fingers. "Films never bother me. I think it was something I ate on Saturday." A few minutes later, he looked up and called to Norman Lear, the producer of the film, who was walking by, "Norman! Norman, the pushcarts are fine, but you know what you should do—one shot, anyway? Get in close on the price of eggs."

One day in 1940, Lahr was taken out for a spin in a motorboat on Long Island Sound by a boat salesman named Eddie Maxwell. Though Maxwell was nominally in charge of the excursion, Lahr did most of the talking, reminiscing and telling stories, until finally, in a fit of laughter, Maxwell fell overboard. Lahr took the helm, turned the boat around, and fished Maxwell out. One thinks of the ornately feathered Pisthetairos (Lahr once played this role in Aristophanes' "The Birds"), in that Bert Lahr could so fill a stage or any other space, including a boat, with his own complex self that people forgot themselves completely in his presence, even to the point of falling overboard. No funny man could ask for more.



Geographical Dinner

THE cocktail-and-sausage hour that ushered in the annual dinner of the American Geographical Society found us in the library of the St. Regis, where John Jacob Astor's glass-enclosed, permanently locked-up sets of dressy books looked down on a galaxy of dressy, outdoorsy guests, who included (mostly with wives) Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, Dr. Junius B. Bird, and Hobart M. Van Deusen (leaders of, respectively, many a pelagic-ornithological, South American archeological, and New Guinea mammalogical expedition for the American Museum of Natural History), William H. Phelps, Jr. (explorer of previously unexplored mountains in the interior of Venezuela), Dr. Terris Moore (a pioneer scaler of Mount Minya Konka, in Tibet), Dr. William A. Hance (chairman of the Department of Geography at Columbia, who has done field work in Africa), Colonel Bernt Balchen (pilot of the first flight over the South Pole), and Dr. Walter A. Wood (a past president of the Society, who has made more than a hundred ascents, in summer and winter, of the major peaks of the Alps).

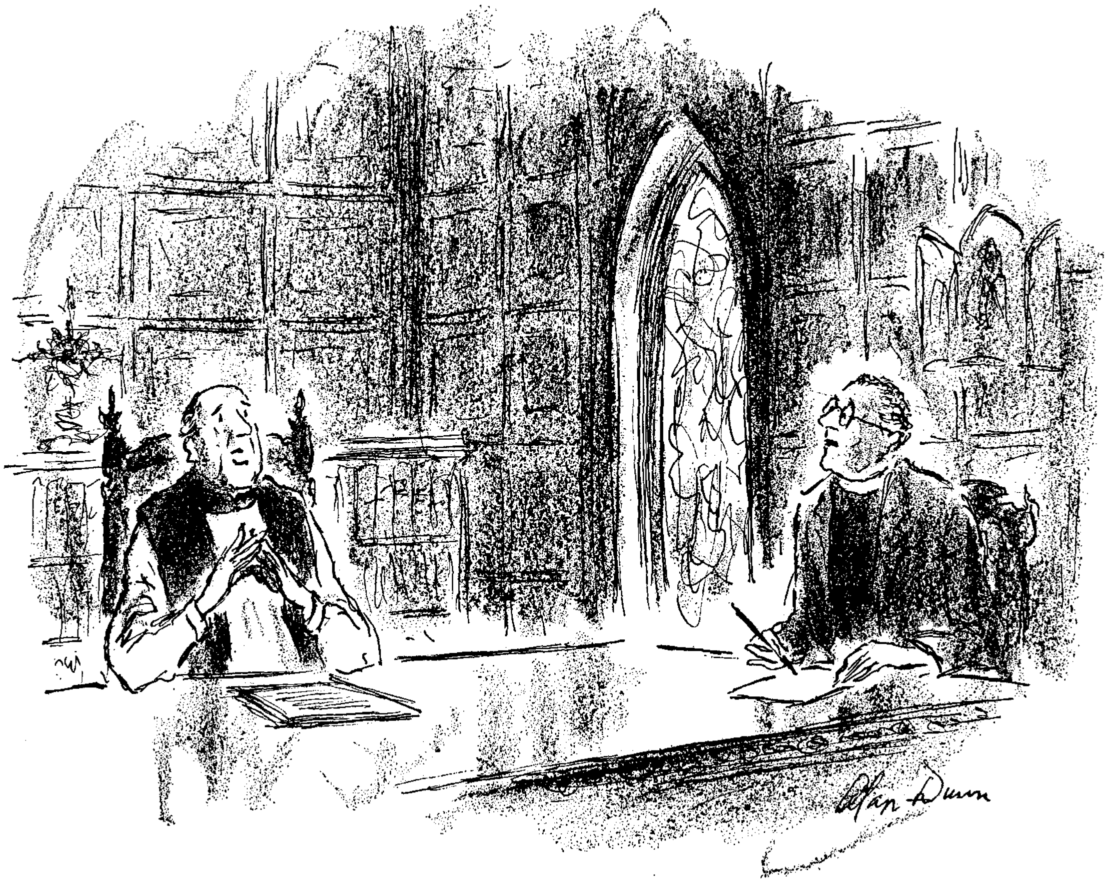
"My husband used to be president of the University of Alaska," Mrs. Moore said to us. "We were there four and a half years."

"I've just flown in from Caracas for the dinner," Mr. Phelps said.

"My wife came in from New Zealand," Mr. Van Deusen said.

"You're joking," Mrs. Van Deusen said. "I came here two years ago to marry you."

We were joined by Dr. Serge A.



"Processional. Invocation. Offertory. Declamation on Foreign Policy. That is, if he comes."

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Korff, the Society's present president, who was wearing around his neck, besides a white tie, the gleaming cross of the Commendatore of the Order of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and, on his lapel, serried rows of ribboned medals, including those of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and the French Order of Merit for Research. He was accompanied by a lady in a pink dress festooned with white orchids, whom he introduced as Miss Louise Boyd. "Miss Boyd is probably one of the world's greatest woman explorers," he said. "She was the first lady to charter her own airplane and fly to the North Pole. She came from San Francisco just to attend our dinner."

We learned that Miss Boyd, who is eighty, accomplished her polar feat in 1955, and was the first non-Norwegian woman to receive the Order of St. Olaf of Norway.

"Mr. Phelps is representing the Venezuelan Society of Natural Sciences, of which he is past president," President Korff said. "Mr. Van Deusen is representing the Explorers Club, of which he is a vice-president."

Everybody presently adjourned to the Roof for dinner, where we sat at a table populated in part by three airline pilots who in 1965 flew over both the North and the South Poles in sixty-two hours and twenty-eight minutes—Captains Jack Martin, Fred Austin, and Harrison Finch.

"It was Fred's idea," Captain Finch said as turtle soup was served. "Many people had flown around the world, of course, but always parallel to the equator. No one had ever flown over the two Poles in a north-to-south direction. We had a Boeing 707 jet, with thirty-nine on board, including Dr. Korff, who came along as scientific director. We made ozone and cosmic-ray measurements and photographed cloud formations. The flight was sponsored by the Rockwell-Standard Corporation, whose chairman, Colonel Willard F. Rockwell, of Pittsburgh, is at the dais table."

"We started from Honolulu and flew straight north over the North Pole, and then down to London," Captain Austin said. "We next made a fuelling stop in Lisbon, proceeded to Buenos Aires, and flew due south over the Pole, and then to Christchurch, New Zealand, and back home to Honolulu. We made four stops for fuel, and were never on the ground more than two hours. Colonel Rockwell went along. He had a ball."

Filet mignon, Haut-Brion, and other delicacies followed. After the coffee, Dr. Korff presented a scroll of appreciation to Dr. R. McAllister Lloyd, chairman emeritus of the Society's Council; bestowed an honorary fellowship upon Dr. Hance; and introduced the speaker of the evening—Dr. Willard F. Libby, director of the Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics at the University of California at Los Angeles and winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1960. His subject was radiocarbon dating, a chemical process used in determining the age of archeological specimens. "Radiocarbon in your body was three thousand years old when Moses was born," he said, in part, and he wound up his talk by waving what looked like a dirty dustcloth, which he pronounced to be forty-two hundred years old.

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OVERHEARD in the doorway of a model room at Bloomingdale's, one female rubbernecker to another: "You could do as well as this, Shirley. You have a real flair for taste."

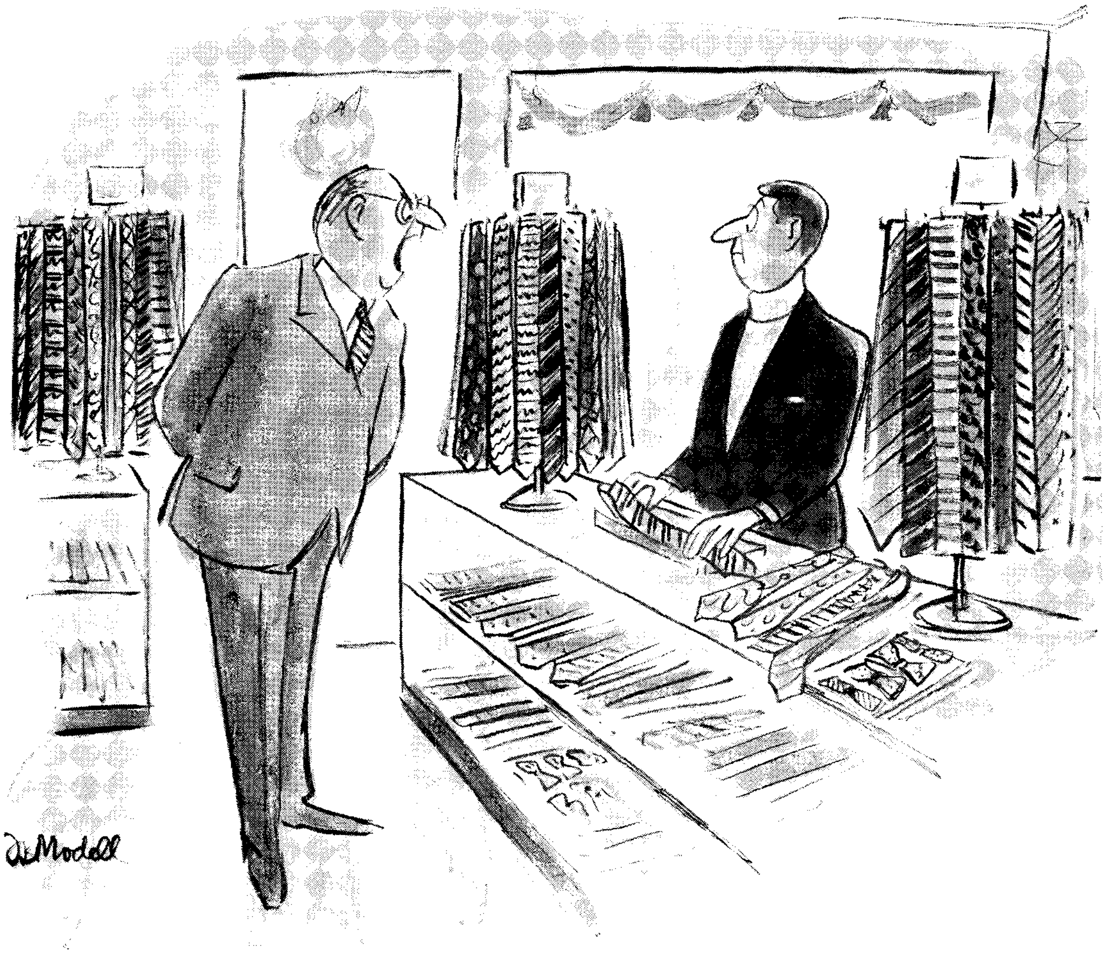
Inventing Backward

THE other day, we were invited to inspect, of all things, a hand-operated washing machine that has been designed to relieve the domestic drudgery of women who live without electricity in underdeveloped areas of the world. The idea for this seemingly old-fashioned device came from Robert W. Young, who is vice-president in charge of worldwide marketing for the Colgate-Palmolive Company, and the hard work of actually creating it was contributed by Richard Rhodes Walton, a Boston inventor whose previous inventions include agitators for automatic washing machines, an automated device for picking up single pieces of cloth from stacks of material, a mechanical process for making cotton knit goods shrinkproof, and a process for making bedsheeting soft, elastic, and absorbent. Mr. Young is a tall, broad-shouldered, rugged-looking man in his middle forties, and Mr. Walton is a soft-spoken man in his middle fifties, with close-cropped white hair, piercing blue eyes, and an intense manner. We met both of them in a small laboratory tucked away in the vast interior of Colgate-Palmolive's Park Avenue headquarters, where they were standing proudly beside a plastic tub-and-plunger device that looked something like a modernized churn.

"For years, we at Colgate have been selling detergent to women who still wash clothing by hand in streams and in tubs," Mr. Young told us. "In fact, our market-research experts estimate that there are several hundred million such women in the underdeveloped countries of the world. Since it's obvious that people will be able to take advantage of increased educational opportunities only if their burdens of living are lessened, I have felt for a long time that an interim washing device was needed to get these women off their hands and knees. Why, I asked myself, couldn't modern science, looking inventively backward, come up with a cheap, manually operated washing machine that would wash clothes cleaner and faster than human hands can? I put the question to Dick Walton, who for many years has been a leading inventor in the field of modern mechanical-washing-machine processes. We were sitting on a beach on Cape Cod, where both of us have summer houses, and I asked him if he would consider inventing backward in order to apply his knowledge not to a better mechanical washing machine but to a better manual device. He said he would think about it, and after a bit of nagging from me he got down to work and invented the contrivance you see here—a hand-operated washing machine whose effectiveness, amazingly, equals that of a fully automated machine. We're at present arranging to have these machines manufactured in Mexico, where we hope they can be made for less than three dollars each, and the federal Agency for International Development people are enthusiastic about the possibility of disseminating them throughout the world. In my opinion, the process of inventing backward to create a bridge to underdeveloped countries is just beginning. For example, how about a four-dollar sewing machine? Or a ten-dollar refrigerator?"

Mr. Walton now told us, with a smile, that when Young presented his idea for a manual washing machine, he didn't take it seriously. "I thought he was joking, but then the more I mulled it over, the more clearly I realized that the project could turn out to be an inventor's dream," Walton said. "So I accepted the challenge. To begin with, I decided that a hand-operated washing machine should be inexpensive to manufacture; light enough to be carried easily to the village washing place, which is traditionally a social center; capable of washing four pounds of clothing in five gallons of water, for a total weight of forty pounds, which is the most that a woman can easily lift; and, finally, designed in such a way that it could be operated by either the most indolent or the most energetic child or adult. The first big mechanical problem was to determine the type of manual effort that would propel the agitator of the machine. As a point of departure, I knew that the easiest and most traditional motion for a human being to sustain is a long, slow vertical stroke, so I made a cylindrically shaped pump and began to experiment with it in order to determine just what length the stroke should be. I'm not a theoretician, you see, so I never work from drawings but always invent in the empirical, cut-and-try manner. In fact, my longtime assistant, Mr. George Munchbach, and I usually just fashion rough models of our ideas in the basement of my Boston house—I have a laboratory down there—and then proceed by trial and error. In the case of the manual washing machine, we did an awful lot of experimental pumping and eventually came to the conclusion that a vertical stroke of between four and seven inches is easiest for a human being to perform."

Mr. Walton shook his head, in what we took to be weary recognition of the difficulties of empirical invention, and went on to say that he and his assistant next made holes in the base of the pump, through which jets of water were expelled when the handle was depressed, and through which the water was taken back when the handle was raised. "What we wanted to achieve was a doughnut-shaped flow of water similar to the one that is generated by the agitators of most modern electric washing machines," he said. "Finally, after experimenting for several months with a variety of pumps and with various numbers, sizes, and arrangements



"For God's sake, Hobson! Are you out of your mind?"

of holes, we were able to produce a jet-action water flow with the kind of force and turbulence we wanted. At that point, we made a sliding sheath to fit over the pump, attached projecting fins to the outside of the sheath, and started washing clothes. To do laundry well, it is necessary to impart maximum energy to the clothes without tangling them, and the idea of the fins was to shift the mass of clothes in order to keep them loose. Well, we washed and washed, experimenting with various sets of fins, and after several more months we succeeded in creating an agitator that satisfied us. Then we set about perfecting the motion of the pump handle, which was extremely awkward and tiring to operate, because it had to be lifted up as well as pushed down in order to make the agitator work. In the end, this problem got solved through a bit of luck. Every invention is in some sense an observed accident, you know, and what happened in the case of the pump handle is a good example. One day, we made a cheap plunger for the machine by filling the pump cylinder with a plastic foam that floats. Our only intention was for the foam plunger to facilitate the jet action of the water flowing in and out of the pump, but, lo and behold, to our immense surprise and delight, it also acted as a free-floating piston, which, because of its buoyancy, returned the pump handle of its own accord to its top position. Watch how it works."

Mr. Walton filled the tub of his machine with water, added some detergent, and tossed in some soiled clothes. Then, pushing the pump handle down with an easy, almost lackadaisical motion of one hand, he bade us observe how the handle kept popping back up, how the water was swirling with great turbulence through the holes in the base of the pump, and how the clothes were being shifted by the fins. After two minutes, he removed the clothes from the tub and held them up for our inspection. "See how clean they are!" he exclaimed. "That's because in terms of energy input and pounds of clothes per gallon of water this is one of the most efficient washers ever made. Two winters ago, I took some prototype models of the machine to Mexico and spent a week going door to door with a Colgate market-research team in some impoverished areas, where women were still washing by hand in tubs or in streams. The reception we got was unbelievable. Why, people came rushing out of their houses, and large crowds formed practically everywhere we went. The women who tried the machine were delighted with its performance, and even the children seemed enthusiastic. I must confess I was pretty happy myself, for I had the double satisfaction of knowing that my invention would not only really work but also fill a great human need."

Hours

A MAN we know who was having lunch at the Century Association on a gray day last week reports that he saw an attendant haul in the American flag from the club's flagpole at two-thirty in the afternoon. Our informant asked the man whether he had had special word of an impending storm. The man shook his head and, as he folded the flag into a neat triangle, explained, "I go home at three."

Stockbroker Test

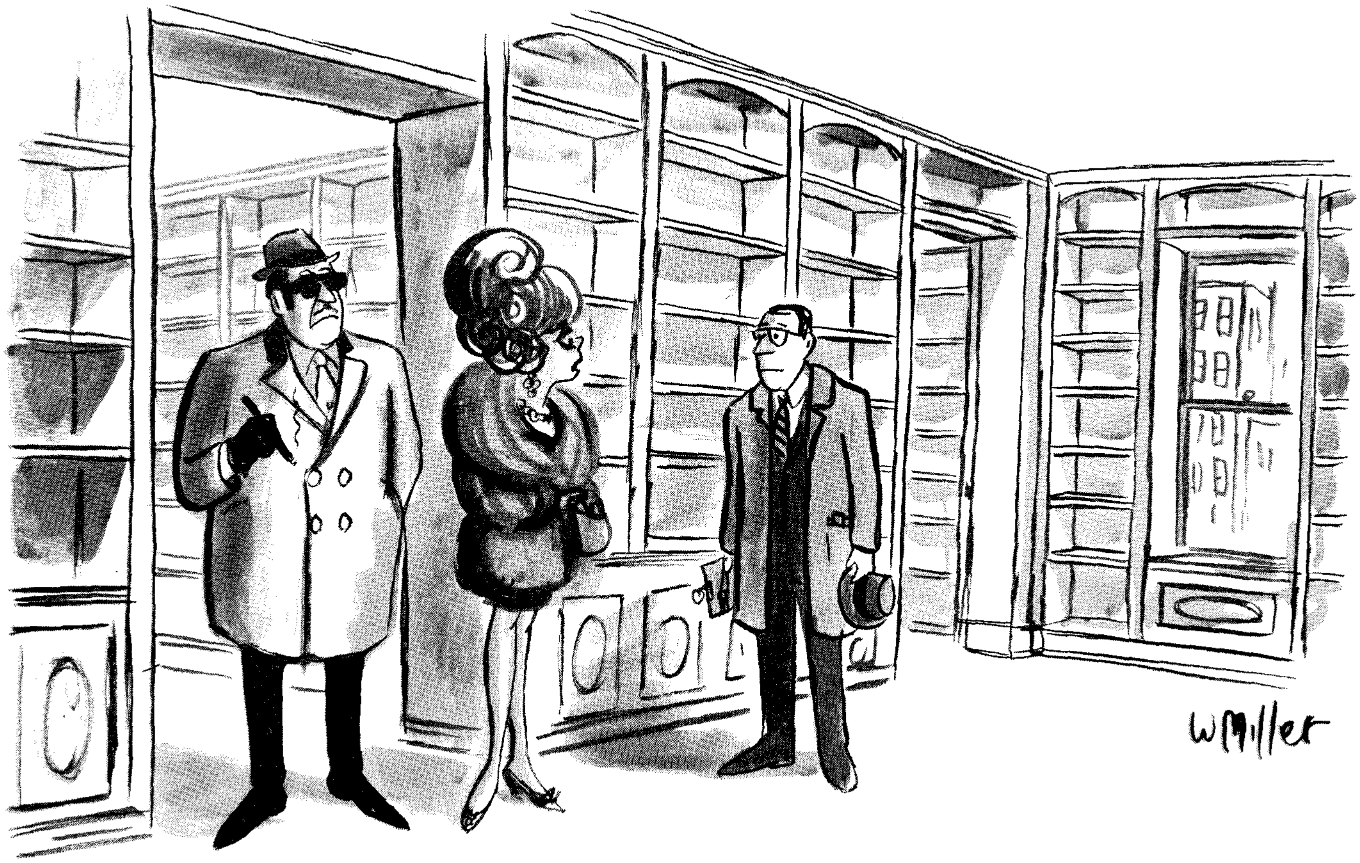
WE ran into a friend of ours recently and noted with surprise that he was wearing not his usual daytime outfit (corduroy trousers, a safari shirt, and a very wide tie painted with the legend "Welcome to Fort Myers Beach, Florida") but, instead, a smart blue suit and a tie with no writing on it at all. The suit had pin stripes, and, our friend said, was just the sort of thing to wear while taking a Stockbroker Aptitude Test, which he was about to do. Pin stripes, he said, have a slimming effect, and stockbrokers, who traditionally have a bit of prosperous fat on them, like that. We pointed out that he had no prosperous fat on him, and thus no need for the pin-striping, but he said that if he passed the Stockbroker Aptitude Test, the fat was sure to come in time, and that, anyway, pin-striping had lost its functional role and had become a ritual part of the stockbroking business. In fact, he assured us, no one would last two minutes on Wall Street who went around bragging that he didn't need to wear pin-striped suits. We were standing on a corner at Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, and we asked our friend if he was on his way to Wall Street then. He said no, he was taking his Stockbroker Aptitude Test in the Windsor Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore. He said that he liked the Hotel Commodore, at least in theory, because it was named for Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was a very great and a very rich man. We asked if we might go along, and our friend said yes.

As we walked toward the hotel, our friend explained that he was very fond of tests and took them whenever he could. He said he especially liked tests in which you get a chance to write stories about pictures. "The trick there is to make up the stories *before* you see the pictures," he said. "I always write stories about my family, which is what the test people like, and I have an awful lot of good ones ready now. I do hope this test has pictures."

Inside the Forty-second Street entrance of the Commodore, which was suitably done up in Christmas trees, we found a sign reading "Shearson Hammill Stockbroker Aptitude Test" and an arrow pointing to the Windsor Ballroom, one of the Commodore's most important ballrooms. Our friend walked straight to it, and as he entered it, it struck us that he already looked quite prosperous. "You notice that I do not look at all like an applicant but, rather, like someone who already works for a better company and has merely come to sneer at this company's stationery," he said. "That is how you get a job."

A short line had formed in front of a table set up opposite the entrance to the ballroom. An attractive girl with a great deal of red hair and with a gold chain around her neck was handing out forms. "Take the forms to a table," she said cheerfully to the man in front of us, who was wearing a pink shirt and a green cardigan sweater. "Fill them out and get in line again." The man left, and we and our friend moved up. "Take the forms to a table," she said to our friend. "Fill them out and get in line again."

There were a great many tables in the Windsor Ballroom, and a great many people (very few in pin-striped suits) were sitting at them filling out



"Holy cow! What kind of crazy people used to live here anyway?"

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forms. Our friend, having taken a seat, began looking at his forms in some dismay. "This is not a test at all," he said disdainfully. "This is an application." That was true, and the man sitting next to us, who was bald and wore glasses, said that the test papers were handed out after the applications had been turned in. He added that there were two tests—a Sales Comprehension Test and a Sales Motivation Inventory—and that he thought he would do well on them, because he was a Certified Public Accountant and was used to that sort of thing. Our friend said nothing, and we noticed that the application asked a number of embarrassing questions about one's schooling ("Graduated?") and credit rating ("Own car? Make? Year?") and whether or not one had ever been convicted of a felony. We left our friend to puzzle his way through it, and went to talk to the red-haired young lady.

The young lady said that her name was Mrs. Maureen Smith, and that she lived in Middle Village, Queens. She told us that Shearson Hammill was always looking for good stockbrokers, that good stockbrokers were very hard to find, and that this was the fifth or sixth time the firm had held a mass testing. "Usually, we run a small ad and hold the testing at the Biltmore, but this time we took a big ad in the *Times* and we're holding it here," she said. We could talk to her for only a few seconds at a time, because she had to hand out applications to people who were coming in, and collect applications and tests from people who had finished. "The girls will score it and notify you by mail within a week. Thank you," she said to everyone turning in a test. She told us that about a thousand people would fill out the applications and take the tests in the next three days—the period that Shearson Hammill was spending in the Windsor Ballroom—and that most of the people were notified of the test results by mail. "But if one of our officers thinks from the application that someone is really outstanding, the officer writes his name on the form, and we ask that person to stay, and his test is corrected right away," she added.

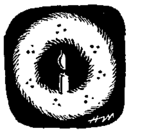
We wanted to talk further with Mrs. Smith, who was very polite and very nice, but we could see she was busy, so we sat down again, picked up a copy of the *Times*, and looked quietly at the large ad that Shearson Hammill had taken to publicize the test. The ad said that the stockbrokers (or "Investment Executives") whom Shearson Hammill wanted were men of intelligence, integrity, and ambition, and that Shearson Hammill did not want men who would settle for ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year. It said that the Stockbroker Aptitude Test was scientifically designed to indicate whether the person taking the test possessed the characteristics that could lead to success in investment sales and finance. We decided to go and see if our friend had got his tests yet. We found that he had finished his application, had had a short interview, and was just ready to start on his first test. He had liked his interview, he said. The man he talked with had been most understanding and hadn't looked at the application much. "And I do think he liked my suit," he observed.

Our friend got down to business on the tests. Both the Sales Comprehension and the Sales Motivation Inventory, he deduced from the cover, had been drawn up by a man named Martin M. Bruce, Ph.D., who has his office in New Rochelle, and both tests contained a number of questions that seemed to delight our young friend. One went, "Would you rather (1) Make a bookcase? (2) Interview prospective employees? (3) Operate a lathe? (4) Help catch a criminal?"

"Now, this is good fun," our friend said. "I think *I'd* like to catch the criminal."

CANTON MORE FAR

THE hotel at the corner of Des Voeux Road and Pedder Street in Hong Kong used to be called the Gloucester. (It has now been remodelled, I believe, and is no longer a hotel.) From the terraces of its higher floors, in the years immediately after the Second World War, one overlooked the busiest intersection in the city, for it was at this crossroads that the trams of Des Voeux Road joined battle with the traffic of Pedder Street and Chater Road, and no detail of the ensuing holocaust was lost on the patrons of the Gloucester. Little black English cars, outnumbered, fought for their rights with bright new American ones. (Studebakers, which formed the taxi population, were a great joke to the British colony, being as long in back as in front and giving the appearance of going both ways.) Rickshaws and pedicabs swerved in and out of the struggle, the rickshaw coolies sending up urgent cries for room to maintain the rhythm of their stride. The tram bells clanged, the small black cars snorted, the big bright ones gave screams of delight, and every so often an expressionless Colonial Policeman—a Chinese in white tropical uniform and black Sam Browne belt—would rise up in the middle and give the signal for the pedestrians to charge. Into the melee then surged an excited crowd in which every known nationality and profession was represented—colonial Englishwomen in linen dresses and wedge heels, Chinese women in silk sheaths and platform soles, British soldiers, American sailors, businessmen in white duck, tourists from the President Lines upholstered in seersucker and cameras, White Russians looking tragic, Indians looking vague, amahs in pajamas, beggars in fearful states of disintegration, and an endless stream of coolies at a trot carrying an endless variety of heavy weights on poles.



Because of the placing of the hotel at a crossroads, a number of vistas opened up to the eye thankfully lifted from the dizzy scene below. On the Pedder Street side, the hotel looked across to peeling grey stucco on the arcades and pilasters of Jardine Matheson & Co.—a business establishment of long history and large influence in the East. The upper verandas of Jardine's, which were glassed in the following year to provide more offices, were still open in 1947, and many a pleasant and promising young imperialist was to be seen strolling there in the early afternoon—after tiffin, as lunch was sometimes called—across the cracked tiles and fallen plaster which showed the effects of recent war.

The lower part of Des Voeux Road, below the Pedder Street crossing, soon became almost exclusively Chinese, a welter of shops, stalls, restaurants, and warrenlike businesses, so that this view of the street was a forest of colorful signs in Chinese characters, rising from the dust-clouded traffic of the road. Above the crossing, on the other hand, Des Voeux Road was conventionality itself—a wide and well-paved avenue that curved for half a mile in an arc of pretty shops, cafés, offices, and banks, and eventually emptied itself into the Cricket Ground as surely as a great river must find its way to the sea.

Back at the Gloucester, one looked diagonally across to the General Post Office. This remarkable consummation of colonial architecture had been festooned by its creators with all manner of pinnacles, cornices, false buttresses, blank balconies, gargoyles, and goddesses—a triumph of matter over mind. Beyond the post office one glimpsed the sea, surmounted by the busy Praya. (In Hong Kong one cannot turn one's head without seeing either the harbor or the green mountain along whose foot the city lies.) In Des Voeux Road—that is, in its respectable direction—was the prow of yet another arcaded and stuccoed colonial building. This prow, although it went by the cozy name of Watson's Corner, was in fact rounded and glazed, its principal monument being the chemist's shop for which it was named. As one approached Watson's Corner from the Gloucester, its convex semicircle of glassed-in arches gave the building a cheerful effect of grinning from ear to ear.

If you were sixteen at that time and living in an Eastern city with your parents, your main sensation would probably have been, as mine was, one of enforced detachment, for, while encouraged to observe, you were forbidden to participate. Though constantly enjoined to appreciate your opportunity, you were forbidden to seize it. I spent a great deal of time leaning on the rail of our hotel balcony. If I descended, it was en route to a tennis or tea party, or to decorous dances on board reassuringly British ships of war in the harbor where I learned nothing more troublesome than the difference between a sloop and a destroyer. The Gloucester intersection was my first sight of what is called the real world (that is, the world you imagine to exist rather than the one you actually inhabit), and, having for many months no more profitable occupation, I was set beside it in the way that an invalid is put by a window—to enjoy a spectacle in which he may play no part.

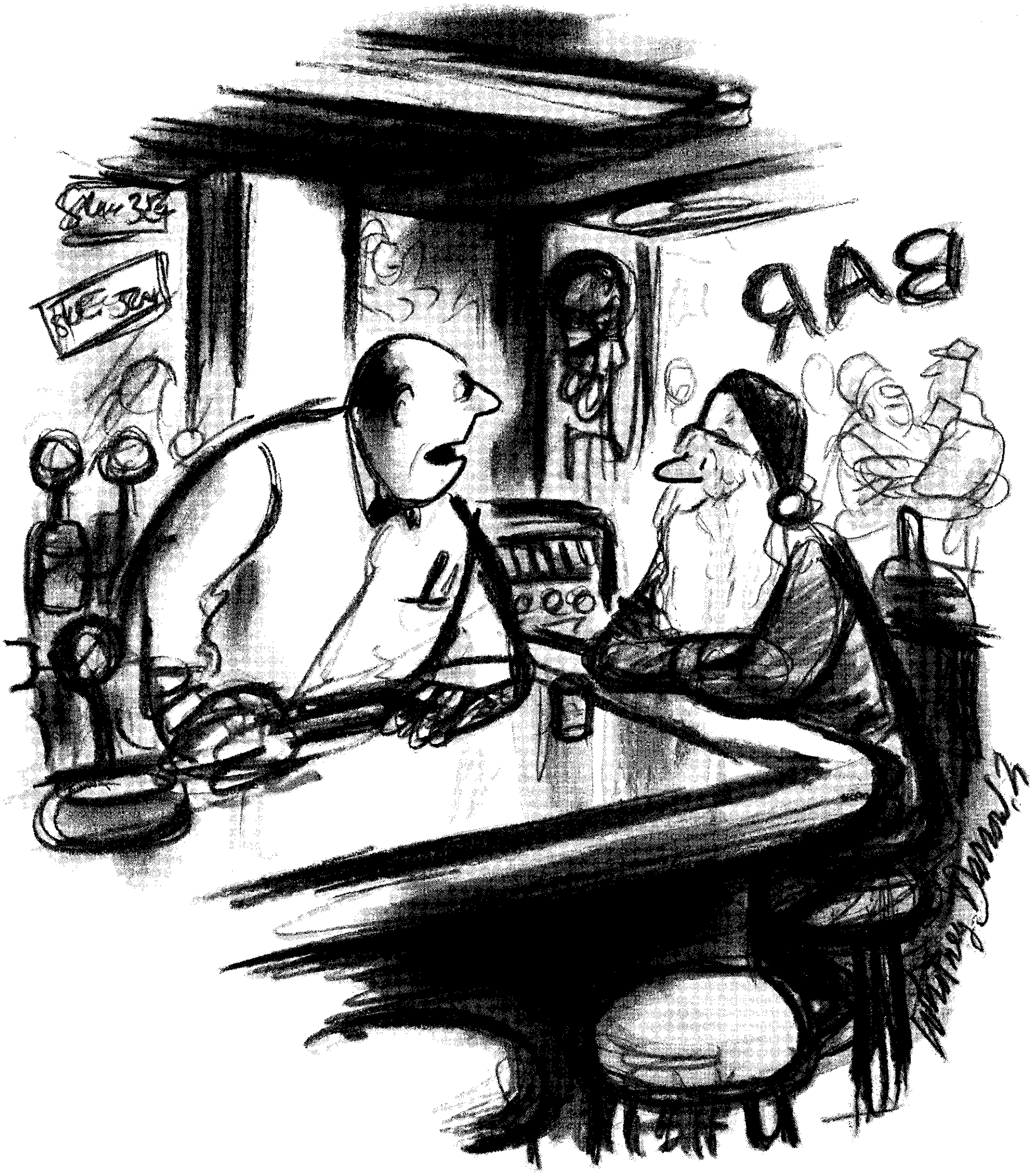
On the colony's social map at that time the principal elevations were Government House, where the Governor lived; Flagstaff House, where the General lived; and Admiralty House, which sheltered the Admiral. It was at the last-named of these, one evening, that I was fascinated by an arrangement of small, circular board and wooden mallet that the Admiral—who sat at the middle rather than the end of his table—kept beside his wineglass. All through dinner I speculated on its function, fearing (for the adult world was already revealing its affinities with school) that it was reserved for the delivery of some humiliating reprimand. Ultimately, the Stilton, fruit, and cabinet pudding having been successively removed by a multitude of servants, a silence fell. The Admiral took up the mallet, and struck the board a single resounding blow. He then announced, "Gentlemen, you may now smoke." This was the signal for the ladies to withdraw.

In those days it was always a toss-up with me whether I would be overawed or have a fit of the giggles. This time I was awed.

I am told that many of the landmarks I have described no longer exist, that there have been additions and substitutions and that I would not recognize the place. In my case too there have been changes, and the place might not recognize me. Maybe our conditions have not so much been altered as intensified.

Hong Kong in those postwar years was a stepping stone in a quicksand—a safe place from which to go to places less secure. If one wanted a change, one could go to Shanghai, or to Nanking where the capital then was, or to Peiping (by air, since the civil war had already made the train trip precarious and the city was in a sense besieged). In my case, so it was said, such a trip made alone would be unthinkable. I did think of it, though, quite often; but for a long while remained planted at the Gloucester with both elbows on the balcony railing.

Inconclusive attempts were made to place me in the ruined shell of the Hong Kong university or under the wing of the French Jesuit school. At



"That will be ninety cents, cash on the counter, and never mind what I'll find under my tree on Christmas morning!"

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one time I was to be packed off to a school in England, but a terrible winter there intervened to save me. What was needed was an *occupation*—an occupation being distinguished from a job in that it involves fewer qualifications, a lower salary, and makes no pretensions to career—and this was eventually found for me.

My occupation was in a place of authority—of high and confidential authority—an office concerned with the colony's security. Regarding my own task there, however, there need be no secrecy. I was charged with the placing of flagged pins on a map, each pin representing a merchant ship and the map being that of Far Eastern waters. The ships voluntarily gave their positions at regular intervals for this purpose, and the idea was to maintain a convenient daily record of the disposition of merchant shipping in the area. At first I applied myself enthusiastically to the placing of the pins. When, after several weeks, it became clear to me that the map was never consulted, my efforts slackened; I began to bring the flags up to date not twice daily, as instructed, but at intervals of one, two,

"May I say, Miss Fulmer, that this data is very nicely processed."

and then three days. There were even certain ships—those going to Macao or Swatow or Amoy—that sailed from Hong Kong and returned within a matter of days; and these, so far as I was concerned, never left port.

The change in attitude toward the map was the result not of indolence but of common sense. What kind of person, seeing the map not once consulted over a period of many weeks, would have diligently moved the pins twice daily? Through what delusions of self-importance could I have goaded myself to its careful maintenance? I was a reasonable person and had merely adapted my behavior to my observations.

I was placing the flags at three-day intervals when the episode of the Van Heutz intervened.

The Van Heutz, a Dutch liner cruising the Orient with war-weary Europeans, was attacked and boarded on the high seas by Chinese pirates, who seized control of the ship, sailed her to a remote bay on the China coast, and ransomed a number of the passengers, having first sifted them for valuables. When news of the drama broke on Hong Kong, a baffled group of officials was found before my map, vainly seeking some trace of this ship—which had, alas, not yet qualified for my attention.

My downfall was not complete. After some days in eclipse I was rehabilitated and also allowed to chalk, in red and blue crayon on a different map, the daily gains and losses of the civil war.

It was the most delightful office imaginable. It was staffed largely by very young Englishmen of greatly varying personalities and backgrounds. Lanky and fair, short and swarthy, languid or dynamic, they were alike in my eyes in belonging irrefutably to the real world. They had all seen active service in the war—yet they were still so young that there was discernible in their conversation that (not always negligible) wit of the Fifth Form, which remains with many Englishmen throughout their lives. They were familiar with Homer, quoted Auden, and on their free afternoons would go down to the Dairy Farm Restaurant in Des Voeux Road and eat up platefuls of colored ice cream. Enthusiasm would have been against their principles, but there was an element of optimism in their charm; the war had ended, and I think we were all relieved simply to find ourselves alive.

When not engaged with my maps, I shared a small office with the filing clerk, a Mr. Crackenthorpe, and a Chinese translator whose given name was Tik. The filing clerk, a man of Pickwickian appearance and good nature, was known as Mr. C. He had spent his entire adult life abroad in the service of his country, indefatigably keeping the records of international intrigue. Although he had lived in startling places for staggering stretches of time, he had in no other sense left his native land, its sounder practices and better characteristics being as strong in him as on the day he first set forth. He uttered few words of his own language and knew no word of any other. His maximum effort toward bridging the language gap was made each morning when he gave his hearty greeting in pidgin English to the pair of amahs who cleaned our offices. Astonishing expressions then fell from his lips, such as "Catchem top-side cleanee by and by" or "Wipem deskee chop-chop," or that wistful and irrelevant pronouncement on the greenness of far fields, "Canton more far."

Tik, on the other hand, was fluent in various languages. He worked in both Mandarin and Cantonese, but his mother tongue was Hakka, a dialect of the hill people in the coastal areas opposite Hong Kong. He was a man of great courtesy and control, never showing anger or impatience or giving the slightest sign that he was suppressing them. Between assaults on my maps, I learned from him Chinese words and phrases and the composition of certain characters—all of which I have inexcusably forgotten—but he spent most of his day bent over the documents or newspapers he was required to translate. His face struck one as perfectly matched with his name (which was pronounced "teak," like the wood), being a deep, supple sun color, glossy yet grainy, and richly polished by its encounters with the world.

I imagined all this to be typical of office life, and could not understand what people were complaining about. I yearned to distinguish myself more favorably with this company, and not long after the debacle of the Van Heutz an opportunity presented itself.

One morning as I was faithfully populating the China Sea with my colored pins, a discussion took place in my presence—a discussion concerned with a mysterious figure and his sinister activities. Sinister acts and mysterious personages are, as is well known, a commonplace in the East, and this office of mine was in one way or another acquainted with many of them, constituting as they did the very commodity in which it dealt. The man discussed that morning—whom I will call Mr. Jarvis, for the excellent reason that that was not his true name—was distinguished from all previous cases only by the fact that I personally knew of him, having met his wife on various occasions at the Cricket Club. I would have been less than human—or older than sixteen—had I not divulged this on the spot. The discussion took a gratifying turn. I was detached from the map and within a few minutes had told all I knew of the Jarvises, which was merely that they lived in Canton and frequently made the short trip to Hong Kong. I had never been to Canton, and Mrs. Jarvis, on the latest of our meetings at the Cricket Club, had invited me to stay with them there whenever I wished.

It should be remembered that my employers were very young. Within the hour I had written to the Jarvises. Within the week I was setting out for Canton. Like most sudden developments, this was less dramatic at the time than it now appears to be, for I was merely doing what I might in any case have done, and the object of my visit, though concealed, was nothing more than to observe the way in which the Jarvises lived—whom they knew and where they went. (I don't think that at the outset I thought much about this object; the true significance of the journey, as far as I was concerned, lay in being sent at all and was therefore already established.) A weekend at Canton with Cricket Club acquaintances seemed to my family to be a thoroughly acceptable diversion for me, and I myself approached the outing in something of this spirit. I do remember that I was enjoined to a deeper degree of secrecy than I had previously undertaken to observe; this was a wise precaution.

THE short trip to Canton could be made by boat, train, or plane. I chose the plane, for I had never flown before and it seemed an appropriate occasion. The Jarvises undertook to meet me at the other end. I left after lunch on a Saturday, so that I could be back at my maps on Monday morning.

The Hong Kong airfield of Kaitak had been formed on a narrow strip of reclaimed land, on the mainland opposite Hong Kong—on the British side of the border, between the harbor and the arid mountains of South China. Of the planes that rose there in confined spirals all day long, only a few were commercial, the remainder belonging at that time to a big R.A.F. base. The office of the airline had been set up in a Quonset hut, and consisted of two or three scarred desks beleaguered by passengers and defended by the company's officials. My fellow-travellers were mostly Chinese—men going to Canton on business or to visit relatives. Some wore light cotton suits, some loose jackets and trousers, some the simple poorer suits of oiled black silk.

Through some standard injustice, I was led to the front of this crowd. The man behind the desk, a young Eurasian, at once set aside the papers he was marking and consulted another page, handwritten in English. He ticked off my name and told me I would be called. I was sent to sit down on a wooden bench at the far end of the hut, where the single other non-Chinese passenger, a young man with a newspaper, was already waiting alone.

A glance at this young man revealed him to be an American—his light hair cropped like a convict's, his loose suit worn without flair, and he was eating something. His young face had, so I complacently thought, the unfinished look of his country. When I reached the bench he looked up from his newspaper, then folded it in the middle and put it down, unaffectedly preparing to talk.

I had always been warned not to speak to strangers. I had been told, too, that Americans were a precipitate people. I sat down at the other end of the bench. The tin hut was preposterously hot. From beneath the bench came a sound of heavy panting, and a dog materialized—an unattractive dog, an old, tough, and distressingly hairless dog—and collapsed, still puffing, at our feet.

The young man spoke to me. I looked at him obliquely. He was holding something toward me in his fingers.

"No, thank you." I occupied myself with the dog. "Here, doggie." I extended my hand. The dog paid no attention.

"Doesn't speak English," suggested the young man on the bench.

"Possibly not," I agreed remotely. "But perhaps he understands it."

The young man laughed. He brought out his cigarettes. "You smoke?"

"No," I said, unaccountably pleased.

"Going to Canton for a visit?"

"To stay with friends."

"You live in Hong Kong?"

"With my parents." (Such questions were unpardonable, but it was gratifying to be asked them.)

"Well," he remarked, looking me over, "they certainly got you up to look like Alice in Wonderland." He plucked at his own sleeve. "Sharkskin," he said.

I showed polite interest, and he went on to tell me that the suit had been made in Hong Kong in twenty-four hours. Certainly it showed no sign of prolonged attention.

The dog heaved itself nearer, and the young man nudged it good-naturedly with his foot. "You travel much on your own?"

"Oh sometimes," I replied carelessly.

"How old are you?"

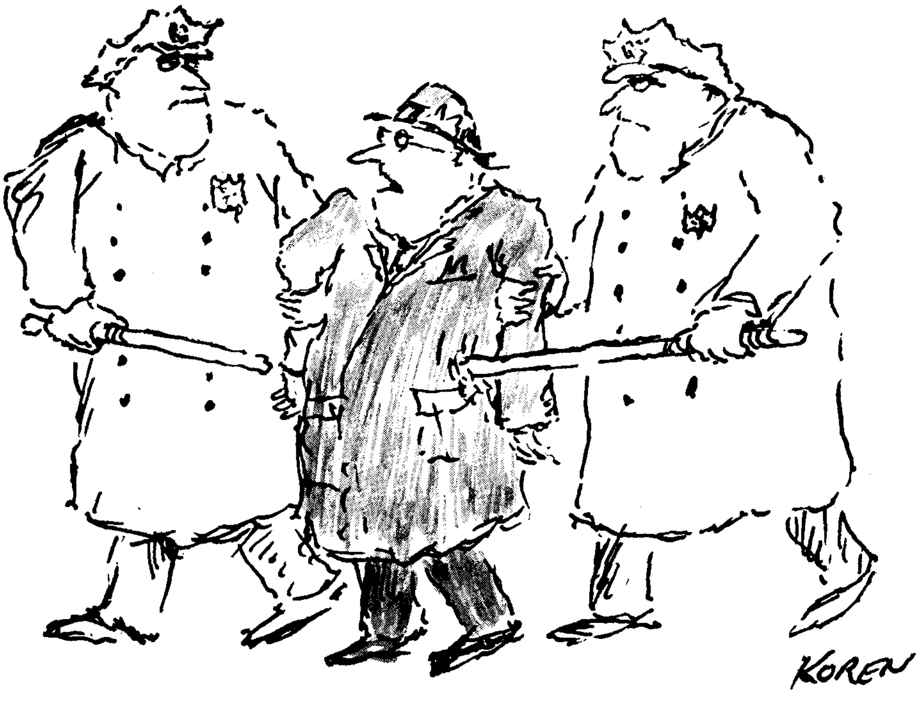
"Sixteen," I said, aloof again.

"Jesus."

"What do you do?" I inquired, adapting to the questions game.

"I survey airfields," he said, "to see if we can use them." He brought out his card and gave it to me. "I've been in China six months, surveying for the company."

I was too polite to ask which com-



"There surely must be some mistake—I'm middle-class!"

pany or to look at the card. "Have you liked it?" I asked instead.

"God," he said elusively. "What a place."

I nodded.

"This thing is changing so fast."

"This thing," I cautiously agreed.

"God knows what's going to happen. A couple of years from now, all this"—his gesture had no reference to the steaming hut—"will be gone. Finished."

Unexpectedly, he reminded me of my colleagues at the office. In every way their opposite, he yet conveyed something of their appeal.

He glanced up. "I guess we can go now." He picked up my little wicker suitcase.

"Oh—I can carry that."

"No reason to." In his other hand he had a heavy zipper bag of his own. We crossed the hut, and the dog followed us with incurious eyes, not lifting his head. The Chinese passengers were filing out, and we fell in line.

The plane was very confined and smelled of fumigation. "These Dakotas," said my friend. "Terrible." When he had arranged our luggage precariously in a mesh rack, he added, "This is the most dangerous airfield in the world." We seated ourselves together at the back of the plane, and he helped me to fasten the seat belt. "If there *is* a worse airfield than this," he said, "it's the one we're going to at Canton."

"What's wrong with it?" I asked fearlessly.

He grinned. "Just to give you an idea," he said. "It's called Flying Cloud."

We roared. We rushed over bumpy ground. We tilted and rose into the air. One passenger wailed; another was sick. The eroded hills came alarmingly close, then fell away. Widening valleys, improbably green, spread out from a sluggish river.

My companion gave me a peppermint for my ears. "When I get back to Hong Kong," he said, "I might look you up."

I wondered if this could be considered picking someone up.

"If you'd like that."

"I would like it," I said meekly. "Yes."

"Of course," he continued, "it may involve telling me your name."

I told him, and he wrote it down—with difficulty because of the vibrations—in a small notebook, and printed "Gloucester" underneath. We were silent for some moments. I then turned to him and leaned forward to make myself heard. "As it happens," I shrieked offhandedly, "I've never actually flown before."

I never did see him again, although the following week he sent me a postcard from Taipei—which, together with the visiting card, seemed to add up to substantial tribute. He had what I thought of as an authentic American name, with an Old Testament first name and a middle initial. I remembered it for years.

THE Jarvises had sent their driver to Flying Cloud, and this driver's name was Feng. Feng was small, brisk, and very talkative; he got me quickly through the Chinese customs (no mean feat) and into a green Dodge. "Famous airfield," he observed, with no note of sarcasm, as we drove away from the sheds of Flying Cloud. He then explained that Mrs. Jarvis would meet us in town, and that Mr. Jarvis had been called away to Shanghai on business.

A bad road lay across flat land before us and over this we made terrifyingly good time—I digesting the departure of Mr. Jarvis, and Feng talking a great deal. Nothing can make one feel more alien than the contours of Eastern lands, those landscapes that have never heard of Romanticism or Impressionism, that will not play the game, and that we greet as fantasy when we find them in art. The curiously separate hills with their fronded single trees filed past us as we raced over the valley floor, in the muddy trough of the road. "Famous burial ground," said Feng, nodding to a terraced hillside, and "Famous monument" as we passed a great flight of steps. There followed in quick succession a famous wall, a famous crossroads, and an ill-famed prison before we entered the city by one of its most famous boulevards. There was Mrs. Jarvis, standing at the rim of the sidewalk, her open parasol resting on her shoulder. Feng drew the car recklessly to the gutter, braked, and leaped out to welcome me to the famous soil—which indeed formed part of the ill-paved curb onto which I stepped.

When Mrs. Jarvis had greeted me, she sent Feng elsewhere. I saw that she was considerate with him, making sure the errand would not keep him late, inquiring where he would get his dinner. When she finally turned to me, she smiled and took hold of my fingers, and we walked a little way along

WINTER MORNING

All night the wind swept over the house
And through our dream,
Swirling the snow up through the pines,
Ruffling the white, ice-capped clapboards,
Rattling the windows,
Rustling around and below our bed
So that we rode
Over wild water
In a white ship breasting the waves.
We rode through the night
On green, marbled
Water, and, half-waking, watched
The white, eroded peaks of icebergs
Sail past our windows;
Rode out the night in that north country,
And awoke, the house buried in snow,
Perched on a
Chill promontory, a
Giant's tooth
In the mouth of the cold valley,
Its white tongue looped frozen around us,
The trunks of tall birches
Revealing the rib cage of a whale
Stranded by a still stream;
And saw, through the motionless baleen of their branches,
As if through time,
Light that shone
On a landscape of ivory,
A harbor of bone.

—WILLIAM JAY SMITH

"Don't bother asking who's who. Nobody's anybody."

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the congested street holding hands. It is not possible to hold hands for long in such a street as that. (One of the most pleasant of Chinese customs is for friends, particularly a group of young people, to clasp hands as they walk along, but this is achieved by a chain effect, so that the group walks in linked file.) Mrs. Jarvis and I soon parted, but the contact was her means of making me welcome. I now suppose her to have been about forty-five—she was of the anomalous age then belonging in my mind to relatives and schoolteachers. She was pale, patient, rather frail, with traces of that flat-curled, large-eyed prettiness that in my childhood was associated with Alice Faye. I do not remember her dress, and I suspect that her dresses were not memorable. She had, for an Englishwoman, a low-pitched and indecisive voice, and her general air, though passive, was one of appeal.

She had thought I might like to see the shops before we went home for tea. I dutifully took an interest in the forest of little shops, the bolts of material, the endless plastic shoes and handbags, the ivory elephants and Madonnas, the jade curios and jewelry mounted in red gold. Out of deference to Mrs. Jarvis I bought a pretty handkerchief in a linen shop; out of deference to Chinese law I paid with a huge bundle of Chinese bills (the currency having lately got literally out of hand) instead of with the American dollars I also had in my wicker bag, and in this I was possibly unique among travellers in China at the time.

Mrs. Jarvis hailed a pedicab. In the pedicab she put up her parasol—it was a red one of glazed papier-mâché, the kind sold by hawkers on street corners during the rainy season—and I wondered if she did this for protection from the sun or from the beggars who plaintively detained us at every turn. Once the roofs of a temple were pointed out, once a desolate park surrounding an unkempt shrine, but there was no suggestion that we should visit either. The road became less commercial and less crowded, and turned at last toward the river.

The Jarvises lived with the European community of Canton, on the island of Shameen in the Pearl River. This "island," which had long ago been formed of a mudbank reinforced with granite, lay in a bend of the river and was at one point so closely connected to the bank that the bridge there seemed to be spanning a mere moat—a token separation of East and West. The Japanese, Mrs. Jarvis informed me, had filled in the moat with earth when they occupied Canton during the war, but it had since been dug out again. By whom, I wondered, and on whose orders? It was a strange time to reactivate a moat.

Shameen was forbidden to traffic. Mrs. Jarvis and I crossed the causeway on foot and walked down a shaded road, past sober Western buildings, none large but all substantial. I remember the silence, the freshness of the trees after the squalid streets we had just come through, and the immediate sense of boredom—for here once more was the enclosed colonial life, in this case divided by a moat from the uproar of reality. Perhaps it is too much to say that this atmosphere was only emphasized by the fact that the British Consulate had recently been burned. It had been burned, not as a manifestation of universal change but in what might be called the old spirit—as a reprisal for a local incident involving disputed territory near Hong Kong. Roofless, its grey façade still stood, mounted on wide steps and surmounted by a charred '*Honi soit . . .*' The incident, in retrospect, has the antiquated air of a self-contained protest that had little reference to the world in general.

Mrs. Jarvis's apartment was on the third floor of a small compound, and looked onto a courtyard of trees. A houseboy let us in, but there was no sound within the house, and little light. Hot sunshine came dimly through rattan blinds. Ceiling fans silently revolved in every room.

A narrow bed had been made up for me in Mrs. Jarvis's own bedroom; it was, she explained, the coolest room in the flat. A mosquito net was looped above her double bed. At the far side of the bed, on a night table, lay a pipe and a copy of "Forever Amber." These were the first—and last—details I ever learned about the person of Mr. Jarvis.

The living room, where we had tea, had been densely furnished with camphor chests and with blackwood chairs and tables, among which a jagged incision had been made by means of a folding screen. The walls were covered with photographs, and the floor with mats of some glossy reed. The room opened into a second salon, more gloomy than the first, where the dark outline of a grand piano could be dimly seen, sailing without lights like a ship at war.

Mrs. Jarvis brought photographs over to the tea table and identified them. This was Jeremy, shown here in his flight-sergeant's uniform but now in a London bank; that was Philip, studying to be an engineer; and here was Janice in color, a rosy version of her mother, charming beneath her nurse's cap.

To the casual observation that she must miss them, Mrs. Jarvis responded with silence and a motion of the head that shook back tears.

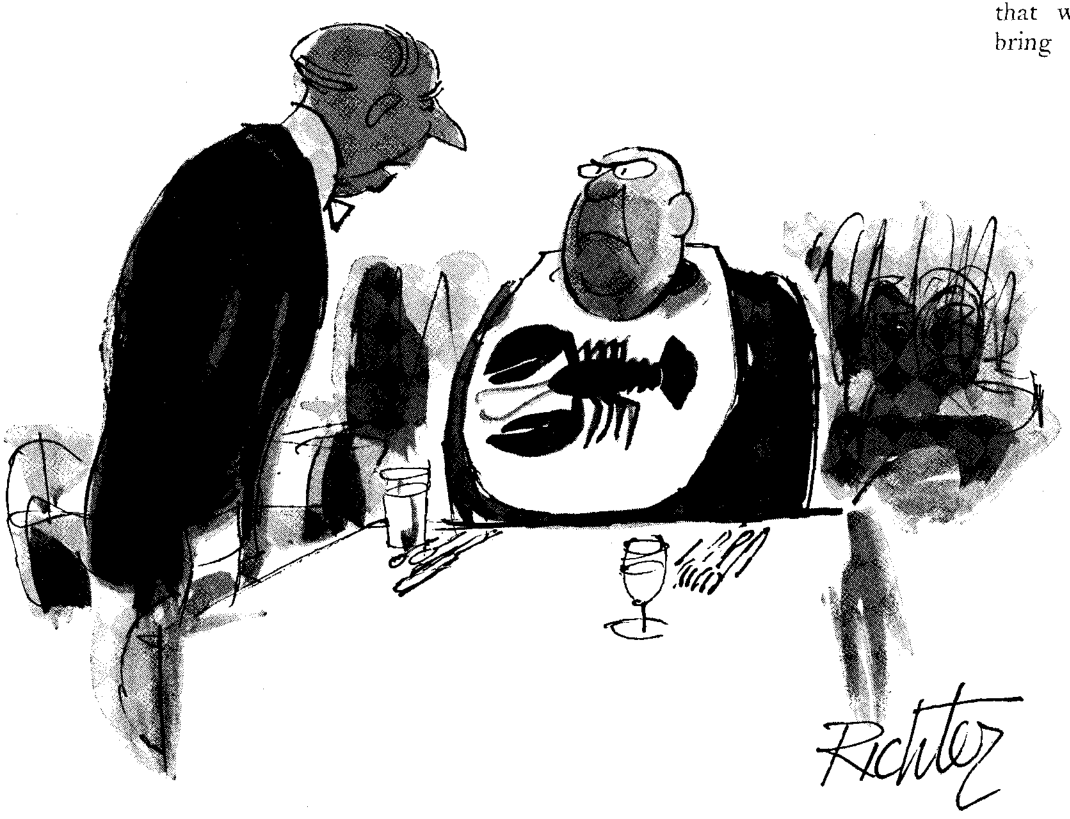
The evening, like the afternoon, was an oddly domestic one to offer a visitor in a strange and ancient city. We passed it sitting by the screened windows when the blinds had been drawn up to let in the dusk, Mrs. Jarvis writing letters and I reading "Rebecca," which I had found in a bookcase. I was struck by the loneliness of Mrs. Jarvis's life. Was it different when Mr. Jarvis was there? Did this gloomy drawing room resound to the hearty (or even sinister) laughter of cronies? Was it ever fully lit or occupied? One somehow felt not.

Mrs. Jarvis kept early hours. It was strange to be going to sleep at ten o'clock in the very heart of that most sleepless of cities, stranger still to be camped, as it were, in this immaculate clearing of a man-made jungle. While the city fought for its jostling, noisy, desperate existence, Mrs. Jarvis and I sat up in our white beds reading, the fan turned off lest we catch—unlikely word—cold, a thermos of boiled water beside each of our beds. Before putting out the light, Mrs. Jarvis got up and adjusted her mosquito net so that it fell right around the bed. She put lotion on her hands. She did not say she was glad to have me there or that I reminded her of Janice, both these things being apparent. She merely kissed me and climbed back beneath her stifling tent.

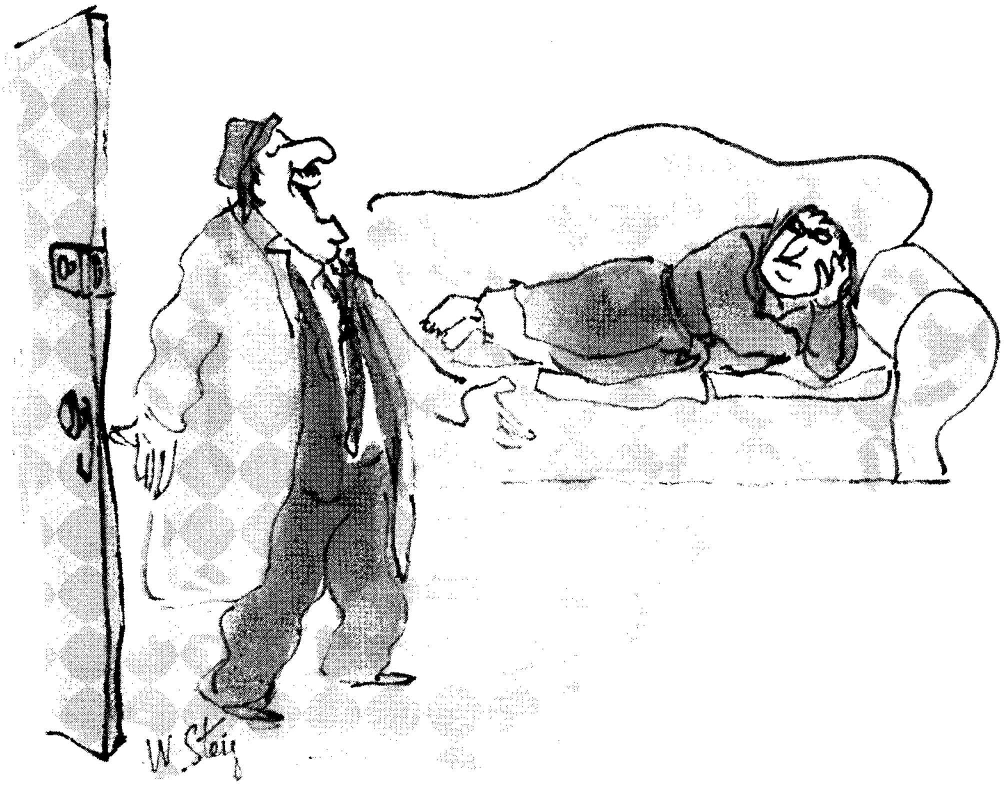
My situation, as I look back on it, seems quite extraordinary, but at the time I found it less so. At the age of sixteen one expects almost anything of life, including much more straightforward drama than is likely to materialize; for all I knew, the position in which I found myself, if not commonplace, was a fair sample of what one might reasonably expect. It would please me to be able to say, in retrospect, that I had begun to feel repugnance for the object of my visit, but I think this was not the case. I was not an unduly callous child, but scruples of this sort develop against the background of experience and are not, I imagine, commonly found in adolescents in a spontaneous form. Mrs. Jarvis was a parent—that is to say that she was of parental age and aspect and that her touchingly maternal attitude toward me (illustrated even by the presence of my bed in her room) confirmed her in this role; I was still at an age that views almost any deception of a parent as not only permissible but even essential to mutual survival. Above all, I was conditioned by a wartime childhood to think of such missions as mine in terms not of violation and duplicity but of honor and even valor.

I make these points not to excuse myself but to explain what follows in its true light—as what it really was, an insight into my own character. As I lay that night in Canton in my hot little bed it became perfectly obvious to me that, whatever revelations there might be concerning the Jarvis household, I was not the one to make them; that whatever astute question might bring forth an avalanche of significant detail, I was not the one to ask it; that I had no aptitude for such a task, and that were I to remain a week, a fortnight, a month in the Jarvis ménage, I would be none the wiser. This discovery about myself, far from bringing any satisfaction, was dark with the sense of failure. My desire to accomplish my mission and ingratiate myself with my superiors was very great; the prospect of returning emptyhanded cast a pall of desperation over the whole experience. It now seemed to be repeating, in some way I could not determine, the characteristics of the Van Heutz affair—in which I had displayed an inability to consider all the possibilities. Wondering what the missing possibilities might be in this case, I fell asleep.

The following morning I sat on the living-room floor



"I'm sorry. Once the bib is on, sir, you cannot change your order."



"A wandering minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches, of ballads, songs, and snatches, and dre-ea-my . . ."

• •

and read "Rebecca." The weather, very usual for the time of year, was an alternation of glowering sunshine and sudden downpour that sent up a steamy odor of vegetation from the garden. The Jarvises' apartment had its own contrasting smell—a shuttered smell of mildew and insect spray, of furniture polish and face powder, the smell of colonial houses in the Orient. There was about this, as about the apartment in general, something so true to form, so representative of the British community, as practically to exonerate the Jarvises there and then from any suggestion of foul play. Someone operating against his country's interests would, one imagined, hardly have found it possible to align himself so uncompromisingly with its attributes—might even have introduced a note of interest, some telltale innovation of taste or atmosphere. Such conditions as those in which the Jarvises lived could not be reproduced by contrivance; their most outstanding feature was their complete lack of premeditation.

In the afternoon we took the ferry some distance up the river to visit friends of Mrs. Jarvis. "They are Germans," she told me. By this time I was sunk into a despondency from which not even the promising word "Germans" could rouse me, and when she added "Missionaries," it was no more than I expected.

The Pearl River, which at Canton is approaching its estuary, is of a precariously alluvial color and a consistency sometimes closer to that of flowing land than to water. Before it reaches the sea, the river must in fact pass through a narrow, steeply banked channel, but here at Canton one can easily imagine that it has completed its course and that the ocean is at hand, so great is the sense of a harbor. On this illusory harbor, dense suburbs of sampans rose and fell with the river, so thickly gathered that they seemed to be swarming ashore and to have mingled with the dun-colored habitations on land. Families had even made temporary settlements on the rafts formed by logs moored at the docks of timberyards. Our ferry, a game and grimy little affair, kept to a central channel more or less cleared for river traffic, and soon left all this behind.

Mrs. Jarvis's friends lived within sight of the river, in a straggling, almost rural suburb. They were a white-haired couple, simple, resigned, and kind, who had spent most of their lives in China. They talked of change, and of what it had been like to live in Canton throughout the Japanese occupation (during which they had, embarrassingly, not been interned like the rest of one's European acquaintance). Their house was set in a curious little plot of land, almost a farm, where there were vegetable gardens, a chicken coop, and a small orchard. The house itself was wooden and rather run-down; the porch on which we sat had a frieze of wooden fretwork and was floored by uneven boards, long unpainted. The place had an inconsequential, forgotten air, like the provincial setting of a Russian novel, so that one's eyes constantly wandered toward the river for confirmation of one's own existence. After tea the old man fell asleep in his chair. We took our leave in whispers, and the ferry carried us back to Shameen.

In the end, I suppose, the prolonged hush of the weekend got the better of me. Or possibly, since I had come to Canton for revelations and no one else had provided them, I felt an urge to do so myself. That evening, when Mrs. Jarvis and I sat down by the windows, I talked a great deal. Her very reticence invited confidences, a vacuum to be filled, and I told her about my life in Hong Kong, about my attachments and amusements—whom I knew, in fact, and where I went. I think I even told her about my school days. That I stopped short of enlightening her about my presence in her house may have been due to good luck rather than discretion—for although she was a sympathetic listener, she saw no reason to postpone her bedtime. As on the previous evening, we were in bed by ten.

It was Feng who took me to the plane the following morning. Mrs. Jarvis and I said goodbye to one another at the Shameen causeway. We promised to be in touch soon, and she gave me "Rebecca" to read on the plane. She asked Feng to take good care of me—which, after his fashion, he did, driving me frantically to the airport and seeing me safely on board the famous plane.

I did not see Mrs. Jarvis again, although we exchanged a letter or two, for the Jarvises moved to Manila a few months later, taking with them their blackwood and camphor trappings from Canton. Perhaps they are living there still.

My employers showed understanding about my lack of success. Perhaps their expectations had not been great, or they were relieved that I had not proved troublesome. In any event, after the first report, no inquiries were made of me and I was allowed to go on with my war-map in peace. I did not, of course, say that I had failed; I tried to convey a sense of mystery.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

IN TRANSIT

THE sofa sat in the middle of the living room. Terry had rolled up the carpet, and it lay long and limp against a wall. He had disassembled most of the bookcases—pine boards and yellow bricks—and packed the books into cardboard boxes. The boxes were stacked, ready to be taken by the movers at nine o'clock in the morning. Terry stared at the shiny hardwood floor. He said, "Laura, you know this floor's in good shape." His voice was hollow, echoey.

His wife was in the bedroom and did not answer. He went in to her. In a tight Z shape, she was crouched close to the floor in the closet. She was cleaning out two years' worth of old shoes, forgotten dresses, boxes, dead pocketbooks, faded travel posters, crumpled felt hats, bent wire coat hangers. She had on an old pair of blue patterned shorts, a black turtleneck sweater, and sneakers. She never wore such clothes. She had found them while cleaning and packing. How small and neatly disparate she looked, her beautiful black hair hiding her face as she leaned forward. She reached and reached, pulling out more stuff—like entrails—throwing it into a heap in the middle of the room.

"You know," Terry said, just for the sake of talking, "the floor in the living room is in better shape than I remembered."

"Mmm." More heavings.

The calico bedroom curtains had been taken down. The white walls were bare. There was nothing on the bureau. The pile of debris on the floor and the bed were all that was left in the room. "Laura," Terry said.

She looked up, flushed. Irritation flickered in her dark eyes.

Terry glanced at his watch. Midnight. He shrugged and went back to the living room. It had been stripped of curtains, too. The stereo set was boxed, and records were heaped on the floor. The overhead light glared in all the emptiness. Terry's footsteps were noisy—a lonely sound. He wondered why he should feel lonely. He ought to be excited. This place had been too small. Terry was bony and tall, and he had always been bumping his elbows, tripping over something. He would be glad to get to the new apartment in the city nearby, where he had grown up. The rooms were much larger. He looked out the front window. No shades. Dust everywhere. The main street was empty. Far away, on Long Island Sound, a beacon pulsated. He thought, We *should* move. Too small. Neighbors nosy. Town too little, nothing to do.

He turned. Two more shelves of books, and that would be done; the living room would be finished. Then he would pack whatever china Laura had not packed, and glassware, and anything else he could find. Terry stared at the case of books. Christ, how tired he was of them. What a burden to carry around from place to place for the rest of your life. But he loved books. Laura did, too. They sometimes bought fifteen dollars' worth of paperbacks at a clip, and then complained to friends that they were broke. How many of the books were still unread—yet they were always here, waiting, full of color outside and possibilities inside. They were dependable, unchanging. And they told whatever set of truths and lies one needed to have from them.

Terry went to the kitchen doorway. He shouted, "You want another drink?"

"O.K.," Laura said, her voice muffled. Terry opened the unlit, musty-smelling, defrosted refrigerator, got out a jug of warm orange juice, and poured it into two sticky jelly glasses. From a bottle of vodka he added a large shot to each glass and carried one in to his wife.

Sitting on the floor, she took a sip. "It's awful," she said, "but it helps."

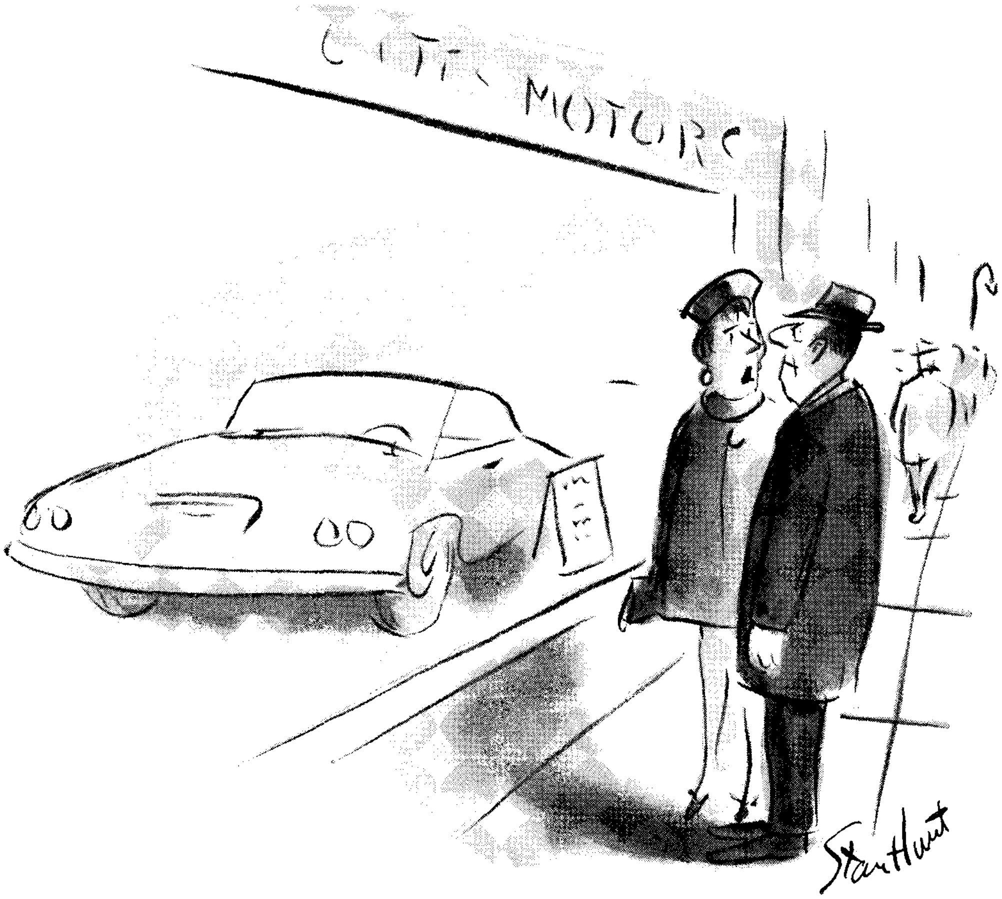
"Too bad there's no vermouth. I could have made Martinis."

"But there's no ice, either, honey." She set the glass down and went back to her foraging.

How could there be so much stuff in such a small closet, Terry wondered. His own closet had a few sports jackets and a couple of suits hanging in it, two or three pairs of shoes on the floor. He took a swallow of his drink. It burned in his stomach and felt good. He threaded his way back to the living room. He glued together a big cardboard box, squatted before the bookcase, pulled out a handful of paperbacks, dusted their tops with an old piece of flannel, and shoved them into one corner of the box. He did the same with another pile. Then, to balance the box, he added three heavy textbooks from the shelf below.

The next book he pulled out made him pause. It was a large, thick one, with a faded orange cover. Its title was engraved in a narrow brown circle on the front: "Ingall's Encyclopedic Dictionary and Comprehensive Self-Educator: Multi-pictured Edition." Terry turned a few pages. He stood up, grimaced from the ache in his back, went to the sofa, pushed lampshades, vacuum-cleaner parts, bric-a-brac aside, and sat down.

His first feeling was delight. He had forgotten that the book was still among his possessions—he had not thought of it for years. Laura must have put it on the shelf when they were first married and setting up the apartment. He didn't even remember bringing the book from home. He hefted it. Big as it was, it weighed a trifle. The yellowing paper was cheap, cracking. A stupid book, really. A big, stupid, cheaply made book. How long had he kept it? Twenty years. What a dope. But he had cherished it once. It was from Ellen Slocum, the woman who had taken care of him for two years when he was a boy. His mother had died after a long illness when he was eleven, and in the chaos that followed, his father had got Ellen to come look after him and his two older brothers. She was a dishwasher at his father's small restaurant. Before that, she had been a seamstress in local textile mills, but they had all closed and moved South. Through the months that his mother was bedridden, Terry walked to the restaurant from school every noon and ate a hot lunch. He sat up at the counter and made faces and told jokes to Ellen. She laughed until tears came to her eyes as she bent over the stainless-steel sinks full of steaming water and suds and dirty dishes. She was



"But, Roger, everybody spends more than he earns. That's what America is for."

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fifty-seven, an old maid, cranky, narrow-minded. And still, she was kind.

When she moved into the apartment, she demanded good behavior. Terry's brothers were teen-agers, used to doing what they wanted. And they resented her taking the place of their mother. Ellen could do nothing with them. For a time, she tried—shouting, cursing at them, getting so angry she wept—and then she let them go. They were wild, free. Terry was wild, too, but much younger. He liked Ellen, with her quirks, her funny high-collared clothes, her odd fits of affection. Though she was often cross, he needed her. She loved him, kept him close to her, tamed him. She took him with her on bus trips to the country, and to movies. She taught him manners. He learned to surrender a little. He obeyed her. The family was poor, and out of her own money she bought him new clothes, a bicycle, games, books. Like this book—this encyclopedia-dictionary thing. Was it the last remnant of Ellen? He could think of nothing else he owned from her. He would hang on to it. He could still remember the day she bought it for him.

He was eleven years old. It was raining; he had to stay in. There was a knock at the door, and Ellen answered. Terry could hear a salesman in the dark hallway giving her a big pitch about a book. When he heard Ellen say that she wasn't about to be gypped, he went out and asked to see it. The salesman quickly held the book out to Terry. It was opened to a full-color double page of carrion birds and birds of prey—in the center a huge, fierce eagle. There was a California condor. There was a kingfisher, with a fish still struggling in his cruel beak. Terry said he wished he could have the book. Ellen stood there—tall, heavy, stiff—in her long maroon housecoat and flat gray felt slippers. The hard, dry fingers of one of her hands moved nervously over the bun of her gray hair. The salesman was bending over, smiling, breathing heavily. Terry asked again if he could have the book. Ellen took it from the salesman. She wet a finger on her tongue and turned pages. Terry knew she could not comprehend what she was looking at. She was half blind from years of close work at the mills. He was always threading needles for her; it took her hours to read the newspaper at night under a bright lamp. "How much is it?" she said, her purplish lips forming a tight Yankee line. When the salesman told her, she said it was too much. "Please," Terry said, and he squeezed her rough hand. She looked down at him and her eyes softened. "All right," she said with disgust. She paid the man out of a little leather change purse that snapped at the top.

Terry read in that book for hours. Days. It was one of the first adult books that made him want other books. It was full of knowledge, most of it useless to a boy. It had a gold-colored thumb index: Business-law dictionary, Medical dictionary, Pictorial self-educator, Office worker's guide, Synonyms and antonyms, Atlas and gazetteer, A cyclopedia of nature. That last section was on slick paper, and it had captivated him. Terry opened the book to it now. In full color, hundreds of species of living things moved among designs of leaves. There were pages of butterflies and moths. North American insects. American game fish, floating together, dropping one against the other, swimming in every direction, with their common names beside them printed neatly among the seaweed and blue-green water. Song and perching birds—Terry had spent a lot of time drawing them, soaking up their colors. There were wild North American fur-bearing animals. North American reptiles—fearsome, coiled, with bared fangs. Some snakes surrounded piles of eggs. The coral snake looked particularly beautiful and deadly. There were conifers, flowering trees and shrubs, wild flowers, and garden flowers—vivid even after all these years. Mushrooms flared, with a small printed warning about those that were poisonous. American desert plants bloomed.

Terry closed the dictionary, put it on the sofa, and shut his eyes. It had been a strange, lonely time. Ellen, strange and lonely herself, had been good to him, and he had loved her. If he thought about her, he would never finish tonight. He got up, returned to packing the rest of the books. He separated the shelves and bricks. He went to the kitchen, made another drink, and took a long draught. Besides depression from so much disorder, he felt a deep melancholy.

It was one-fifteen in the morning. He was packing china and glass. Slowly, he wrapped the delicate pieces in newspaper and placed them carefully in boxes. A roaring noise came from the bedroom. Laura was vacuuming. The two of them were half insane now with fatigue, and half drunk, and full of dust.

The orange juice was gone. Terry

poured a straight shot of vodka into his glass and finished it off in a swallow. He took another swig directly from the bottle. It tasted bitter, and stung his tongue. "Laura," he shouted above the noise. He went to her.

She said, "I've got to finish this." She looked desperate. Her hair was full of cobwebs. Her eyes were heavy, red, and teary from the dust.

He hugged her and said, "What's wrong with me? I don't want to move. It would have been O.K. here for a while, until we began to have a family."

"You're tired," she said. "The books were crowding us out. You said so yourself. You'll feel better when we get into the new place." She touched his face and went on with her work.

She was so calm, steady. He loved her for it. He thought she would transmit her serenity to him. He stood there. Soon the vacuum tank was a brown beaver, its hose a striped snake. That book—that stupid picture dictionary. He got it from the sofa and brought it to Laura. He shouted, "You remember this book? You remember I told you about that woman who took care of me when I was little and gave it to me?"

Laura nodded, banging the vacuum hose under the bed. She looked at him wearily.

"You think I should keep it?"

"What?" Laura turned off the machine.

"I think I'll throw it out," Terry said. His voice boomed. "It's just a cheap goddam book with a lot of useless stuff in it."

"Keep it," Laura said. "You've always spoken fondly of her." She turned on the machine.

Terry went to the kitchen and put the book on the table. Slowly, he stacked pots and pans in bushel baskets. He looked at the book. "I don't *want* it," he mumbled. The place was a wreck. It was two o'clock. Trash was crawling away from the sink toward the center of the kitchen. Terry opened the back door and, making several trips, carried all the trash to the porch. He got the book from the table, went outside, took the lid off the garbage pail. The smell of orange peel and coffee grounds rose up strong. He pushed down with his hand to make space and put the book on top. He replaced the lid and went back into the kitchen.

Now he was stuffing all the cleaning things—cans, boxes, jars, bottles—from under the sink into a carton. Suddenly he noticed that the bedroom was silent. He looked in. Laura lay asleep, uncovered on the bed directly under the bright ceiling light. Pale, with dirty, curled hands, her mouth slightly open, she looked like a small, helpless child. Gently, he shook her awake. "Take off your clothes and get into bed," he said. "We'll finish whatever there is early in the morning." He set the alarm for seven. Laura dragged herself up and obeyed. Terry turned off the light. He felt lightheaded, weak. Automatically, he went back to more packing: the medicine chest, the top shelf in the pantry, with its accumulation of tools, wires, clothespins, paper bags. Finally, he could do no more work. He drank what was left of the vodka.

HE took off just his shoes and socks and lay on the bed. He did not even think of sleep. It would come without effort.

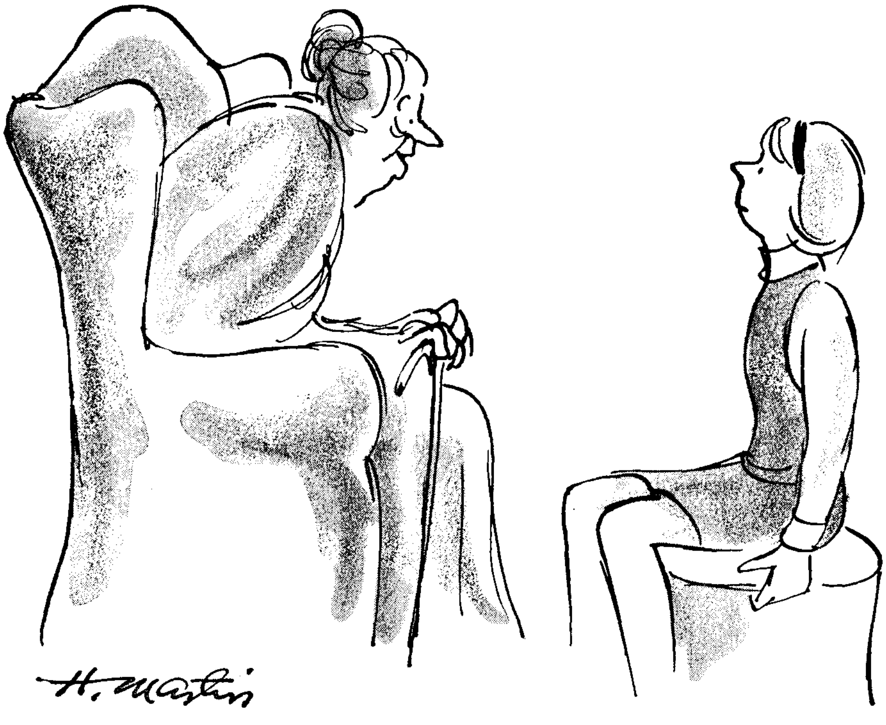
But sleep did not come. Even the liquor didn't help. Boxes, dishes, clothes, trash, the vacuum cleaner, rows of books marched by. He bent down, lifted, tied it all up. The motions occurred rhythmically in his mind, over and over. And then the thick, faded orange encyclopedia floated before him in the dark, its pages open, all the colors blurring—fish and fowl, tree and flower. Ellen. She had died ten years before—alone, forgotten—in the poorhouse. By now she was dust. Who would remember her?

Terry got up and stumbled against boxes stacked in the dark. He unlocked the back door and went out to the porch in his bare feet. It was a chilly, black night, soundless. He had not noticed before. Leaning over the rail, turning his head, he could just see the stars—faint, constant—and he was grateful for them.

He straightened up, took the cover off the garbage pail. Metal moving on metal shrieked in the dewy silence. Terry felt inside the pail. The book was still there on top, flat and cold, hard. He went to lift it out. Something held him back. He paused in the huge darkness. Very slowly, lovingly, he moved the palm of his hand over the damp book cover. He left the book where it was and replaced the lid of the pail.

Back in the apartment, he felt his way to the bedroom, took off his clothes, and got into bed. He curled up close to the warmth of Laura's body. She lay still, breathing deeply, evenly. He wanted so much to say something. But what could he tell anyone—even her? After a while, he fell asleep.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES



"We didn't have teen-agers when I was your age."

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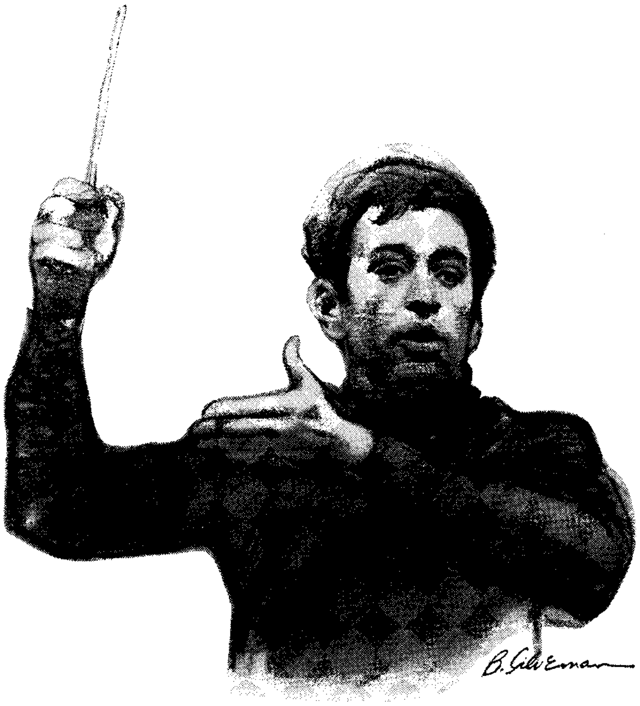
A perfectly charming way for the whole family to wish her Merry Christmas! Twin bands of solid 14K gold are joined by synthetic birthstones . . . one for each child. Birthstones may be added at any time . . . up to 36 stones per ring . . . —*Adv. in the Christmas catalogue of Capwell's, in Oakland, Calif.*

That takes care of Ethel's gift. Now for Bobby.

PROFILES

POWERFUL SWORD



Zubin Mehta

PRACTICALLY everyone who has recently visited the accessible cities of Asia has noticed that the local popular songs tend to resemble American or European musical-show tunes. If he digs a little deeper, he comes across an even more striking phenomenon. Western-style symphony orchestras flourish in an astonishing number of cities in Asia. Japan has seventeen of them—six in Tokyo alone—and the Tokyo building code demands that all new office buildings include an auditorium where the employees of the various tenants can hear Western music. Of all the examples of the love of Beethoven and Mozart in the Orient, this is the most impressive, but Korea has five symphony orchestras, and China, until recent developments under Mao, had several, too. India has, with one or two short-lived exceptions, held out against this Western cultural invasion, possibly because India has a music of her own that can compete with that of the West. As a corollary to the invasion of Asia by Western music, there has been an invasion of the West by Asian musicians who perform Western music or study in Western conservatories. The concertmaster of the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin is a Japanese. The conductor of the Toronto Symphony is also a Japanese—the very gifted Seiji Ozawa. The Chinese basso Yi-Kwei Sze is known and admired in concert halls throughout America. Everybody in the little world of violins and violinists has heard of the phenomenal Japanese violin teacher Shinichi Suzuki. Toshiro Mayuzumi has composed music for the New York City Ballet. Soong Fu-yuan and Chow-wen Chung are composers of some ability practicing in New York. The violinist Ma Szu-tsung recently escaped from Communist China under widely publicized circumstances. The list is almost inexhaustible.

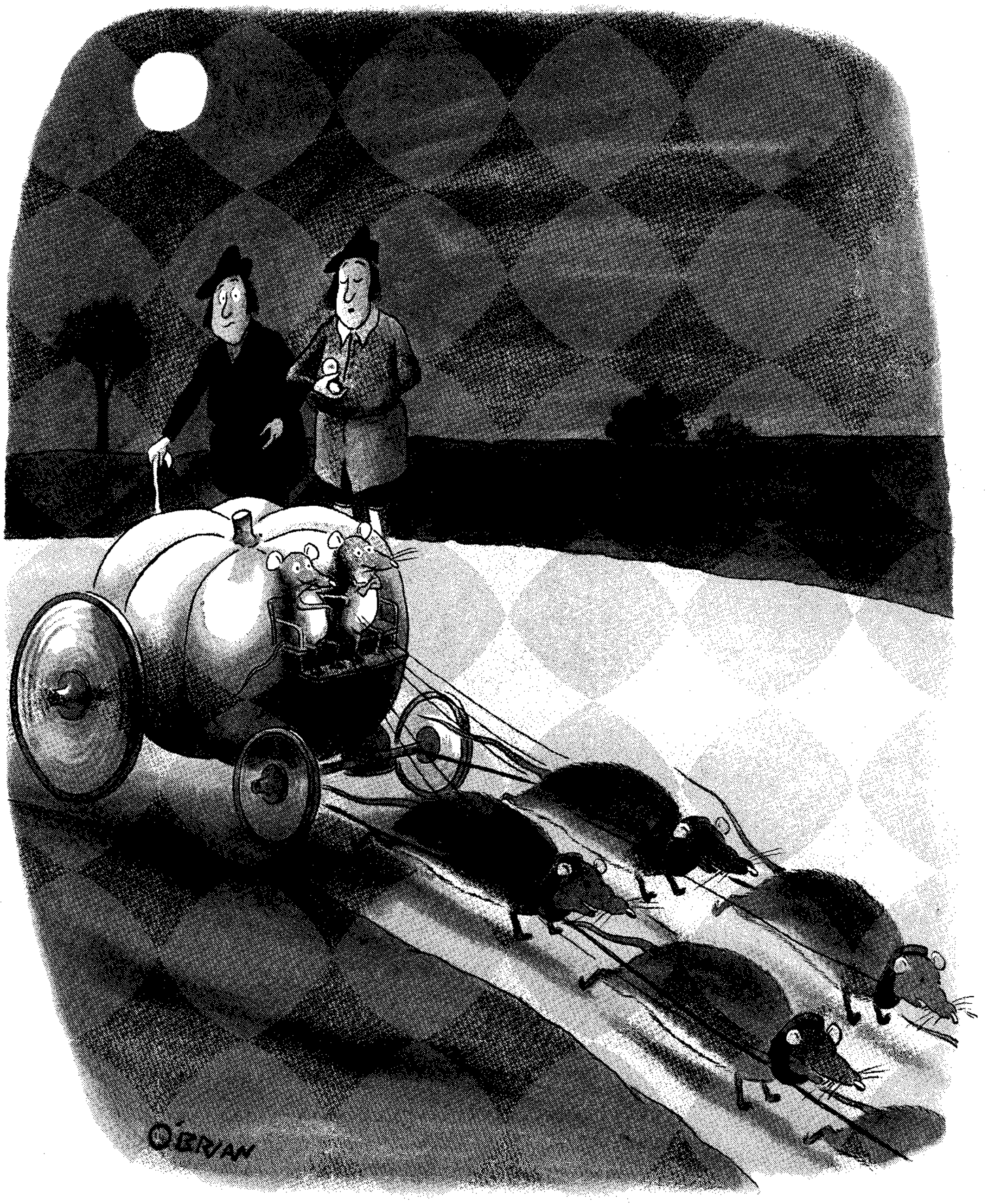
The best known and most impressive of all these Oriental figures at the moment is the young conductor Zubin Mehta, who, paradoxically, comes from India. Mehta is not a Hindu, Sikh, Jain, or Muslim but a Parsi—that is to say, a member of that small sect (now numbering a hundred thousand or so) that left Persia in the latter half of the eighth century and eventually settled in Bombay, where it began to take a prominent place in Indian intellectual, legal, financial, and industrial affairs. As a Parsi, Mehta is a Zoroastrian by religion, and although he does not practice his religion with any particular dedication (there are not many Zoroastrian fire temples outside of Bombay), he retains something of the Parsi outlook. Like most Parsis, he is a man of the world, bourgeois by upbringing, progressive and liberal in politics, and international in his interests. After studying several branches of music, including conducting, in Vienna, he conducted orchestras all over Europe for a time, often as a last-minute substitute for older conductors. His real rise to eminence started as recently as 1961. In January of that year, he was appointed musical director of the Montreal Symphony, and in November he was made director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, thus becoming the first man in North American musical history to boss two symphony orchestras simultaneously. A little later, he added a conductorship at the Metropolitan Opera to this already remarkable schedule, and he also managed to continue a considerable number of summer guest appearances with European orchestras. This was made possible by air travel; for the past several winters, Mehta has been literally commuting between Los Angeles, New York, and—until last May, when he resigned his post for simple lack of time—Montreal, often rehearsing and performing in at least two of these places during a single week.

Obviously, this busy schedule bespeaks an artist whose services are much in demand. Mehta is just thirty-one years old, but in the opinion of many he already stands at the very top of his calling. Some of the professional opinion is extravagant indeed. Josef Krips, now conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, once said of him, "The next Toscanini has been born!" Charles Munch, of the Boston Symphony, remarked after hearing him, "The torch has been relit!"—meaning, of course, more or less the same thing. "I can speak of him only in superlatives," the eminent cellist Gregor Piatigorsky recently remarked in an interview, and the distinguished Soviet conductor Kiril Kondrashin has described Mehta as "probably the best conductor alive today." As for the public, it has responded with even greater fervor. When he took the Montreal Symphony to Vienna a few years ago, the applause was interspersed with cries of "Furtwängler!," which is a sacred name to Viennese. In Los Angeles, he is deified—no other word quite serves. In the second-floor lounge of the bright new Los Angeles Music Center, a larger than life-size portrait of him hangs in a dominating position, and the ushers in the auditorium wear Oriental, if not authentically Indian, costumes. After every concert, the stage entrance of the Music Center is thronged with adoring women; Martin Bernheimer, the critic of the Los Angeles *Times*, who occasionally thinks that all this glamour is too much of a good thing, has said, "Whenever I criticize him in print, I am inundated with letters from angry women." For some time, Bernheimer has undertaken to serve as the loyal opposition. "He certainly has no ego trouble," he once said. "But he *has* vitalized the scene in Los Angeles. He is a romantic personality, attracting people who would not otherwise go to music." Bernheimer's is a voice crying in a wilderness of unrestrained adulation. He believes that somebody ought to put the brakes on, and perhaps he has a point.

THE focus of all this attention is a handsome, dark, muscular, middle-sized man with aquiline features and an aspect of authority that is rare in anyone his age. To audiences, he is the ideal conductor, combining the supposed mystery of the Orient with a Byronic air suggesting the dedicated hero. Women have referred to his "brutal charm," his "hot eyes," and "that doomed look of his." He has often been compared in appearance with gods of the Hindu pantheon, particularly with Siva, the destroyer, and Indra, hurling the thunderbolt. Mehta rarely indulges in dramatics or acrobatics on the podium. He has a way of looking sufficiently dramatic while standing still, and any vigorous gestures or faces that he makes either are obviously unconscious or are carefully intended to have a specific effect on the orchestra. He has a natural dignity of the sort that one usually sees only in successful people of middle age.

The impression that Mehta makes on the orchestras he conducts is somewhat different from the one his audiences receive. In rehearsal, he is all modesty and affability. He knows he is younger than most of the musicians he is dealing with, and he is respectful of their accomplishments. He also manages to establish a spirit of camaraderie with his musicians, acting as though the attainment of a fine performance were in every way a joint effort, in which the contribution of the third bassoon player was nearly as important as his own. He almost never loses his temper. To restore order, he sometimes has recourse to gentle sarcasm ("Just one moment, please. Are you having fun? Thank you"), and often a mere glance will do the trick. Nothing could be further from the browbeating of the old-fashioned, terror-inspiring maestro. If he makes a mistake, he is quite frank about it, and he never tries to bluff experienced musicians with an unwarranted show of authority. At the same time, by some mysterious force of personality, he manages to keep discipline at a high level. Musicians play well for him because they like him. The Los Angeles Philharmonic is reported to be one of the happiest orchestras in the country. At the Metropolitan, after a recent performance of "Turandot," he approached some of the musicians who were standing around backstage and asked simply, "How did I do?" The Metropolitan's orchestra is loud in its praise of him. "This guy is the greatest," a clarinettist remarked the other day. "He has the God-given talent for the beat. He has an ear. You can't fool him."

The God-given talent for the beat is indispensable for any conductor who expects to rise to prominence. It can't be acquired. One is born with it or without it. Essentially, it is the ability to convey musical ideas in depth by means of gesture. It involves a continuous process of forestalling probable unwanted results and encouraging wanted ones. It also involves an intuitive knowledge of exactly how musicians will react to a given stimulus from the baton. Nobody has yet succeeded in analyzing it. It has nothing to do with the mechanical strokes of the baton; it is something superimposed upon them. It can express excitement, majestic power, serenity, scrupulous care, and many notions that lie beyond or between these things. It is—to use a fashionable word—the charisma of the conductor. Record-company adver-



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tisements that have tried to catch it in photographs usually make the maestro look like a man in a state of gibbering hysteria, and much of the public, as a result, has come to think of a symphonic performance as resembling a sort of public childbirth. And there are conductors who play up to this expectation by agonizing appropriately. Actually, however, such public frenzy has little or no effect on an orchestra. The true charisma is less theatrical, more subtle, and more interesting. A great deal of it has to do with extreme sensitivity to other people's states of mind, and some of it has to do with the simple quality of leadership—a quality that is possessed by corporation executives, dictators, and combat lieutenants as well as by conductors.

Mehta has this talent. And he is so sure of it that he can use it playfully as well as in dead earnest. Some time ago, at the Metropolitan Opera House, he was presiding over a rehearsal of the first act of "Otello." He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater, which, with a pair of light-gray pants, is his customary rehearsal uniform. The Olympian manner that often characterizes his public performances was entirely absent. His gestures were conventional enough, except for a sort of underhand rapier-stab motion, which turned out to be a signal for a special effect he wanted. His left hand was always independent of his right except in powerful passages where the whole orchestra was involved; occasionally he would flap both hands downward in a motion that, combined with his dark, aquiline face, made him look like a vulture. Often, in fact, when things were going smoothly and no beat was needed, Mehta would merely hunch his shoulders into a shrug and stop conducting altogether. To attract more than usual attention, he had a habit of throwing his arms wide, like a man experiencing a sudden revelation. The rehearsal proceeded with dispatch and efficiency, but he was continually making little bargains and issuing little bribes. Once, for instance, he promised that if the men played a certain passage the way he wanted it he would let them off early. (He kept his promise.) He often explained things: "You know why? I want it to sound *smooth.* Arrange it so that it is up-bow?" The last phrase was accompanied by a shrug; Mehta takes the curse off commands by such shrugs, as if to say, "Why not do it my way? Nobody is going to lose anything by it." At one point, he said, "If it's good, I'll say '*Bravo!*' " The passage was played,

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and he forgot to say "Bravo!" Immediately, a clamor arose from the orchestra. "O.K.—bravo!" Mehta responded. If, as happened once or twice, some players were late with an entrance, one eyebrow would go up on Mehta's hawklike countenance. At another point, he said, "The trumpets are—"

The players in question interrupted him. "The *cornets*," they corrected.

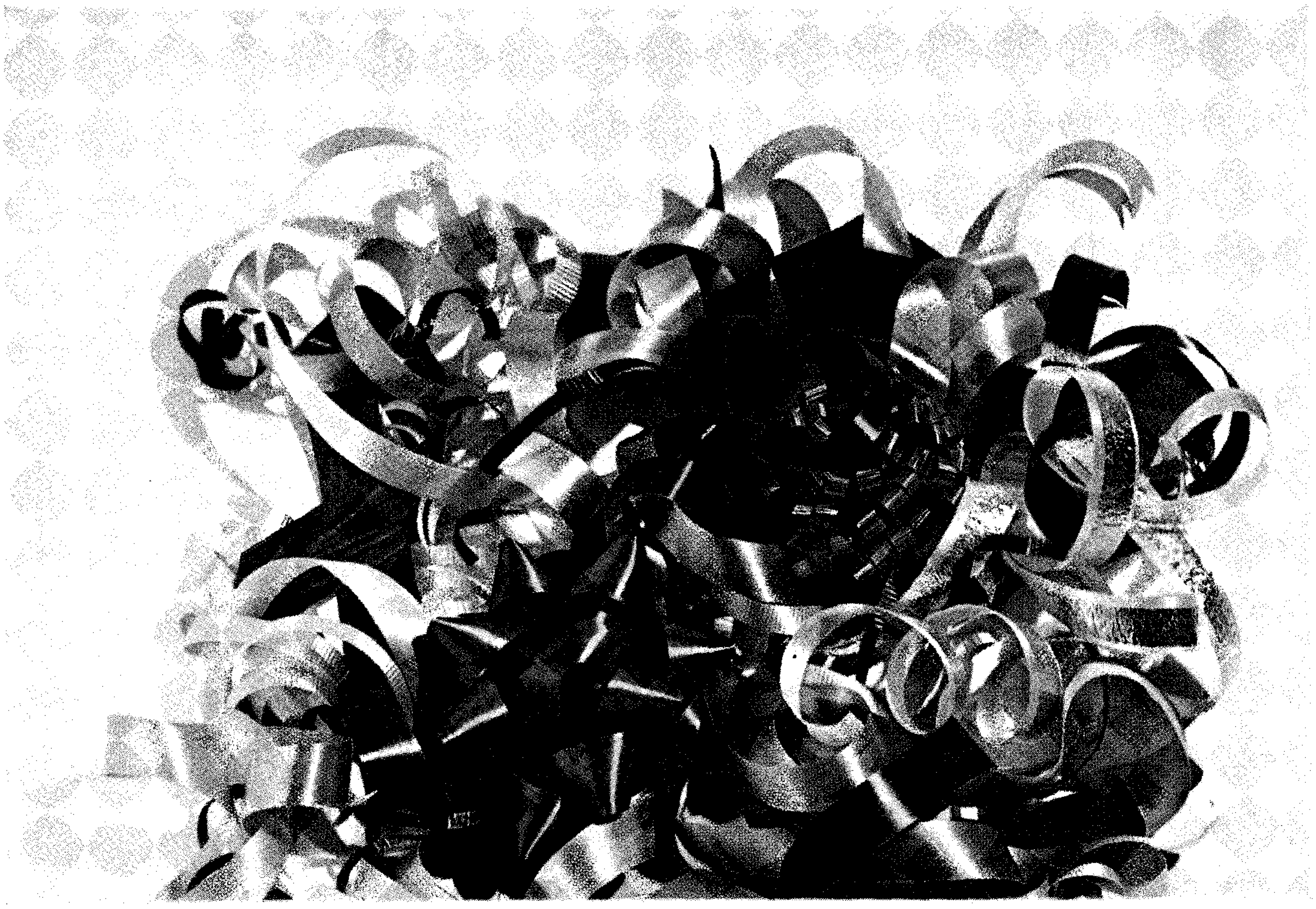
"All right," Mehta replied. "The cornets are late."

This was a highly technical point. Many of Verdi's scores, including "Otello," have cornet instead of trumpet parts, but nowadays these parts are practically always played on trumpets. Later, after a particularly satisfactory passage, he said, shrugging again, "If you play it this way, it becomes a memory; otherwise it is just 'tak-tak.' "

As Mehta came to the end of the first act, where the score dies away in a couple of notes on the harp, he was particular about getting them absolutely precise. The last one, as everybody knew, is invariably drowned out by applause during an actual performance, but Mehta seemed anxious to savor it. "This I have never heard," he explained. "Only at rehearsals." He did not say whose rehearsals. Certainly they were not his own, because he was conducting "Otello" for the first time in his life.

Mehta is capable of humor—sometimes of real wit—but he does not laugh himself. He watches for the reactions of others, maintaining an Oriental imperturbability of manner. The effect is to secure absolute decorum while, underneath the decorum, everybody is aware of a current of playfulness. He is the only conductor at the Metropolitan for whom the orchestra musicians spontaneously express not merely respect but affection. His youth makes him seem like a precocious child to the older musicians, and he goes out of his way to make them feel that he is one of them. Only a slight suggestion of instinctive aloofness—what has been described as his natural hauteur—prevents them from taking advantage of his good nature. When he finishes a rehearsal, he looks exhausted. His hair stands out at all angles, and finally he resembles the ads of the record companies.

During performances, Mehta exhibits two gifts that are uncommon in his profession—or uncommon to the degree that he possesses them. One is the ability to generate excitement in both orchestra and audience. The other is the even rarer ability to induce a mood



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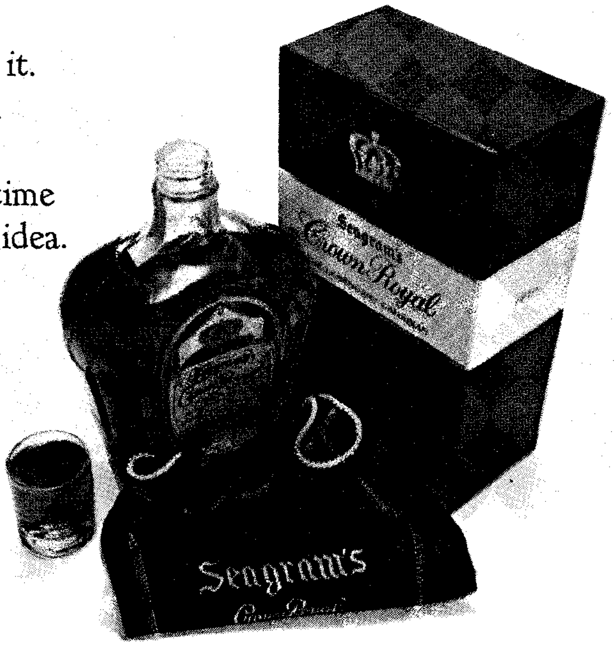

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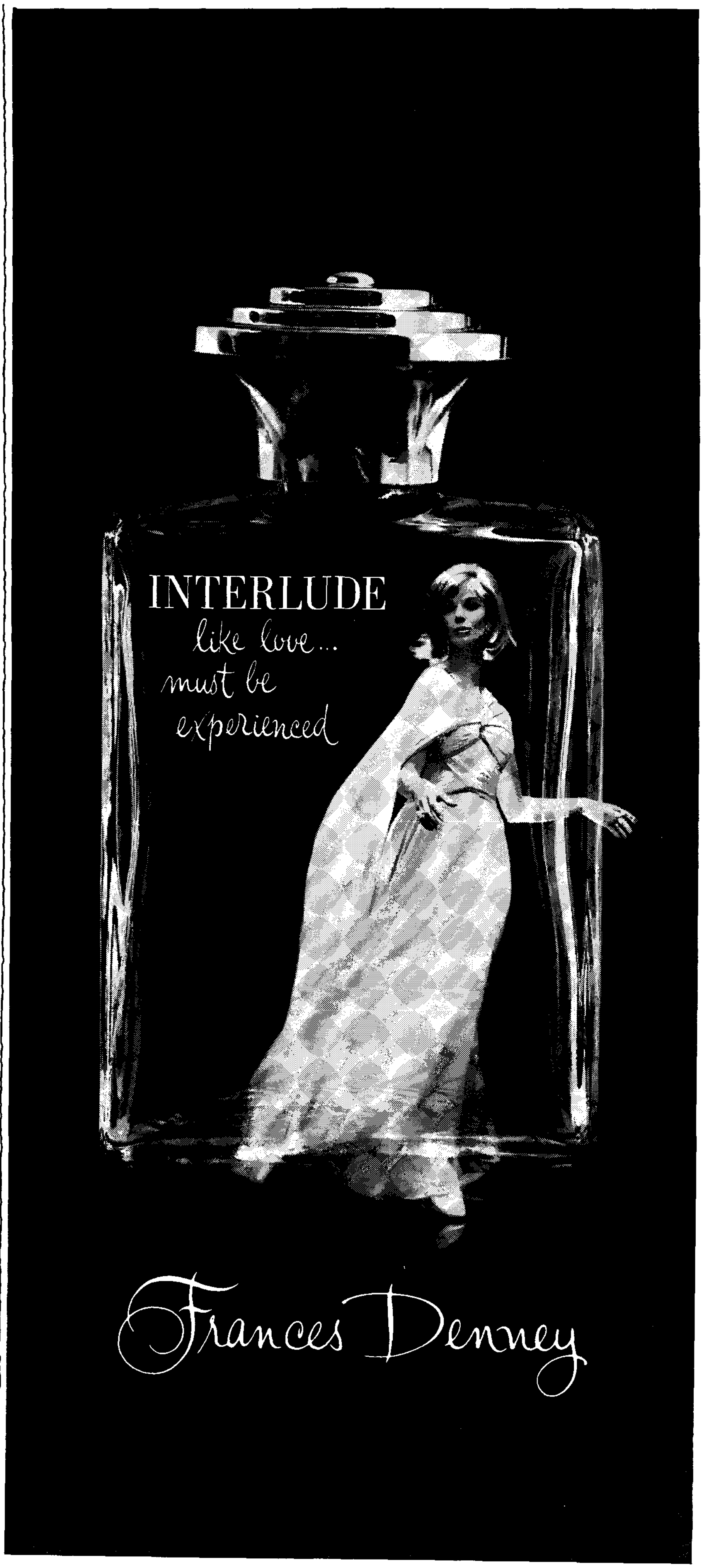
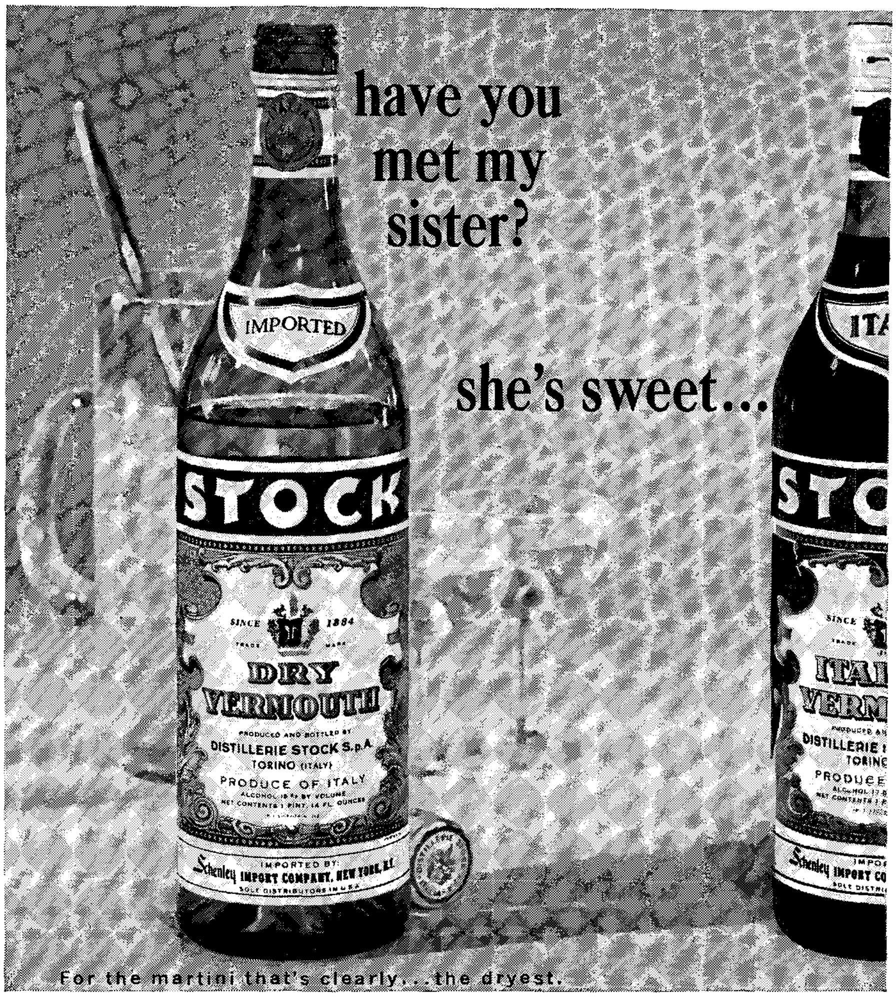
of relaxation in which music can be performed with serene nobility. The latter gift makes him one of the very few young conductors before the public today who can come to terms with the symphonies of Anton Bruckner. He also has an extremely sensitive ear for melodic line and form, and an ability to draw a light, singing tone from an orchestra. He is at all times poised, and he nearly always conducts from memory. Another of his gifts—remarkable in one who was born in the Orient—is a perfect understanding of the different styles of Western music. A friend of his, the London-based pianist Daniel Barenboim, recently recalled an occasion when he was soloist with Mehta in Montreal. The program opened with a Brahms concerto and closed with Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," and the following evening Mehta conducted an idiomatic Spanish-French performance of "Carmen." Each performance was distinct in style and authentic, Barenboim says, and each reached the peak of excitement that Mehta nearly always manages to elicit from those working with him. He has not always had the finest people to work with, but he has an uncanny instinct for judging the quality of an orchestra or a chorus or a soloist and getting the maximum effect possible under the circumstances. A few years ago, he did the Brahms Requiem in Montreal. The chorus was amateur and not very experienced, but by the time Mehta was through with it, it was singing far above its ordinary standard and doing Brahms entire justice.

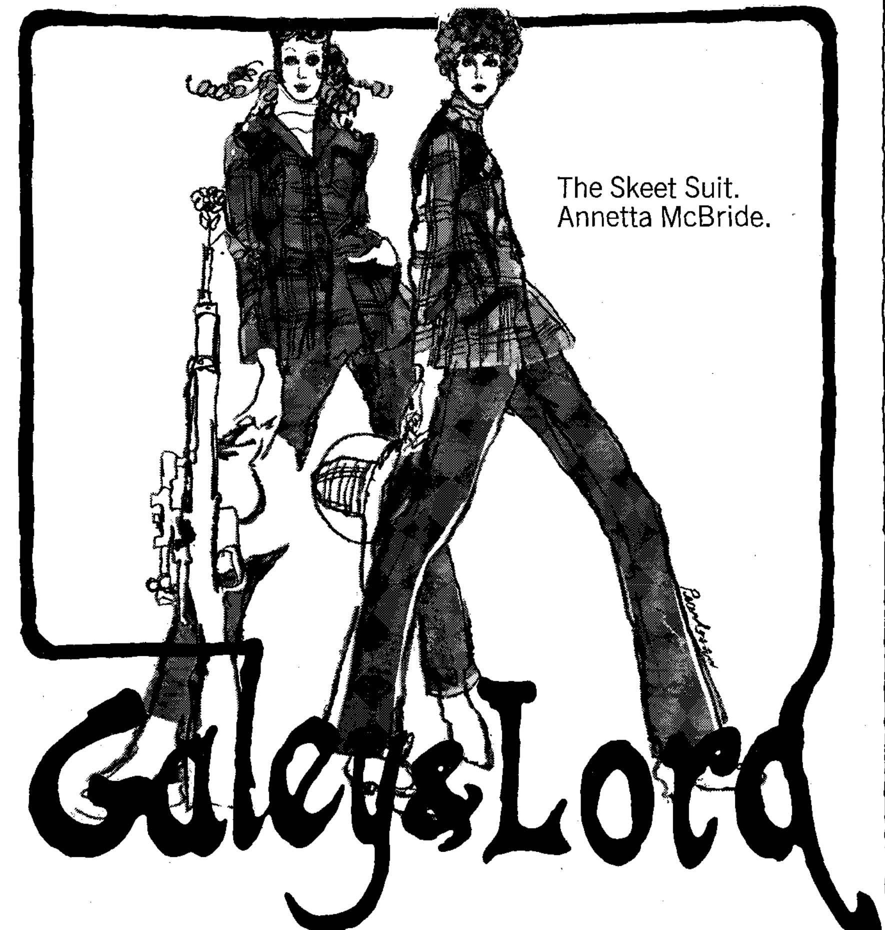
Part of Mehta's ability to cope with such problems is his persuasiveness. All first-rate conductors are persuasive, but Mehta is more persuasive than most. With his simplicity and modesty of manner, he can talk anybody into almost anything. "When he wants something, God help you if you don't give it to him," Pierre Béique, the managing director of the Montreal Symphony, said the other day. "On the other hand, with Mehta, everybody has the right of appeal. He may say no at first, and then, after a few days, come around to your point of view. Actually, he has great understanding of managerial and financial problems." Béique, like nearly everybody else who has dealt with Mehta, feels that he can do no wrong. "He brought the Montreal Symphony from the status of a provincial orchestra to the position of a second-class international orchestra," Béique said, with a certain modesty as well as a typically French observance of fine distinctions. "When he took the



orchestra to Europe and played not only in Paris and in the Tchaikovsky Auditorium in Moscow but in the Grosse Musikvereinsaal in Vienna, where every great performer and conductor of the past had appeared, I was, frankly, quite apprehensive. But Zubin was absolutely cool about the whole thing, and we ended up a huge success."

As a private person, Mehta is somewhat different from Mehta the conductor or Mehta the public idol. Despite his dark air of maturity, he is rather boyish. Like all successful conductors, he is basically an extrovert; perhaps the celebrated introspectiveness of the Indian mind does not apply to Parsis, or perhaps Mehta has become so completely Westernized in the thirteen years since he left India that there is no longer anything particularly Asian about him. (He has, however, refused to give up his Indian citizenship. "That would be worse than giving up my religion," he says.) He is extremely practical, and well aware of the pitfalls and the advantages of his career, and he is remarkably sensitive to the currents of the world in which he moves. When he has the time, which is seldom, he likes to fence and play tennis. In Los Angeles, he drives a forest-green Jaguar at high speeds over the surrounding freeways, and he is regarded as something of a "swinger," although he really hasn't much time for swinging. The one day a week that he takes off from rehearsals and concerts he usually spends in his hotel room studying scores. He seldom reads a book. "Every time I start to read a book, I feel guilty because I am not studying a score," he has said. He has had a wife—he married the Canadian singer Carmen Lasky in Vienna during his student days. The wedding took place in a Catholic church, but it had to be performed in the sacristy instead of before the altar "because," he explained later, "they considered me a barbarian." This marriage produced a charming boy and girl, who, Catholic wedding or no, were given resoundingly Parsi first names. The boy was named Merwan, which means "one who gives blessings" in Persian, and the girl was named Zarina, after Mehta's younger brother, Zarin, whose name means "silver." Mehta's own first name, incidentally, means "powerful sword." "In Arabic, though, 'Zubin' sounds like the word for 'cheese,' " he has pointed out. "Nobody in the Near East dares to call me by my first name." The name Mehta is ubiquitous in India (Zubin is no

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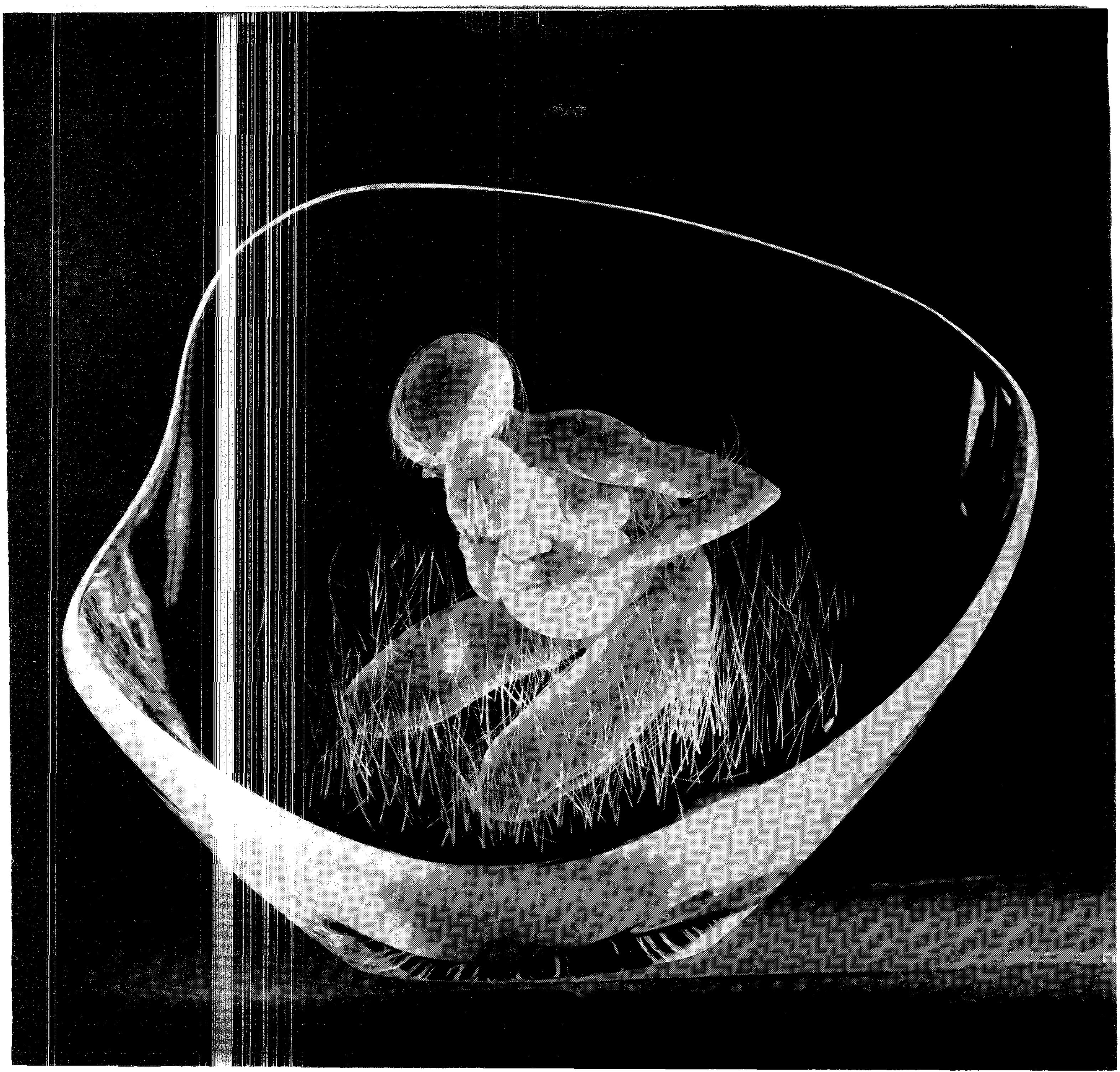

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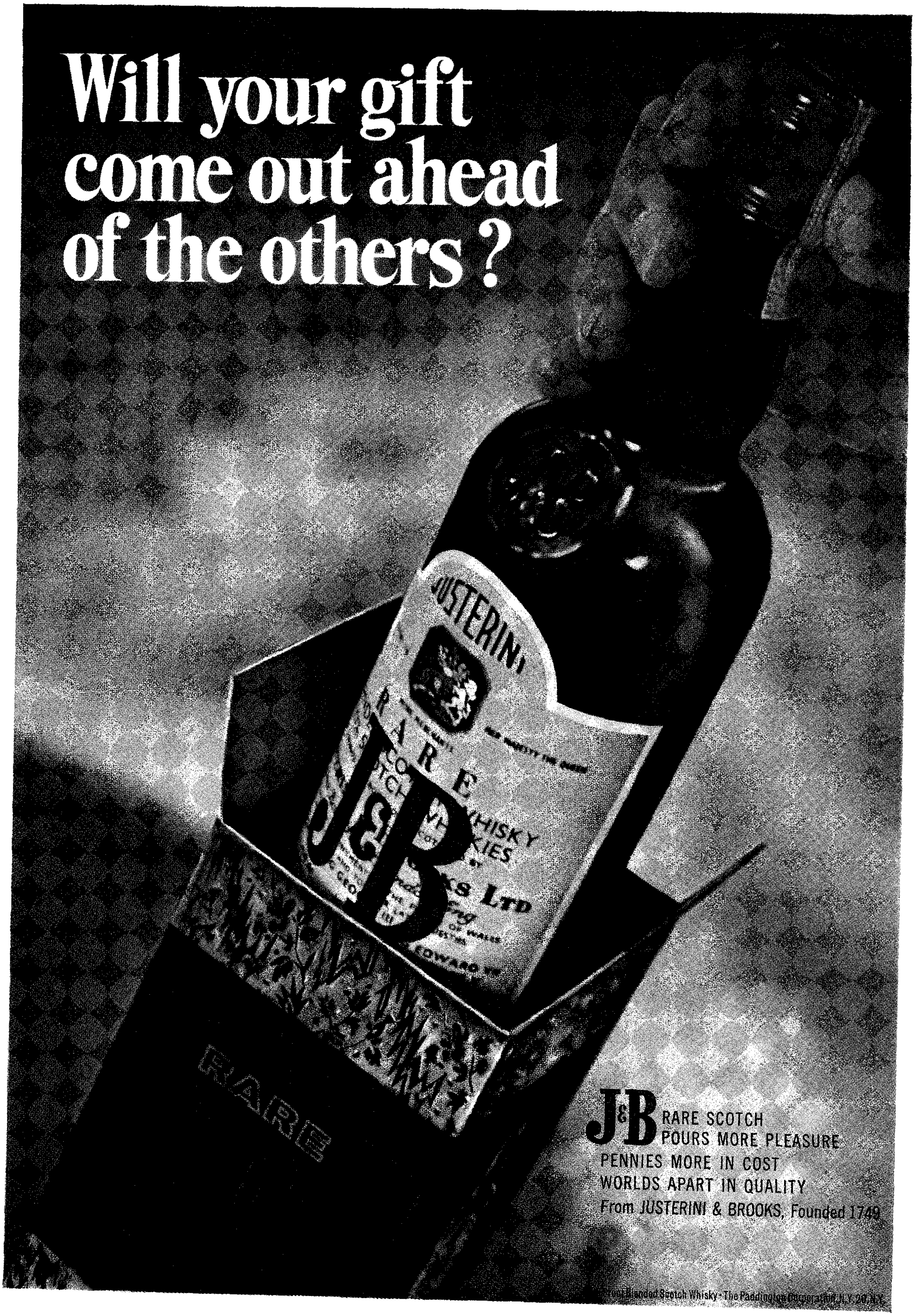
relation to Ved Mehta, the writer), and in the Bombay area it seems to flourish particularly among accountants. In fact, so many accountants are named Mehta that lots of Indians think the word *means* "accountant." (It is a curious fact that although Parsis always have Persian first names, their last names are invariably indistinguishable from those of other Indians.) Three years ago, Mehta and his wife split up. He simply thinks that marriage is out of the question for anybody who leads the sort of life he does. Fortunately, things were resolved in a highly satisfactory manner. His brother Zarin married his former wife ("At first, my mother thought it was incest, but I explained it"), and they live in Montreal and take care of the children.

Mehta's father, Mehli (a corruption of the name Merwan), a self-taught violinist and conductor, founded the Bombay Symphony in 1936 but later moved to England and then to Philadelphia (where he became a member of the Curtis String Quartet), and is now established with his wife, Tehmina ("sweet"), in Los Angeles, where he teaches and conducts at the University of California. He is about to become an American citizen. He is idolized by his son, who does not, however, live with his parents when he is in Los Angeles but takes a room in a hotel. He often goes to his parents' home for dinner, however. Mrs. Mehta, a highly intelligent, warmhearted, and, in a quiet way, forceful woman who always dresses in Indian style, has been proclaimed by everyone who has visited her home to be one of the world's truly great cooks, and she cooks something that is otherwise practically unobtainable in Los Angeles—authentic Indian food. Finding such cuisine is one of Zubin's constant problems. He likes it the hotter the better. "Mehta eats food that would scorch the throats of ordinary people," Jaye Rubanoff, the manager of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, says. "When he has to eat a steak, he drinks Tabasco sauce straight beforehand, just to warm his throat up." In New York, where he has a choice of Indian restaurants, he goes to the Kashmir, on Forty-fifth Street, where his tastes are known. The proprietor, Peter Gomes (born in Calcutta, but into a family Christianized by Portuguese missionaries), not only feeds Mehta but keeps a collection of hot green Indian chilies on hand so that Mehta can drop in for supplies when in New York. He carries the chilies around in his coat pocket in case of emergencies like having to eat steak or chops. Daniel Barenboim collects chilies in London for Mehta and sends them to him by mail. Jacqueline du Pré, the beautiful British cellist who married Barenboim a few months ago, used to frequent exotic marketplaces in London in order to collect chilies for Mehta. Aside from his taste for these blazing condiments, however, Mehta's habits of eating and drinking are extremely reserved. He never touches alcohol, nor does he smoke. He never even drinks coffee or tea. A reporter recently entered his hotel room for an interview and found him breakfasting on a milkshake and two orders of ice cream. He is extremely finicky about his tailoring, and usually has a well-dressed appearance running to padded shoulders and a slimmed waist. His taste in New York leans toward light-gray suits that contrast admirably with his dark skin and hair; in California he is reported to dress more showily. Wherever he is, though, he wears next to his skin a Parsi sacred shirt, made of muslin, with a belt at the waist. There are some things about which he is rather careless. He is likely to keep money in bureau drawers or in paper bags, taking with him only a few bills in his trousers pocket. He has no manager and no secretary—not even a datebook to note down his engagements in. "I remember all my engagements in my head," he said in a recent interview. "If I forget them, I call Barenboim in London. He has a marvellous memory." This habit has now and then led to tardiness or total absence—at least from rehearsals. The Metropolitan keeps an assistant conductor on hand in case Mehta fails to show up for a rehearsal, and its problems are exacerbated by the fact that Mehta is forever changing hotels ("because people pester me on the telephone") and frequently neglects to inform the Metropolitan of his new whereabouts. Often, somebody in management, after frantic calls to a dozen hotels, finally hits on the right one, finds that he is out, and leaves a message. Afterward, Mehta turns up at the stage entrance with an air of combined innocence and lordliness, and inquires, "You tried to reach me?" Occasionally, the Metropolitan gets a telegram or a phone call to the effect that Mehta has just arrived in Montreal from London, or in Los Angeles from Montreal, and will get to the opera house just as soon as he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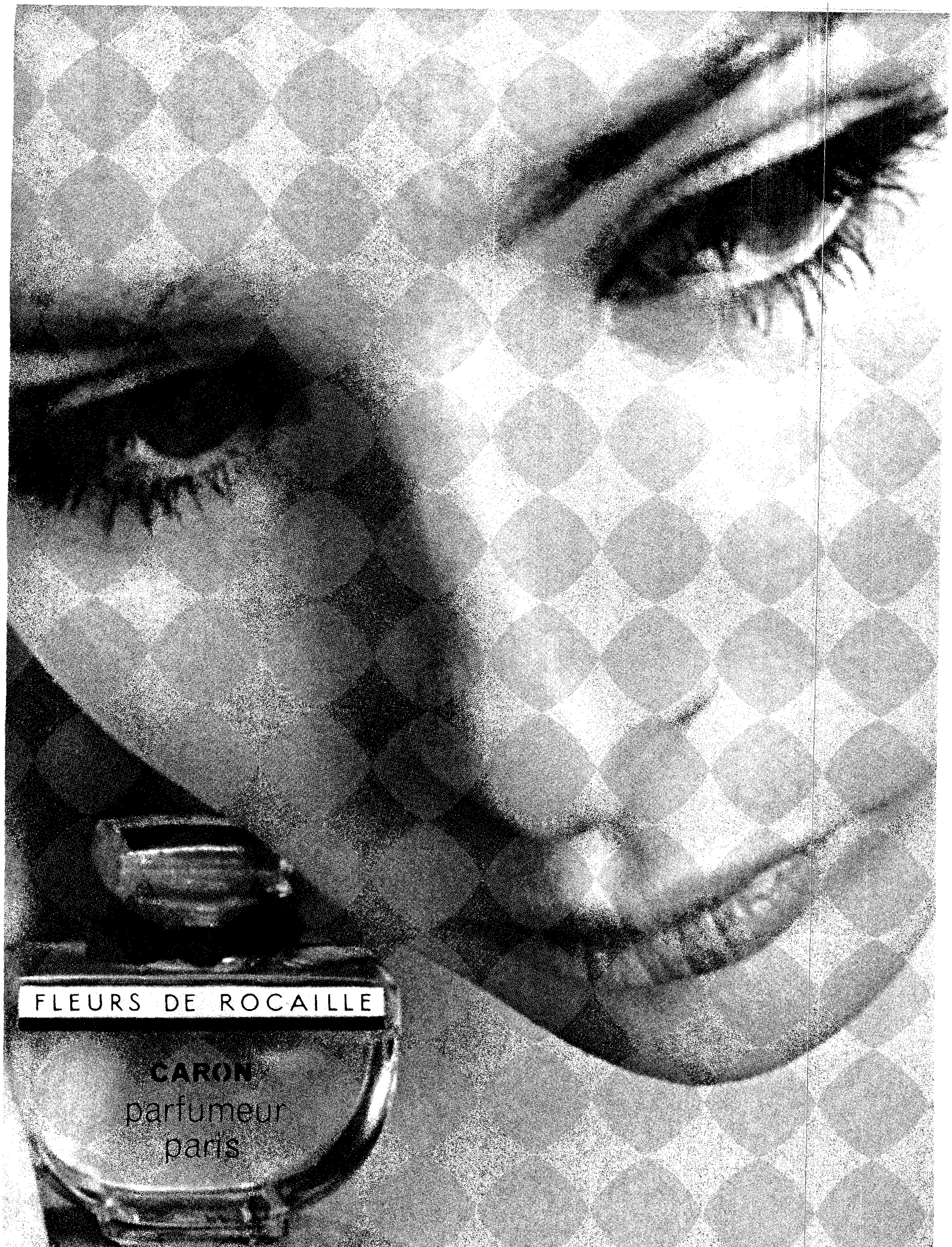
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can. The Metropolitan finds all this worth coping with because of what Mehta does when he finally arrives. Last March, he was able to inject a sort of excitement into Marvin David Levy's opera "Mourning Becomes Electra" that spelled the difference between a moderate success and an utter failure. Despite all the pains he took, however, he didn't really like the opera much. During one intermission, he overstayed his period in his dressing room, where visitors were paying him court. Several bells had rung, and finally a messenger arrived, saying, "Mr. Mehta, the audience is waiting; the curtain is about to go up."

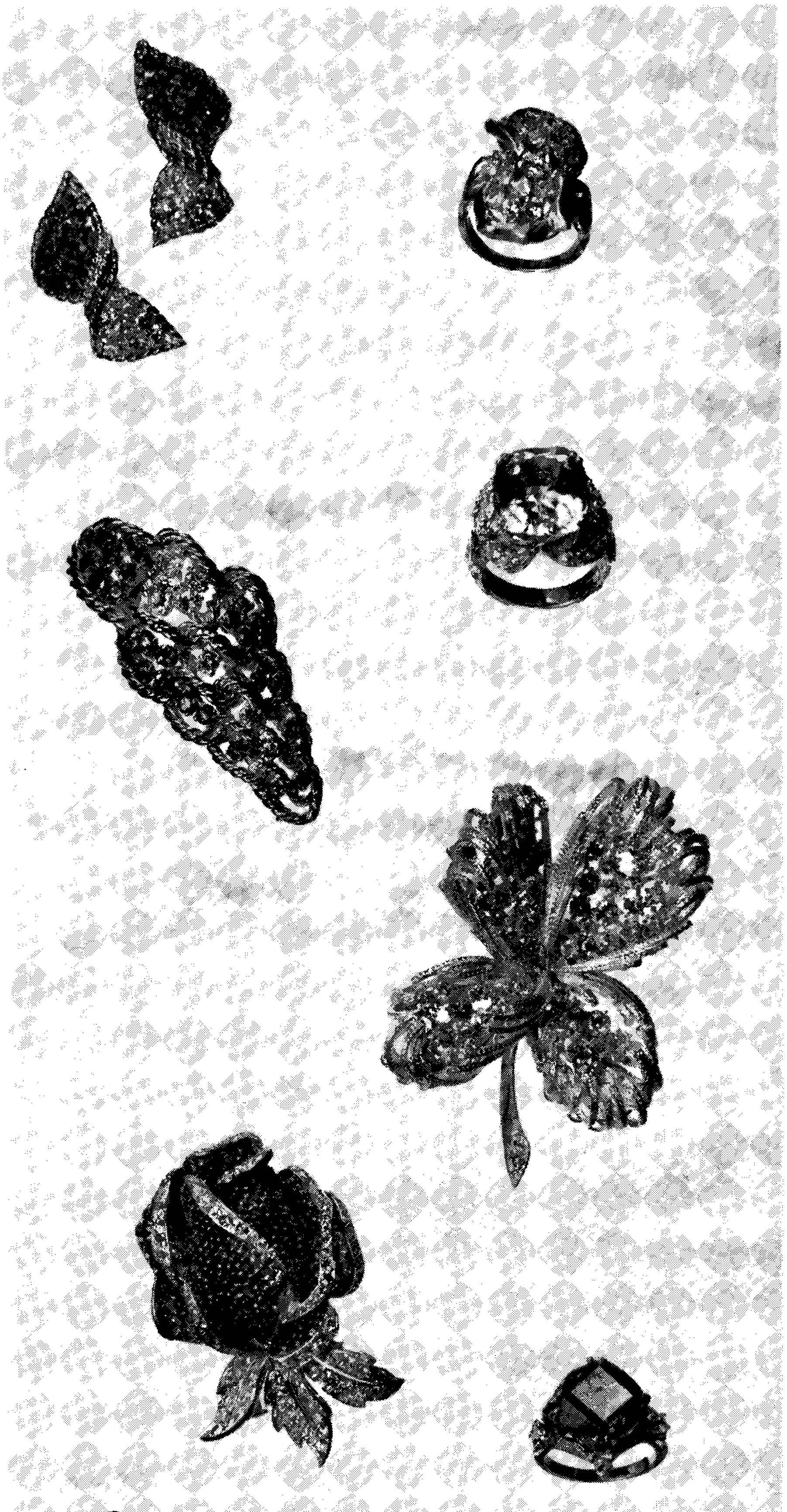
"Oh," said Mehta languidly. "Is there *another* act?"

Being a much-travelled man, Mehta speaks an extraordinary number of languages, beginning with the Hindi and Gujarati of his native Bombay and going on to English, French, German, Italian, and some Spanish. Like many musicians, he is an accomplished mimic, and he can pick up a language, to a certain extent, just by listening to people on the street. This mimicry extends to idiomatic and slang expressions. When an American acquaintance remarked on Mehta's ability to speak American English with complete facility, he replied, "Oh, I speak English English in England, *Hochdeutsch* in Berlin, and Austrian dialect in Austria." Barenboim, who is an Israeli citizen of Argentine birth, remembers that when Mehta was conducting the Israeli Philharmonic a few years ago he learned a few words of Hebrew and then proceeded to act the role of an Israeli to perfection, with all the native mannerisms tacked on to his small vocabulary. "He acted more like an Israeli than I could," Barenboim said. Pierre Béique recently recounted another example of Mehta's sensitive ear for language. At a press conference, a rambunctious interviewer said, "Mr. Mehta, you are not being fair to Canadian music. Why don't you play it more often?"

"Sir," replied Mehta, "what business is it of yours? You are not a Canadian."

He turned out to be right. The man was from the States.

Along with this multiplicity of languages, Mehta has acquired a firm set of prejudices and opinions about the people who speak them. "I like my own kind of people—Jews and Latins," he remarked somewhat sweepingly the other day. "I like to have an immediate response." He dislikes the English, partly because his family experienced



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some racial discrimination during their stay in England, and in spite of his familiarity with the Austrians during his student days—or perhaps because of it—he dislikes them, too, even though he still reveres Vienna as the center of the musical world. "The Viennese are false and intriguing," he once said. "They are your friends, and yet they will cut your back. They are even your *sincere* friends, and they will still cut your back. They are more chauvinistic than the French, even. You cannot influence the Viennese. And yet from these people come the greatest scientists, musicians, and so forth." He paused for a moment and then said, "The Russians are wonderful. They are so much like the Americans that it is uncanny. In one way, the Americans and the Austrians are alike, too. The Austrians are the melting pot of Europe—or *were*, during the empire. All kinds of people went there. But they cut their backs!" Mehta likes the Australians. "They are even more open and enthusiastic than the Russians and the Americans," he says. But the New Zealanders stand at the bottom of his scale of approval. "No Italians! No Greeks! Only English and Dutch! New Zealand is living in the England of the last century. If you want to go out on Sunday, forget it! The food is awful. Lamb is a delicious meat if cooked well, but the New Zealanders ruin it. In New Zealand, you have to go out of town to find the Indians. They and the Maoris all live in suburban slums. I took the Israeli Philharmonic on tour there. We had to fill out forms that were insulting. There was a place marked 'Race?' The orchestra has a lot of Polish-Jewish violinists—the best violinists come from Poland. They filled in the question about race with 'Human.' "

IN regard to his own profession, Mehta has equally positive ideas. His favorite American orchestra is the Philadelphia, because its tone most nearly resembles that of the Vienna Philharmonic, which he considers ideal. He wants to create the Viennese sound wherever he goes. "I know that sound," he said the other day, "and I know how to get it." But he has been only partially successful. The Los Angeles Philharmonic is beginning to acquire it. At the Metropolitan, he is frustrated. "I try to get it, and I make a beginning. Then other conductors come in and the sound gets lost." The sound is a rich, round, velvety one, according to Mehta; the orchestra should never play so loud that beauty of tone is

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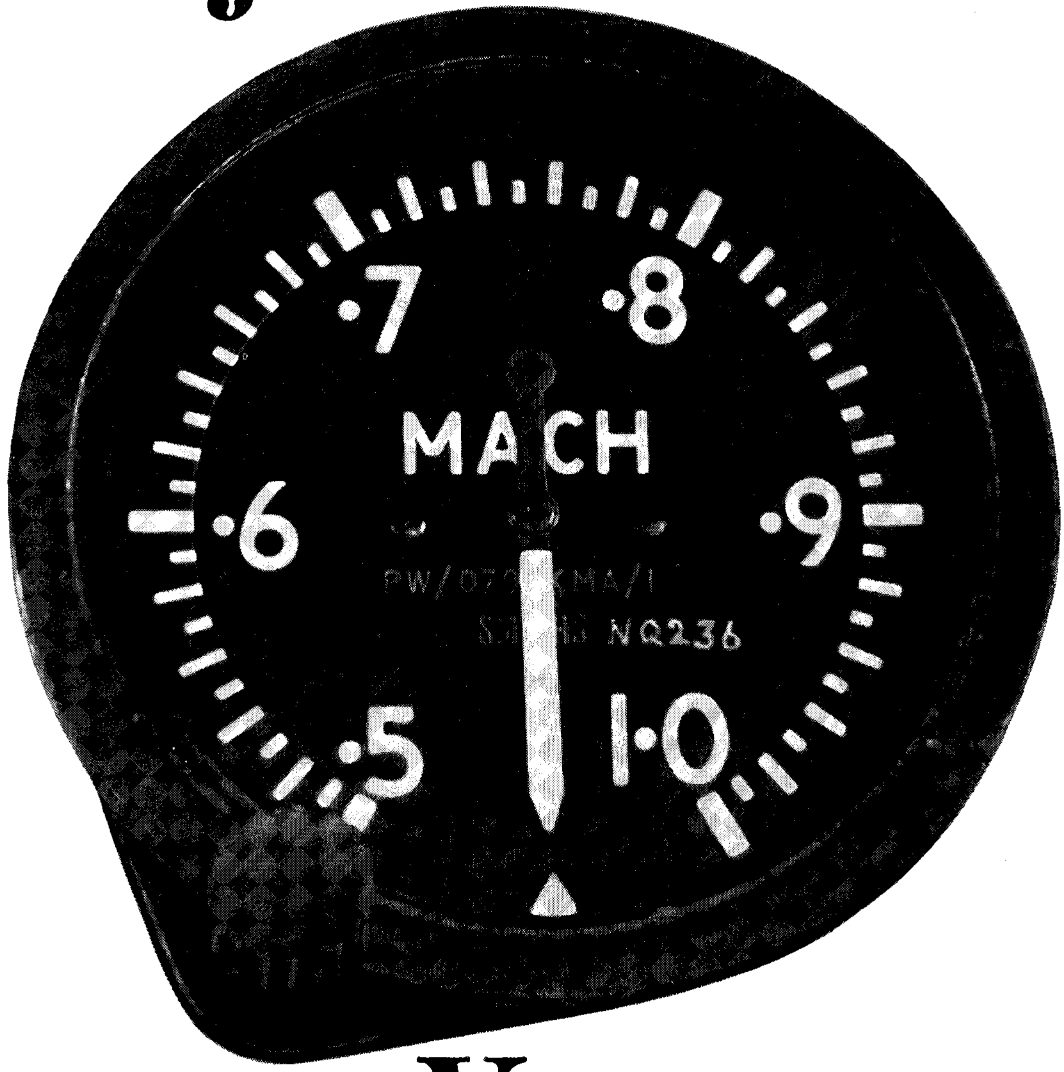

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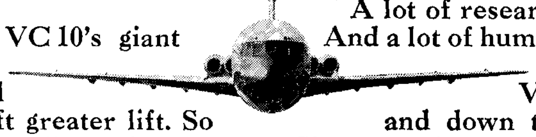

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sacrificed. Moreover, even in the loudest passages the attack should not be loud but only moderate, and then the tone should swell in power. Mehta once discussed this point in detail with an interviewer. Some conductors, including some of the most celebrated, like Toscanini and George Szell, he said, make an orchestra go "Pah!" "Pah!" is the effect of a lightning-like attack in response to the downbeat. But this is not Mehta's aim. He wants to make an orchestra go "Vraah!"—starting with a moderate degree of force and then building up real power. "It goes well with Bruckner," he remarked. "And it is the secret of the Vienna Philharmonic's sound." Mehta is probably the first young conductor hereabouts who has not been in any way affected by the Toscanini approach, although he respects Toscanini as a musician. In this departure, he may have some influence on American musicians of all kinds, who have been under the great maestro's spell for at least a generation, and who, by imitating the superficial features of the Toscanini style—literal interpretation of the notes, unvarying and very fast tempos, surgical precision—have made a good deal of performance in America monotonous, exact, and somewhat dull. Of course, a conductor who can make an orchestra go "Vraah!" does not make it do so on every note. The effect is reserved for noble entrances of big themes and chords, and is largely restricted to nineteenth-century music. Mehta uses his rapier-stab motion to achieve this effect. When the orchestra sees it, certain things have to happen. The double basses, for one thing, have to attack a little ahead of the rest of the orchestra, because they "speak" more slowly than the other instruments. The orchestra as a whole attacks with a moderate degree of tone and immediately swells, and it must do so with a degree of unanimity that can be attained only by long practice. Certain German orchestras—the Berlin Philharmonic, for example—have a habit of attacking not when they see the baton descend but a fraction of a second later. Their ensemble is perfect, nevertheless, and they can go "Vraah!" They usually drive "Pah!" conductors out of their wits. Even Mehta, who has conducted some of them, says that he gets pretty nervous after a downbeat, wondering whether anything is going to happen, but then the attack is made, usually with faultless precision. Mehta also firmly believes—and all musicians of two or three generations ago would agree with him—that a giv-

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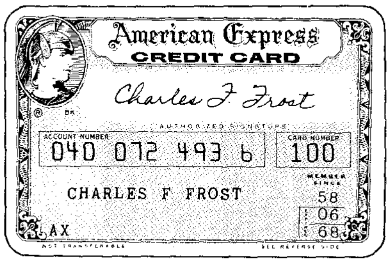
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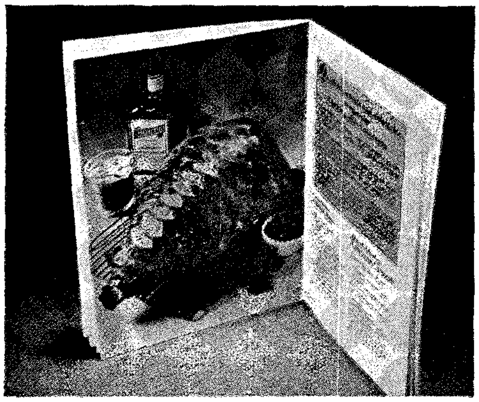

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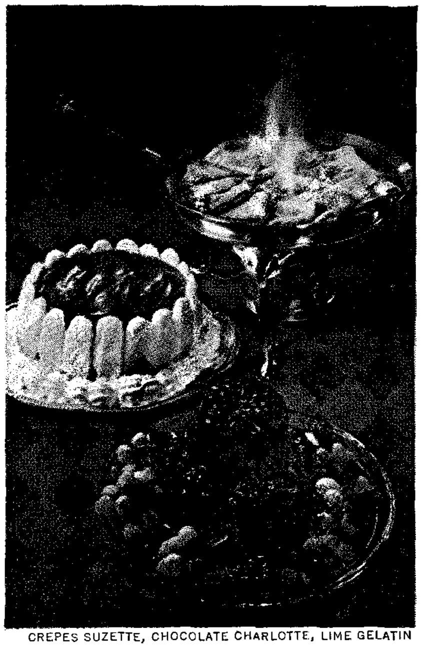

CREPES SUZETTE, CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE, LIME GELATIN en composition need not sound exactly the same at each performance. A certain leeway in the interpretation of the symbols on the printed score allows for many versions of a work. And, indeed, up to very recent times composers themselves performed their music in this flexible manner, and expected others to follow their example. The method allowed for continual surprises, for the composition to be observed in different lights, and for occasional wonderfully inspired performances, which occurred on the spur of the moment.

In all these matters, Mehta's model has been Toscanini's great contemporary and rival Wilhelm Furtwängler. It is a curious thing that younger artists today should be reviving the Furtwängler style in opposition to the Toscanini style, but there is no doubt but this is what is happening. In Europe, and particularly in England, there is a whole school of younger artists who make collections of Furtwängler recordings, listen to them raptly, learn points of interpretation from them, and avidly discuss them. Hardly any of these artists are old enough to have heard Furtwängler perform, but they revere his style, and they strive to emulate it. Several of them are friends of Mehta's—among them the pianists Vladimir Ashkenazy, Daniel Barenboim, and Paul Badura-Skoda, the violinist Ivry Gitlis, and the cellist Jacqueline du Pré. These form a close-knit group. They admire each other, and though they are often on tour at opposite ends of the earth, they communicate almost daily by long-distance telephone. All of them take along portable phonographs on which to play Furtwängler records. Sometimes they even play passages to one another over the telephone and discuss them. "That's where all our money goes," Barenboim has said. Some of the recordings are standard issues, others are bootleg ones made in Russia from radio broadcasts during the Nazi regime and the war itself, and still others have been presented to the members of the group by Furtwängler's widow. "It's not a cult," Mehta says. (Its members, though, are always referring to "the Toscanini cult.") "It's a clan. There is nothing unhealthy about it."

Mehta does not believe, of course, in imitating any given Furtwängler interpretation; it is the general style that he admires. Like most of the group, he never heard Furtwängler conduct; he once had a ticket to a performance in Vienna (it was to have been of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony), but before the concert could take place

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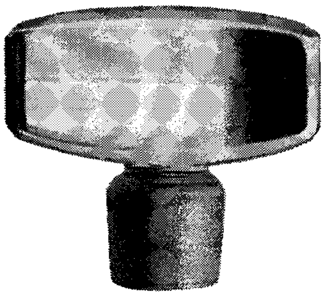

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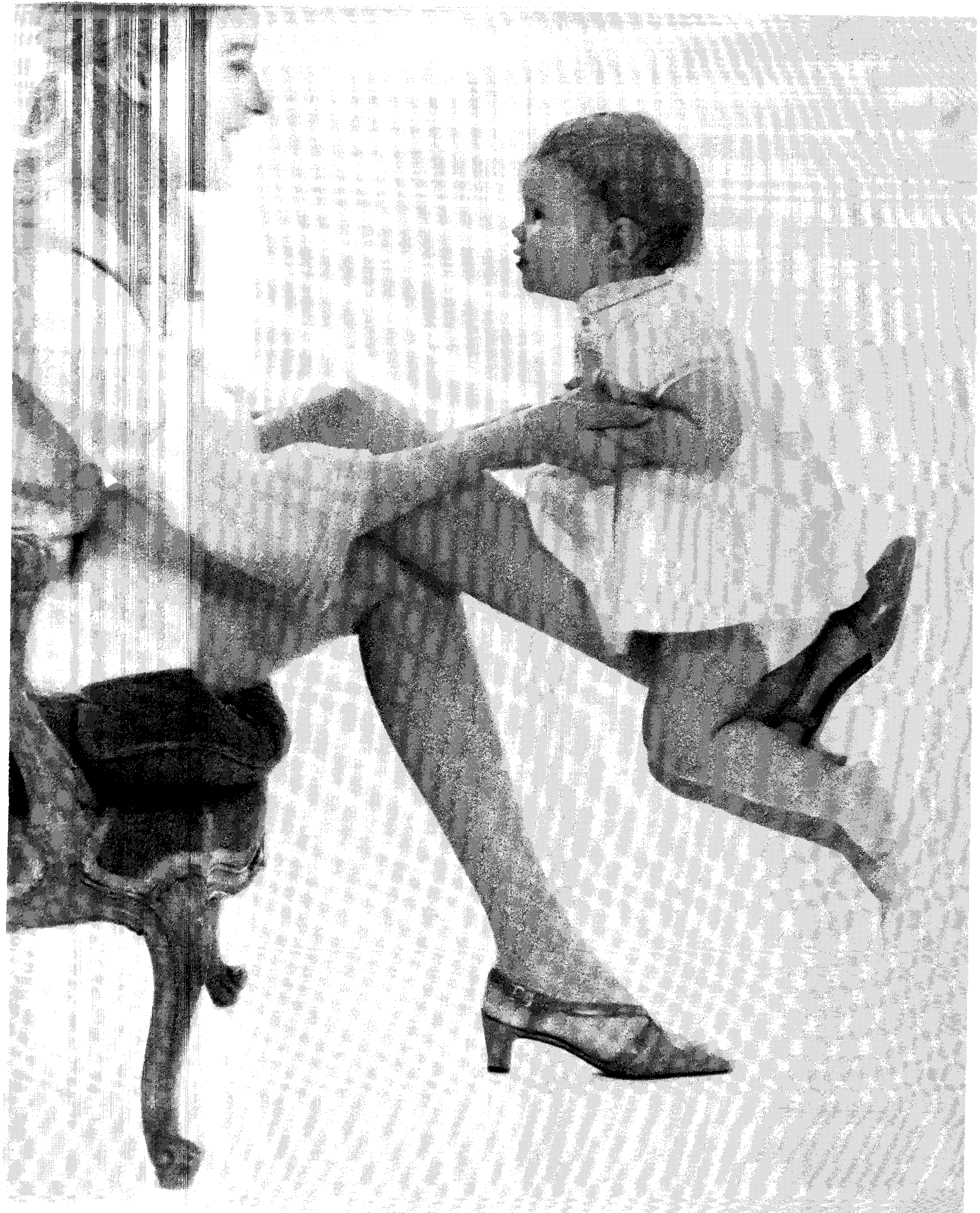
Furtwängler died. During his student days, Mehta came to know the members of the Vienna Philharmonic, which Furtwängler had frequently conducted, and he learned a great deal from them about the Furtwängler approach, which he has since attempted to transfer to both the Montreal Symphony and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

MEHTA's encounters with opera at the Metropolitan and elsewhere have been fairly recent, even in terms of his relatively short career. Opera interests him greatly. Bernheimer, the Los Angeles *Times* critic, has said, "If they'd buy him an opera company, he'd stay here forever." But when Rudolf Bing—a man always hard up for distinguished conductors who can get along with him—called him to the Metropolitan in 1965, Mehta was not terribly experienced in the medium, and he was suddenly thrown into the hurly-burly that characterizes the Met without much knowledge of how it worked. His performances there have always ended up (after one or two preliminary ones) as exciting and profoundly musical experiences, but on the way to achieving them he has been faced with problems that would stagger a less self-assured personality. His first assignment was "Aida," which he had already conducted once in Europe. At its first performance, after Franco Corelli had sung "Celeste Aida," Mehta was much disturbed to see the famous tenor carrying on, right before the audience, what he apparently believed to be an inconspicuous conversation with the prompter. It turned out that Corelli was asking the prompter whether or not he had been on pitch; the answer was that his pitch was fine. Mehta had never even imagined a breach of discipline like this, and he went immediately to Bing and complained. Eventually, Bing managed to calm him down. Mehta was unaware that Corelli, following an old, lordly, and execrable Italian tradition, never even notices the conductor, whom he considers merely an accompanist to his gorgeous voice; his idea is that a great singer should look only at the prompter, and that the duty of the prompter is to follow *him*. This prima-donna tradition is not universal even in Italy, and conductors like Toscanini would never have stood for it, but Corelli is a great box-office draw and conscious of the antiquated prerogatives. So Bing has been forced to compromise and try to find conductors young enough, or eager enough, to put up with such affectations. Mehta is young enough, greatly talented, and, at the moment, not celebrated enough to demand absolute musical authority. He was gaining valuable experience at the Met, and so he gave in.

Some of the experience Mehta has been gaining has been pretty hair-raising. He has had to conduct operas he has never conducted before—or, in some cases, never even heard or seen—on the basis of the very few rehearsals that the Metropolitan provides. Yet by the second or third performance he generally manages to produce a stunning effect. At that first "Aida," however, he gave a sturdy downbeat in the wrong place at one point. He was saved by the orchestra, which knew the score better than he did. It produced not a sound, and it is a tribute to its affection for Mehta that it did so; under most conductors it would have jumped at the chance to follow a wrong beat and make the man with the baton look ridiculous. The following year, when Mehta did his first "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson and Corelli, something happened that even the Met's experienced orchestra could not cope with. Mehta, who was conducting the opera for the first time in his life, and with very little rehearsal, got out of step with Miss Nilsson during ten or twelve measures, producing a state of high confusion. To be sure, he recovered and got the orchestra back on the right track—which was no mean feat—but many auditors noticed the lapse, and Miss Nilsson, of course, was furious. To make things worse, Mehta, encountering Miss Nilsson backstage after the act, is reported to have said jocularly, "Of all people, I didn't expect to have trouble with *you*." He meant it ironically, but that was not how it sounded, and the prima donna was thrown into an even greater rage. Mehta took no bows before the curtain that night, and Miss Nilsson vowed that she would never sing with him again. Later, she relented—and, as usually happens, Mehta improved his reading from performance to performance until he finally produced a "Turandot" that few other contemporary conductors could equal. Again, the following spring Mehta took over the Met's production of "Otello" with only a couple of orchestra rehearsals and one stage rehearsal. This, too, was an opera he had never conducted before, and he naturally made errors. One of the most noticeable was in the cello ensemble in the first act, just be-



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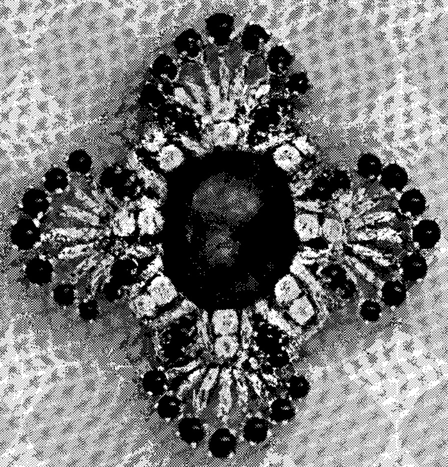

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fore the love scene between Otello and Desdemona. It is a simple passage, but it went all to pieces because Mehta had not determined whether it should be conducted in four or eight beats to the measure. As usual, by the time "Otello" reached its second or third performance that season it was accurate and full of the excitement and power that Mehta would have brought to the first performance if he had had adequate time to rehearse. The episode brought to light one of the Met's great shortcomings. Most of the time, the men on its conductor's podium are experienced practitioners who have conducted things hundreds of times and never get out of step. But one seldom hears conducting at the Met of the inspired calibre that Mehta eventually brings forth, provided he can use a few preliminary performances as rehearsals. He is now the golden-haired boy at the Metropolitan. He is assigned the most interesting new productions. He can get along with Mr. Bing. This season, he is in charge of the new production of "Carmen," staged by Jean-Louis Barrault, which is opening this week. It is an opera that he is familiar with, and the results will probably be magnificent.

In Mehta's case, the Metropolitan's tolerance of imperfect first performances by a conductor is worth it. But it is an entirely new phenomenon—something that was unheard of a generation ago. Insufficient rehearsal is, of course, one cause. But there is another reason, too. The golden age of conducting that started with Arthur Nikisch and proceeded to Toscanini and Furtwängler is now largely a thing of the past. Most of its other great figures—Kleiber, Busch, Bodanzky, Koussevitzky, Bruno Walter, Monteux, and Beecham among them—are dead. There are one or two—Stokowski and Klemperer—who still live on, as shadows. There is an intermediate generation of now elderly maestros, such as George Szell, Eugene Ormandy, and Sir John Barbirolli, who carry on the grand tradition, but they are fewer in number and, by general consensus, not quite as towering—with the possible exception of Szell—as the men of the golden age. Leonard Bernstein and Herbert von Karajan are the next international figures in line, along with some of the Russians like Kondrashin and Rozhdestvensky, who are not familiar enough in America to be thoroughly judged. The period of the Second World War was generally unproductive of impressive new conducting talent. As a consequence of all this, there is an enormous demand for conductors

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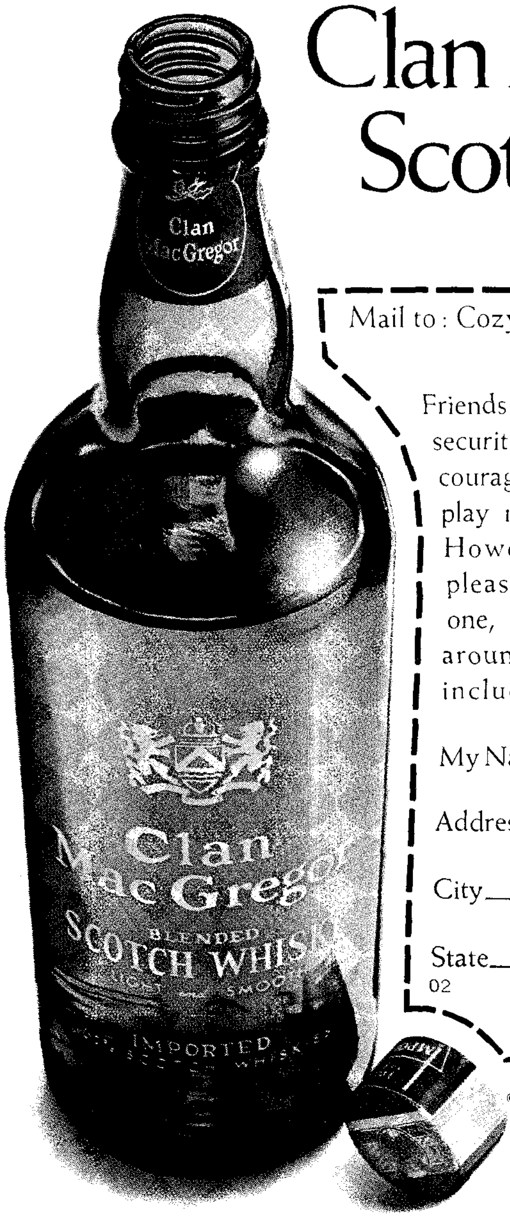

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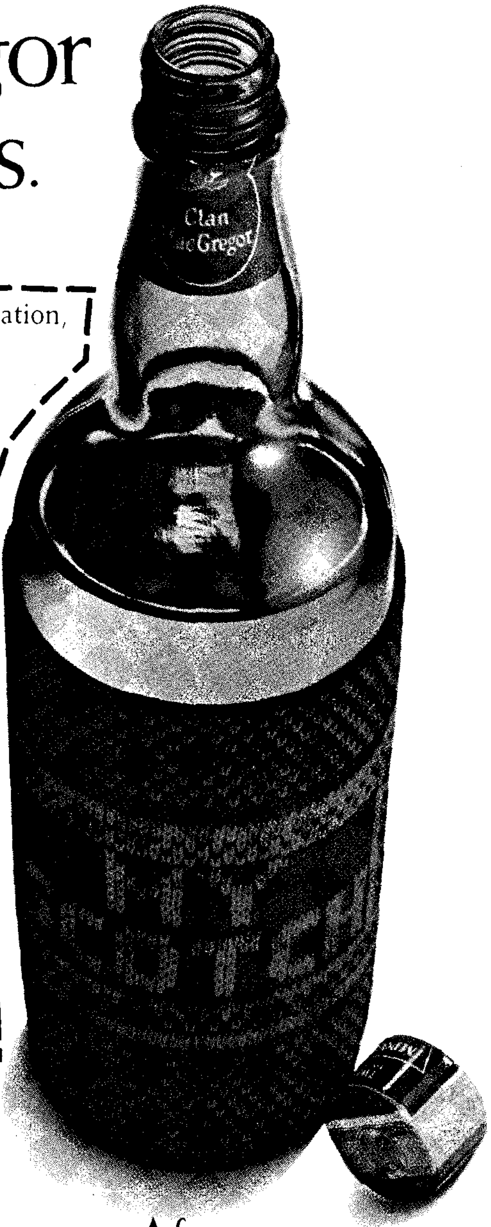

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of any ability whatever, and the rapid proliferation of symphony orchestras, particularly in the United States, has increased this demand. The managers and the boards of directors of symphony orchestras are now focussing their attention on the very young, and the world is being scoured for talent. Forty years ago, it was unusual indeed for a man of less than fifty to be found in a prominent conducting post. Many years of experience in small opera houses and with provincial orchestras invariably preceded a top assignment, and when a conductor became the head of an internationally respected orchestra he usually had a very comprehensive repertoire and an absolute knowledge of every item in it. Today, the situation has changed, and many young and comparatively inexperienced conductors hold prime posts not only in America but in Europe, relying on talent rather than on long apprenticeship. This situation applies to Mehta only in part. It has made his emergence much easier than it would have been in the days of Toscanini, but his talent is such that he would have come to the surface sooner or later in any era. As Barenboim recently remarked, "Destiny, or God, or whatever you want to call it, has been kind to Zubin, but he was better prepared than most."

Part of any young conductor's most necessary equipment today is the capacity to assimilate new scores with great rapidity. His repertoire is small. He may find himself conducting almost any well-known classic for the first time in his life—and this with a highly professional orchestra before a knowing public. Mehta has confessed that nearly ninety per cent of the music he has presented with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Montreal Symphony thus far was new territory for him. When one considers that this has involved studying three or four new scores every week, memorizing them, and seeing that they are lucidly performed by the orchestra, it is obvious that Mehta's gifts are quite out of the ordinary. His generation of maestros will probably not reach full maturity for another ten or fifteen years, but he himself is already mature. He has rebuilt two symphony orchestras according to his own specifications, and he has improved the standard of symphonic playing wherever he has been installed as permanent conductor.

THE odyssey of the Mehta family is one of the more remarkable episodes of recent musical history. Zubin's father, Mehli Mehta, taught himself

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Elvira Madigan

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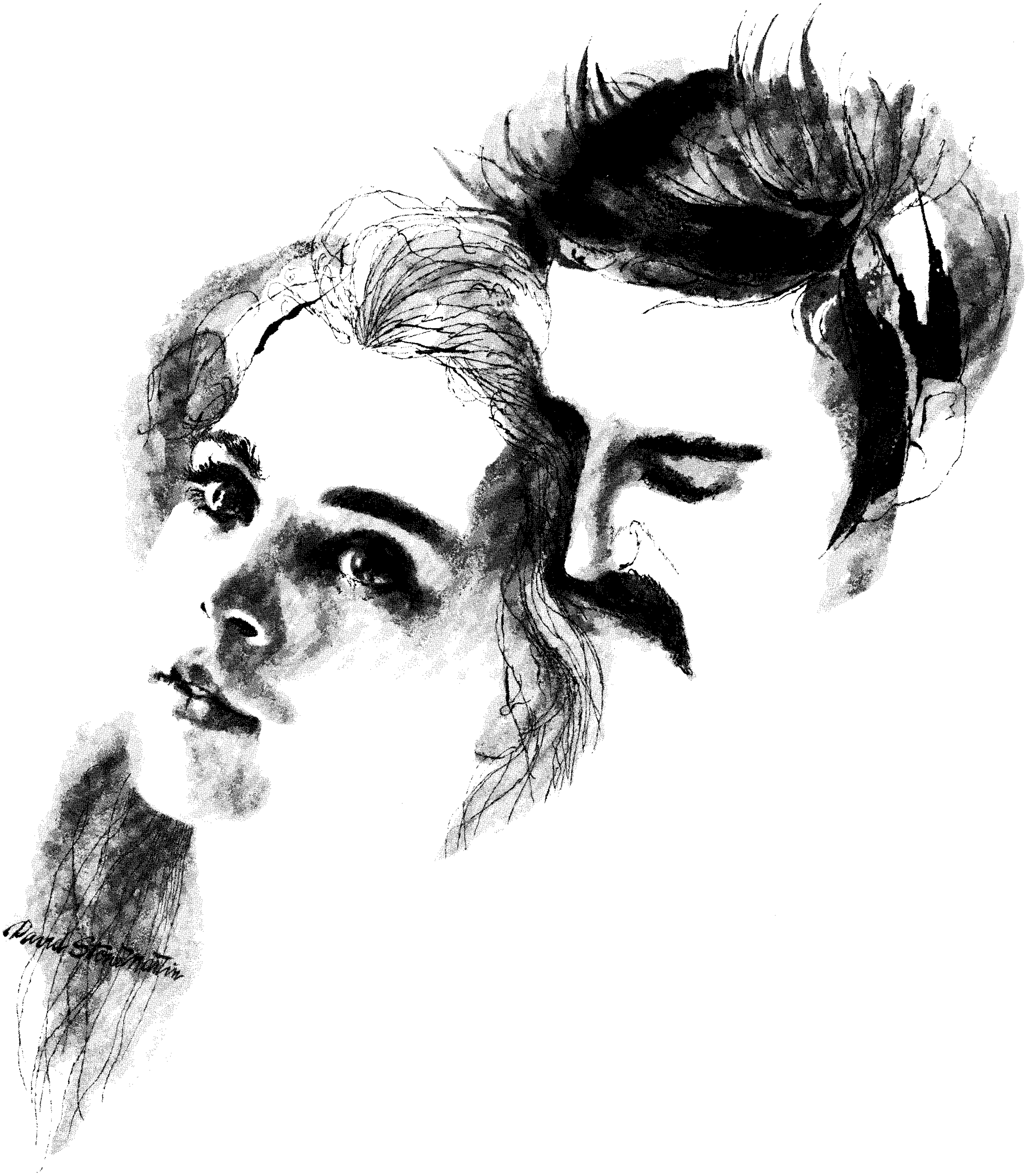
David Stone Martin

nd Swedish Award Winner Thommy Berggren. Photographed in exquisite Eastman Color. A Bo Widerberg-Europa Film Production. **Cinema II, New York.**

how to play the violin and began a one-man campaign to introduce Western music to Bombay. He organized the Bombay String Quartet and, finally, the Bombay Symphony, which he conducted during the last few years of its existence. In its early days, he was fortunate to get the services of many German-Jewish refugee musicians who had come to Bombay and added greatly to its musical life. Touring virtuosos—among them Yehudi Menuhin, Efrem Zimbalist, and Jan Kubelik—visited Bombay, and some of them played with the orchestra; Menuhin, in particular, became attached to the Mehta family. Like all the other Parsis in Bombay, the Mehtas were bourgeois, well educated, and more or less accustomed to the British colonial way of life. Music had not run in the family. Zubin's paternal grandfather had been the manager of a textile mill, and his maternal grandfather had managed a group of mills belonging to the Parsi-directed Tata industrial empire. The family had a home on Cuffe Parade, in a distinctly middle-class district. As a child, Zubin used to listen to his father playing string quartets, and a portable phonograph he was given by a grandfather enabled him to hear a great deal of recorded music. His father taught him to play the violin, and he had some piano lessons, too. But his mother, having witnessed Mehli Mehta's struggle to interest Bombay in Western music, was opposed to the idea of Zubin's becoming a musician. "Trying to be a Western musician in India was too hard," she said not long ago. "It's all right for foreigners to make Western music in India, but not for Indians." Accordingly, Zubin was sent to St. Xavier's College, a Jesuit institution, to study for the more respected profession of medicine. He got through two semesters of pre-med, but when it came to laboratory dissection he rebelled. Soon he was studying harmony and counterpoint with one of the Jesuit fathers, who had once been a pupil of the Spanish composer Enrique Granados. Later, he assisted his father with the Bombay Symphony by conducting "sectional" rehearsals—that is to say, rehearsals of the first-violin or second-violin or viola sections individually—and once or twice he conducted rehearsals of the full orchestra. The heady thrill that comes from lowering a baton and having sixty or eighty musicians respond precisely had taken strong hold of Zubin, and now there was no question but that he was going to become a conductor.

Several things began happening in

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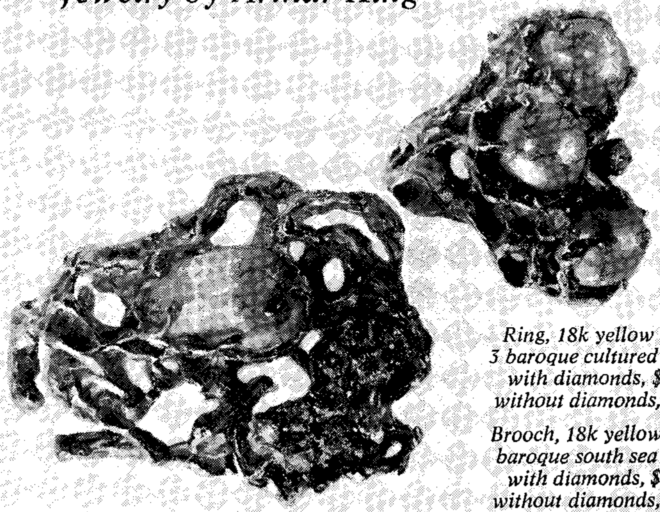

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Bombay in the early fifties. The refugee musicians started to leave for more promising spots, such as Israel and the West. The British were leaving, too, and the financial backing of the orchestra was becoming shaky. Opportunities in India had never been great, and now they were dwindling. Under the prodding of Zubin's mother, the family proceeded to get out of India in stages. Zubin was the first to leave, going to Vienna at the age of eighteen. He had heard that Vienna was the center of the musical world, and even today he maintains that "music means Austrian and German music," adding, "There is where the center of town is. All the rest is the suburbs." He was followed from India a few months later by his brother Zarin, who went to England and apprenticed himself to an accountant. Then, in 1955, the elder Mehtas uprooted themselves and followed Zarin to England. Mehli Mehta at first had a hard time in England. He finally managed to get a job with the Scottish National Orchestra, in Glasgow, where, because of racial prejudice, he and his wife could not rent a house or an apartment and had to live in cheap hotels. Then he went on to Manchester, where he played in Sir John Barbirolli's famous Hallé Orchestra, eventually becoming assistant concertmaster. In 1959, the elder Mehtas moved to Philadelphia, where Mehli became, for a time, second violin with the Curtis String Quartet. By 1965, the elder Mehtas had settled permanently in southern California, and Zarin was a long-established citizen of Montreal.

Meanwhile, Zubin was studying composition and conducting at the Akademie für Musik und Darstellende Kunst, as the Vienna conservatory is called. He had thought of Vienna as a shrine and had not yet adopted his rather critical attitude toward the Viennese. His student days coincided with the peak years of von Karajan's career, and he attended performances at the Grosse Musikvereinsaal and the Vienna State Opera practically every night, standing in the sections allotted to students. Vienna is a city that makes special arrangements for students, and Mehta lived adequately on about seventy-five dollars a month. He studied the double bass briefly, and, for a time, managed to make a little money by playing it in various theatres, churches, and open-air park orchestras, as well as in the Vienna Chamber Orchestra, a fairly respectable group. He was also learning a lot from his conducting teacher, Hans Swarowsky. Swarowsky is probably the world's leading teacher of the art, and his methods are efficient, though peculiar. As Mehta explains it, Swarowsky made him keep his left hand in his pocket, tied his right sleeve to the top of a desk, and said, "Now conduct!" The only thing he could move was his right wrist, and he moved it—up, down, sidewise. The device had its points. The besetting sin of most younger conductors is flapping their arms in wide, vague motions, where a mere flick of the baton would do the trick. Swarowsky's hobbling obviated this from the start. Later on, of course, larger gestures were permitted, but only where there was reason for them. Generally, Swarowsky taught the "Pah!," or Toscanini, way of conducting, but his pupil was already studying the "Vraah!" methods of Furtwängler.

In the summer of 1956, while he was still a student at the Akademie, Mehta conducted in public in Europe for the first time, presiding over the orchestral part of a Mozart piano concerto at a concert arranged by the Akademie at Bad Aussee. Later that summer, when there was nothing much doing in Vienna, he went to Count Guido Chigi Saracini's palace in Siena, where he came in contact with a cosmopolitan group of young musicians, including Barenboim, the conductor Claudio Abbado, and the guitarist John Williams. The Scarlatti Chamber Orchestra of Naples was in residence, and, with some additions in the wind section, it played Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in the Palazzo Pubblicco under Mehta's baton. Back in Vienna, while the Hungarian revolution was taking place, he organized and conducted a concert for Hungarian refugees near the border. In 1958, he went to Liverpool to take part in the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic's competition for conductors, where he won first prize. The Jeunesses Musicales, an organization that fosters the careers of young musicians in many countries, was invaluable to him at this point, and he jumped at every opportunity it offered. Under its auspices, he did a difficult program of works by Arnold Schoenberg in the sacred precincts of the Grosse Musikvereinsaal. Then it sent him as an exchange conductor to Belgium and Yugoslavia. Later, he went to Tanglewood, along with Abbado. At the Tanglewood conductors' competition, he won second prize (Abbado took first), but he attracted the

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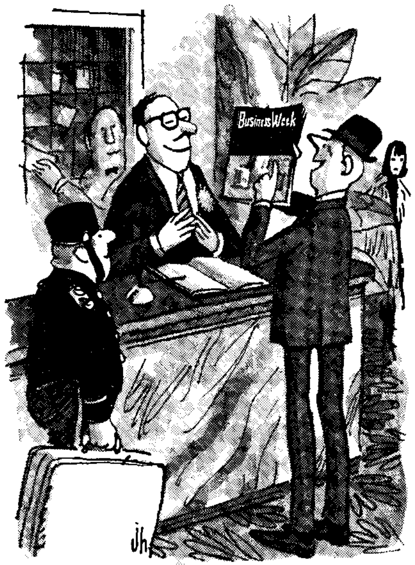

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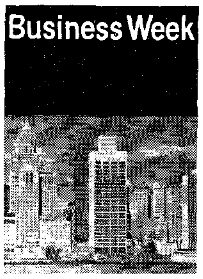

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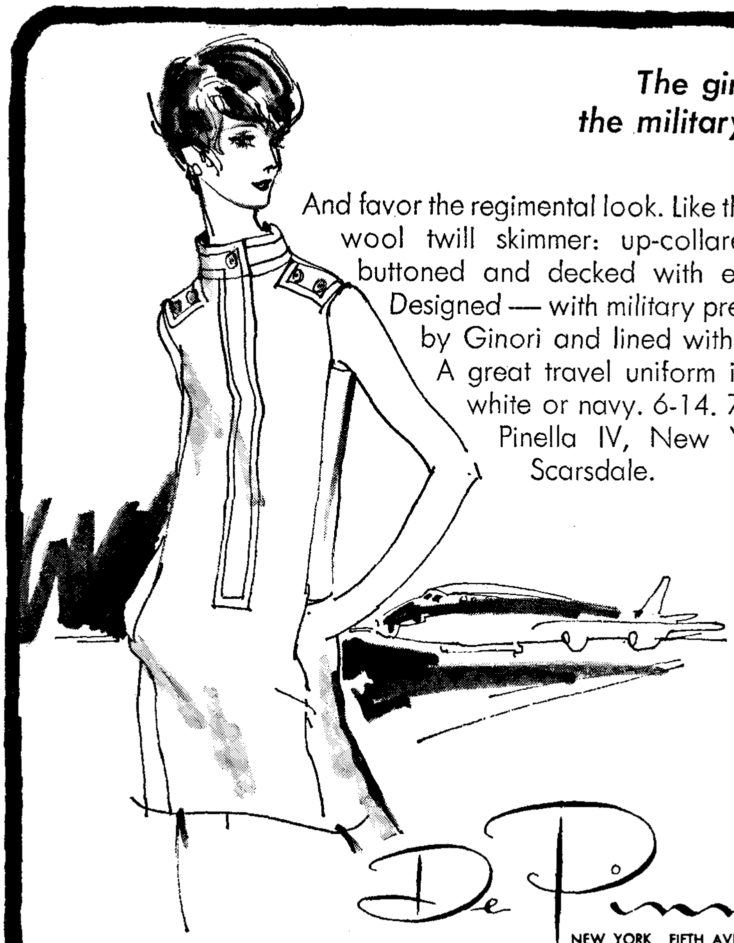
attention of Charles Munch, and this turned out to be very important.

In 1960, as Mehta recalled the other day, "the works started." He conducted part of the subscription series of the Vienna Symphony, and he made a successful début with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Robin Hood Dell. "Immediately afterward," he says, "I came to the Lewisohn Stadium to conduct three concerts with the New York Philharmonic, and did not get even one half-favorable review from the New York critics." But better things were going on behind the scenes. Munch had spoken to Pierre Béique, of Montreal, and soon advised Mehta to go and see him. Igor Markevitch, the conductor of the Montreal Symphony, had resigned for reasons of health, and Béique arranged a two-week guest conductorship for Mehta. A couple of months later, he was given the directorship of the orchestra—his first big job. When his second season came around, he took the Montreal Symphony on a European tour with two carefully prepared programs. But even before this took place, a rumpus had occurred in Los Angeles that was to have another important effect on his career. In January of 1961, Mehta had appeared as a guest conductor with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, substituting for Fritz Reiner and Igor Markevitch, both of whom had become ill, and Mrs. Dorothy Buffum Chandler, wife of the owner of the Los Angeles *Times* and head of the Los Angeles orchestra's board of directors, had taken notice. The very next month, when Georg Solti, the highly temperamental Hungarian conductor who had just been hired as musical director of the Los Angeles orchestra, was away, Mrs. Chandler engaged Mehta for a number of concerts as a guest conductor. Solti, claiming that he had not been consulted, resigned in a fury before he had conducted any concerts at all. Not surprisingly, it was Mehta who ended up in his job.

Now that Mehta has given up his post with the Montreal Symphony, he intends to make the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera his chief concerns. However, he will continue to spend several months a year conducting all over the world. "Zubin was made for that kind of crazy life," his friend Piatigorsky has remarked. In 1961, he was suddenly called to Vienna, and then to Israel, to substitute for the ailing Eugene Ormandy with the Vienna and the Israeli Philharmonics. In 1962, he spent a season of several weeks in Buenos Aires,



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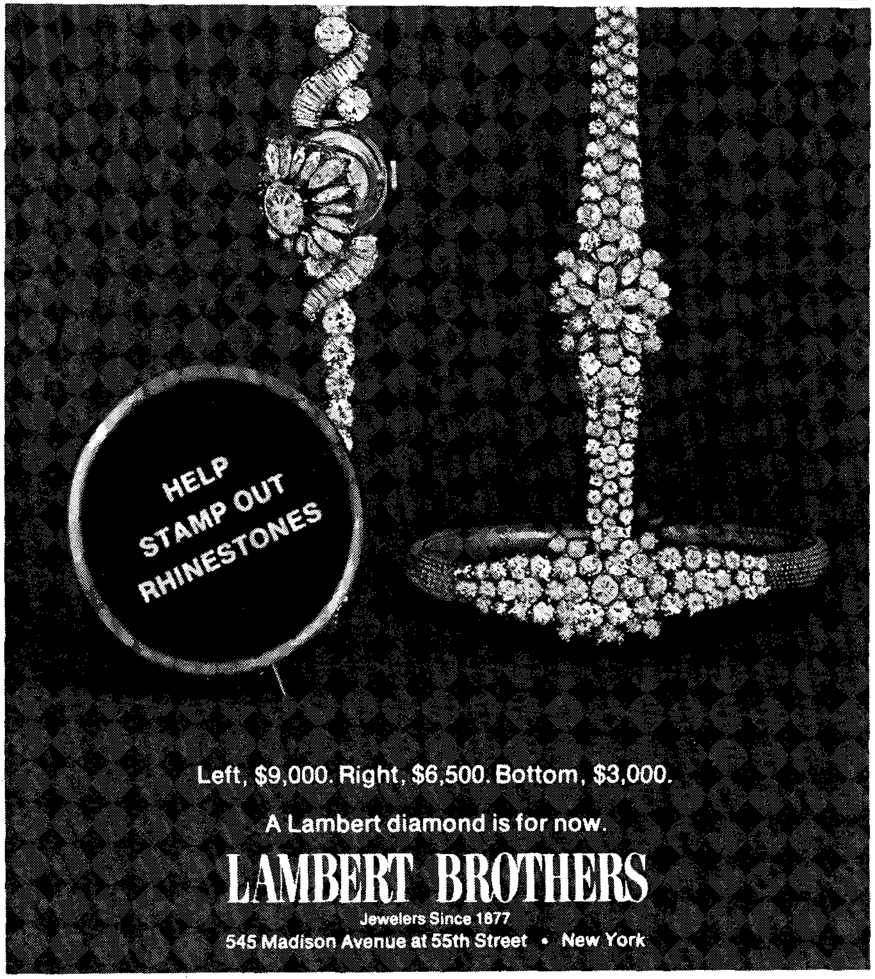

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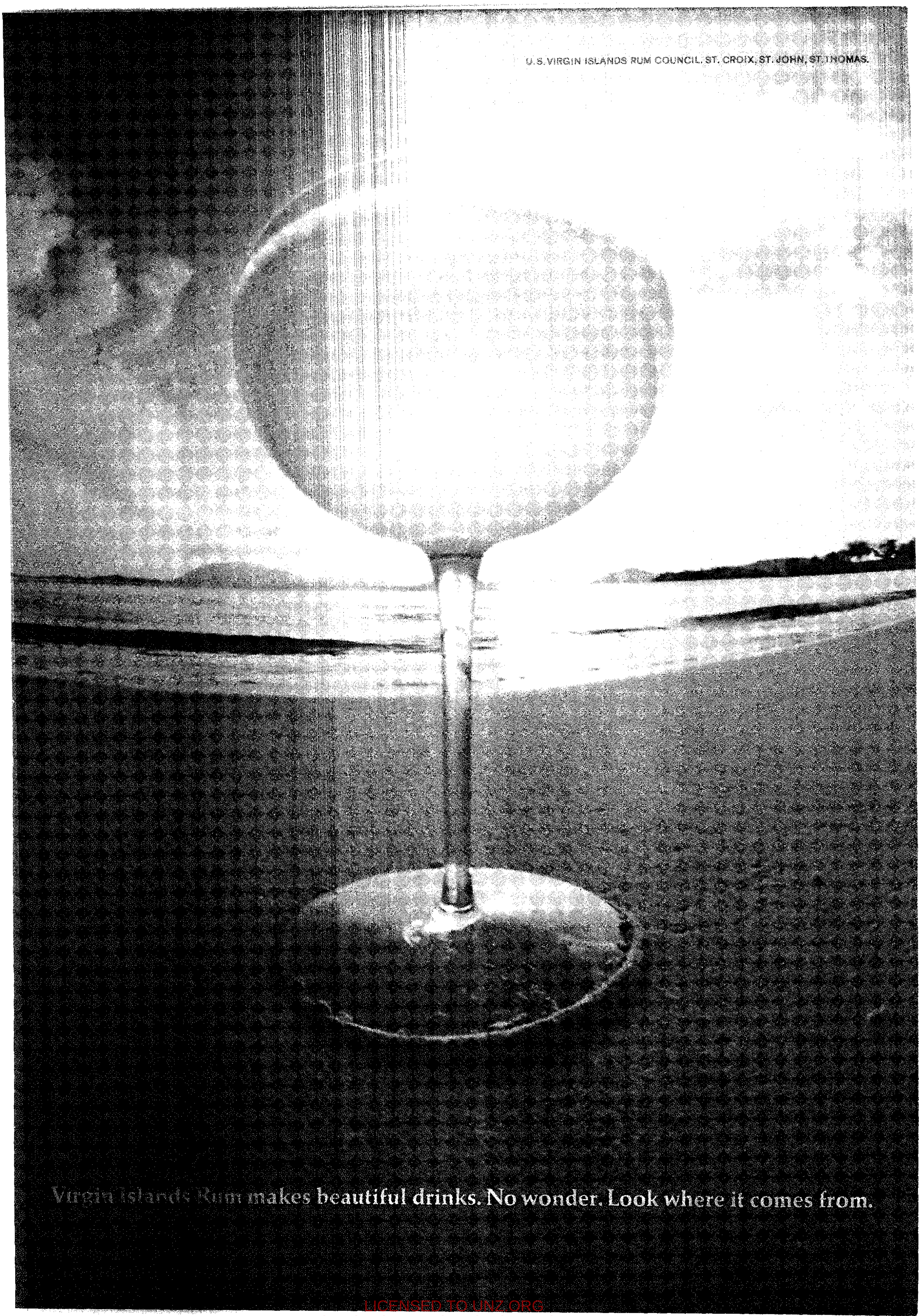
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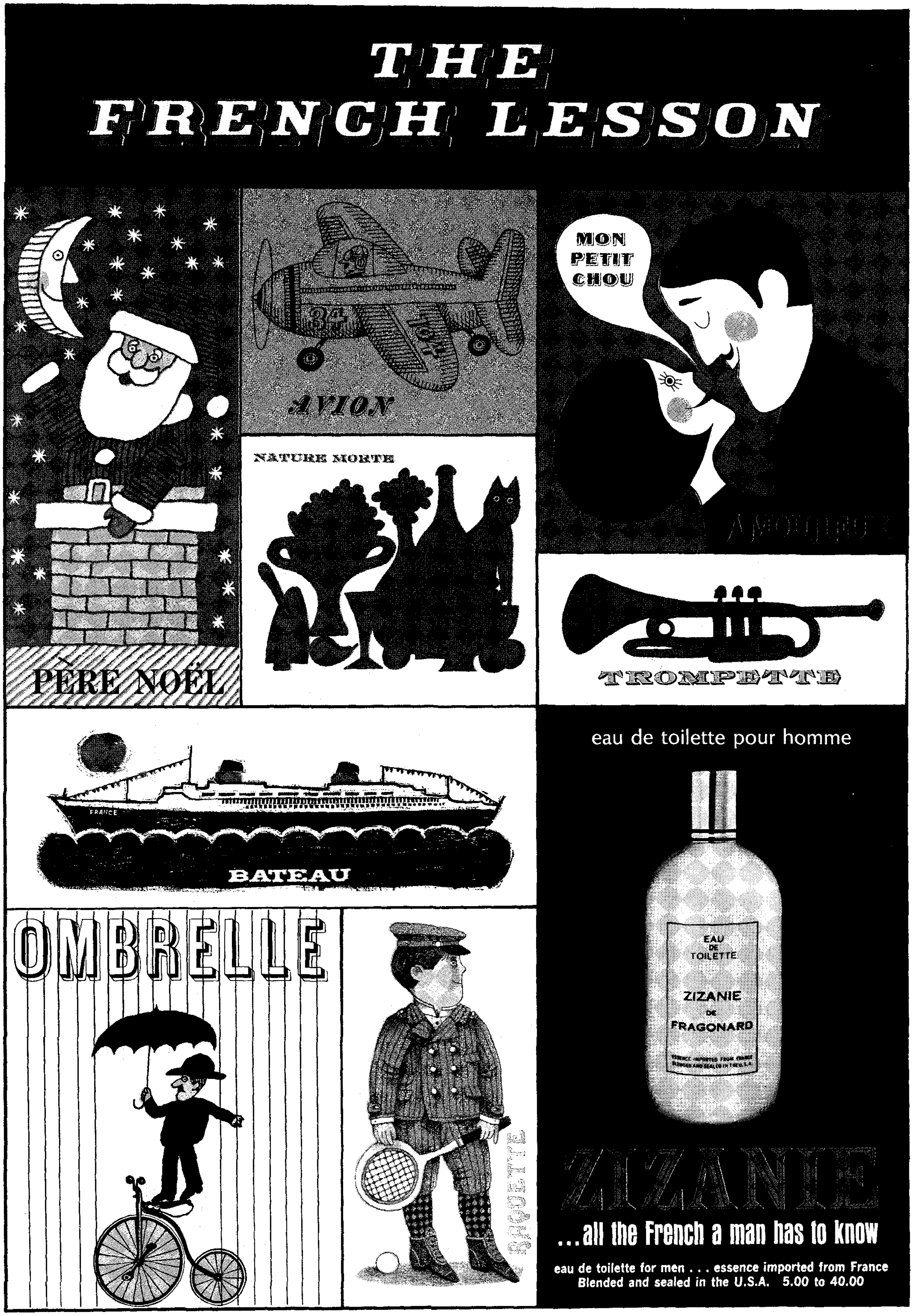
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and he conducted at the Salzburg Festival each year from 1962 through 1967, and at the Spoleto Festival in 1966. He is very enthusiastic about touring with various orchestras. In addition to his trip with the Montreal Symphony in 1962, he took the Israeli Philharmonic on a tour of Australia and New Zealand in 1966, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic on an American tour last spring and on a world tour this fall, playing as far away as his native Bombay. (While there, he attended the Jashan thanksgiving ceremony of the Parsis in the Wadiaji Parsi Fire Temple.) And, of course, there are the one-night stands that he sandwiches in between all these dates. Virtually all his time is taken up, and nowadays he has to refuse all kinds of offers. "Every time I refuse an engagement, my fee goes up," he has said gleefully.

Mehta has a special relationship with the Israeli Philharmonic. He has attempted to interest it in Wagner and Strauss ("Actually, they're half my repertoire"), whose music has been banned in Israel because of associations with Nazi Germany, but in this he has been unsuccessful. When recent hostilities broke out between Israel and the Arabs, Mehta got to the scene as quickly as he could. He was conducting the Metropolitan Opera in Philadelphia at the time. "I must go," he told Francis Robinson, assistant manager of the Met. "This is the time when music really counts for something." He still had a date at the Festival Casals, in Puerto Rico, which he filled. Then he immediately took off on a plane for Tel Aviv. His plane was grounded at Rome, because the fighting was in progress, but the Israeli ambassador in Rome arranged passage for him on the last El Al plane to leave for Israel. In Tel Aviv, Haifa, and Jerusalem, during and after the fighting, he conducted several concerts in which his friends Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline du Pré appeared as soloists.

MEHTA's relations with people in general are warm, and particularly warm with young people, who throng his performances and seem to identify with him even though he is a good way out of his teens. He is a thoughtful host at parties, and often he takes thirty or forty people to supper at the Kashmir Restaurant after a performance—"everybody who happens to be in my dressing room." (He eats little or nothing *before* performances.) In Los Angeles, he has no Indian restaurant to take them to, so he throws his post-performance parties at the

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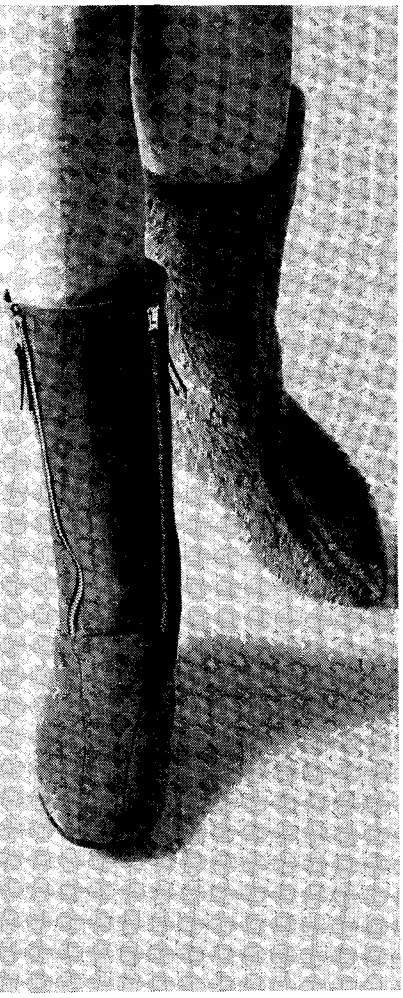

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Scandia, a Scandinavian restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. He has been known to refuse invitations to large affairs in Los Angeles unless the whole orchestra was invited along. He has a fairly wide acquaintance among the Hollywood movie colony. Edward G. Robinson and Werner Klemperer (the Colonel Clink of the television show "Hogan's Heroes," and also the son of the great conductor Otto Klemperer) are close friends. Others include Vincente Minnelli, the film director, and many of the film-music composer-conductors, like Johnny Green, Bronislau Kaper, Miklos Rozsa, and André Previn (who last year succeeded Barbirolli as conductor of the Houston Symphony). He is interested in jazz, and knows a great deal about it, and about the rhythmic relation between jazz and Hindu music. A friend of the eminent Indian musician Ravi Shankar, he has often sat around while Shankar and the jazz drummer Shelley Manne and the jazz trumpeter Don Ellis have experimented with hybrid forms of jazz, using some complicated Hindu rhythms and scales.

Mehta's attitude toward contemporary music is ambivalent. He likes the twelve-tone work of Luigi Nono and Alberto Ginastera. During one season in Los Angeles, he performed all the important orchestral works of Arnold Schoenberg. There were protests and threats of cancelled subscriptions from some members of the audience, but the threats were not carried out, and a good part of his public seemed to enjoy the experience. But about the mass of experimental music that is being turned out nowadays he is less sanguine. "I like some works in the twelve-tone system, but the trouble is that it has failed to evolve," he said recently. "Nowadays, the younger composers all go to Darmstadt [one of the strongholds of the experimental style] and decide whether the hemlines will be shorter this year. You know: 'Shall the electric guitar be In or Out?'—things like that. The twelve-tone composers merely change a few things once in a while. They are not going anywhere."

Asked his opinions about theatricality as an ingredient in the conductor's art, Mehta admitted quite freely that he is sometimes deliberately theatrical. "It all depends on the music," he said. "Sometimes you have to help the music along with a few theatrical gestures. Beethoven's Third Symphony is a masterpiece and needs no help. But Strauss's 'Ein Heldenleben,' for example, is more superficial. You can throw in some heroics there. It goes with the music." But, heroic as Mehta may oc-

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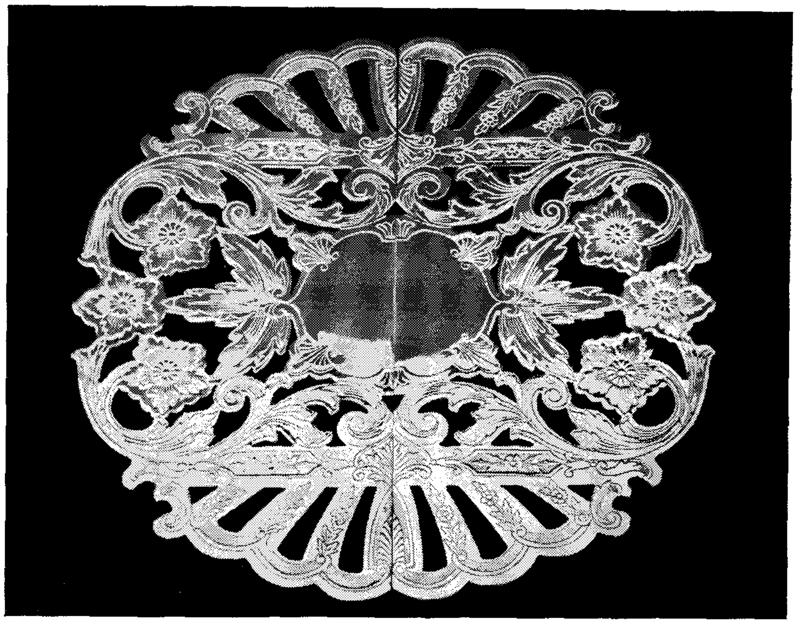

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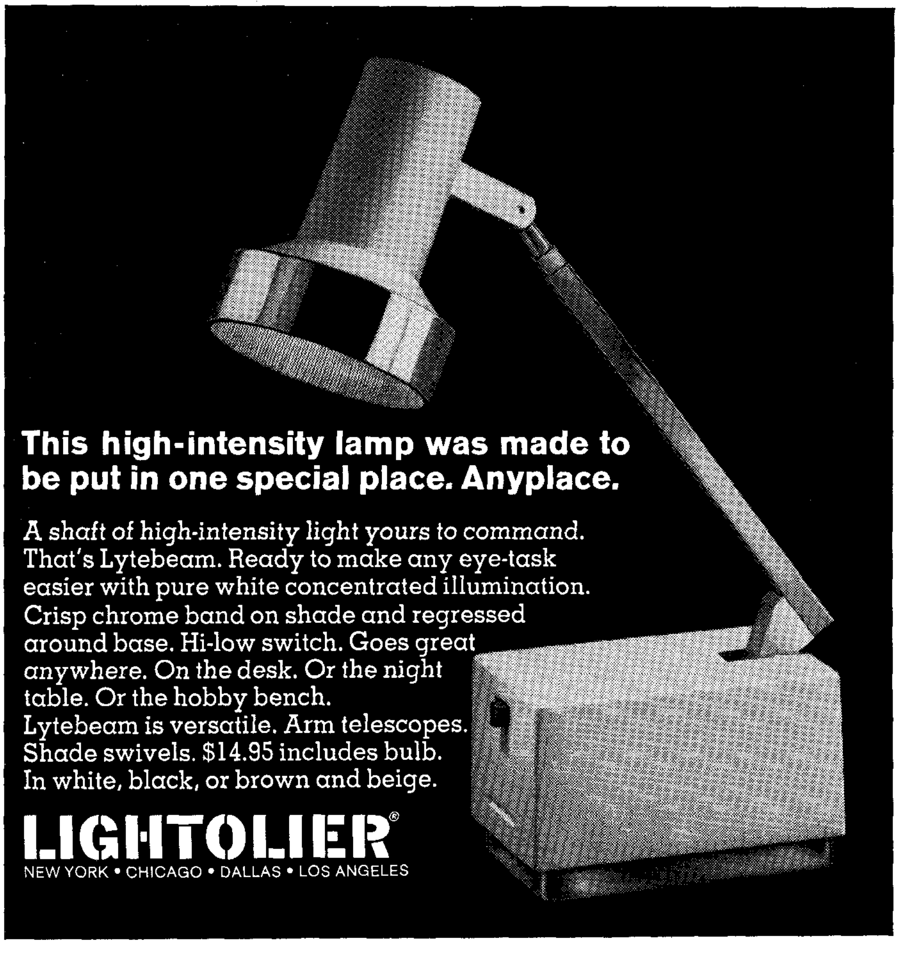

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casionally appear while conducting, he is generally not recognized when he is off the podium, and he revels in this anonymity. "Nobody knows who I am," he says. "Isn't it great?" This circumstance enables him to prowl a hundred cities as Harun al-Rashid did Baghdad.

Some people, including friends, wonder whether Mehta's sudden rise to tremendous success will spoil him. "He is king of the world," one friend said recently, and Mehta's lordly disregard for punctuality, among other things, leads several others to ponder the question. Friends also point out that, young as he is, he is not invariably meticulous about style and tradition. He has been known to introduce the emotional element known as schmalz in the wrong places, and once in a great while he turns in a rather eccentric performance. But the consensus is that his success will not go to his head. "He is too intelligent," one friend remarked. "He is continually absorbing new ideas from everywhere, and he is too hard-working." In Los Angeles, he is regarded as a great cultural leader, and he, in his turn, has a high regard for Los Angeles. "It's a great place," he says. "You can make your own environment. It's a town where everybody leaves you alone. It's the only city where Sinatra or Danny Kaye or Jack Benny can walk down the street and nobody talks to him. There are some things that bug me about Los Angeles. I wish I could find a good Indian restaurant there. And that big portrait of me in the lounge of the Music Center. And those silly Oriental costumes the ushers wear. Still, I am absolutely independent in Los Angeles. It is *my* orchestra. I can do what I please with programs. Besides, we have one of the finest auditoriums in the world to perform in. And southern California is becoming a very important cultural center. Heifetz and Piatigorsky live there, and Stravinsky. The climate is good, too." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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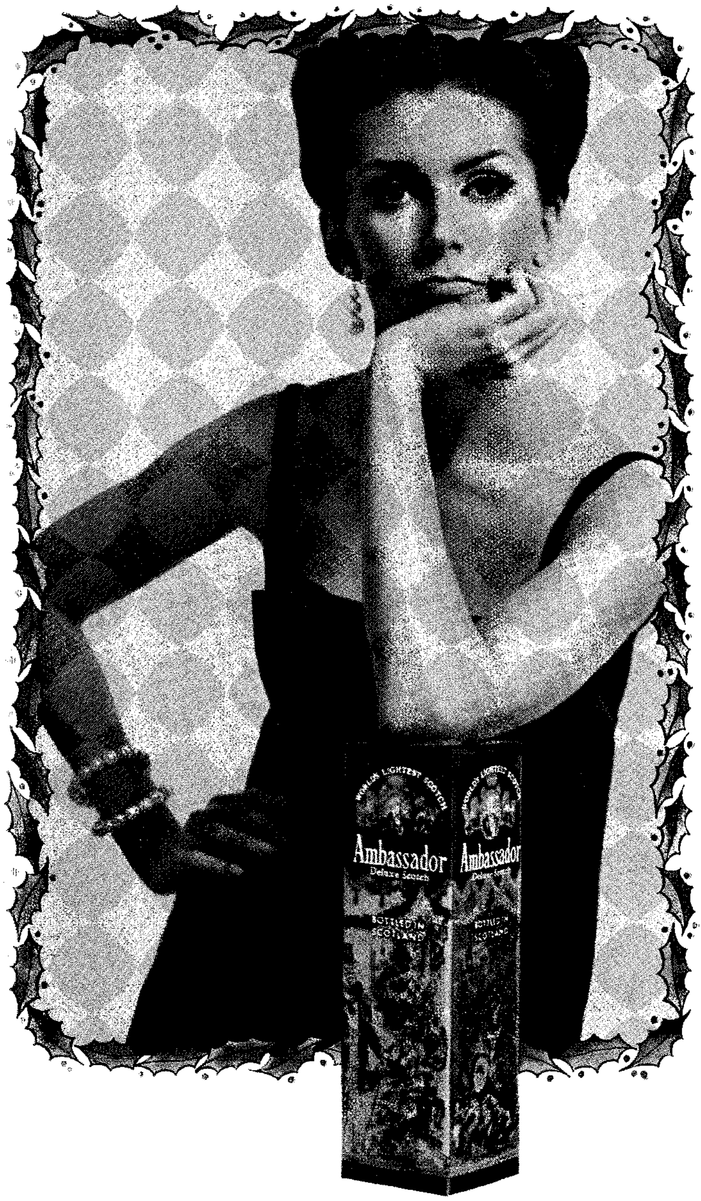
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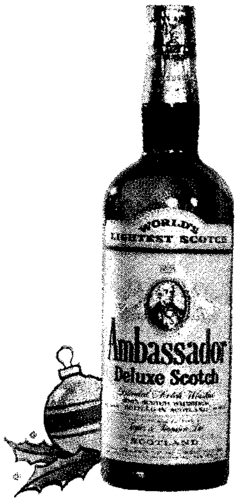
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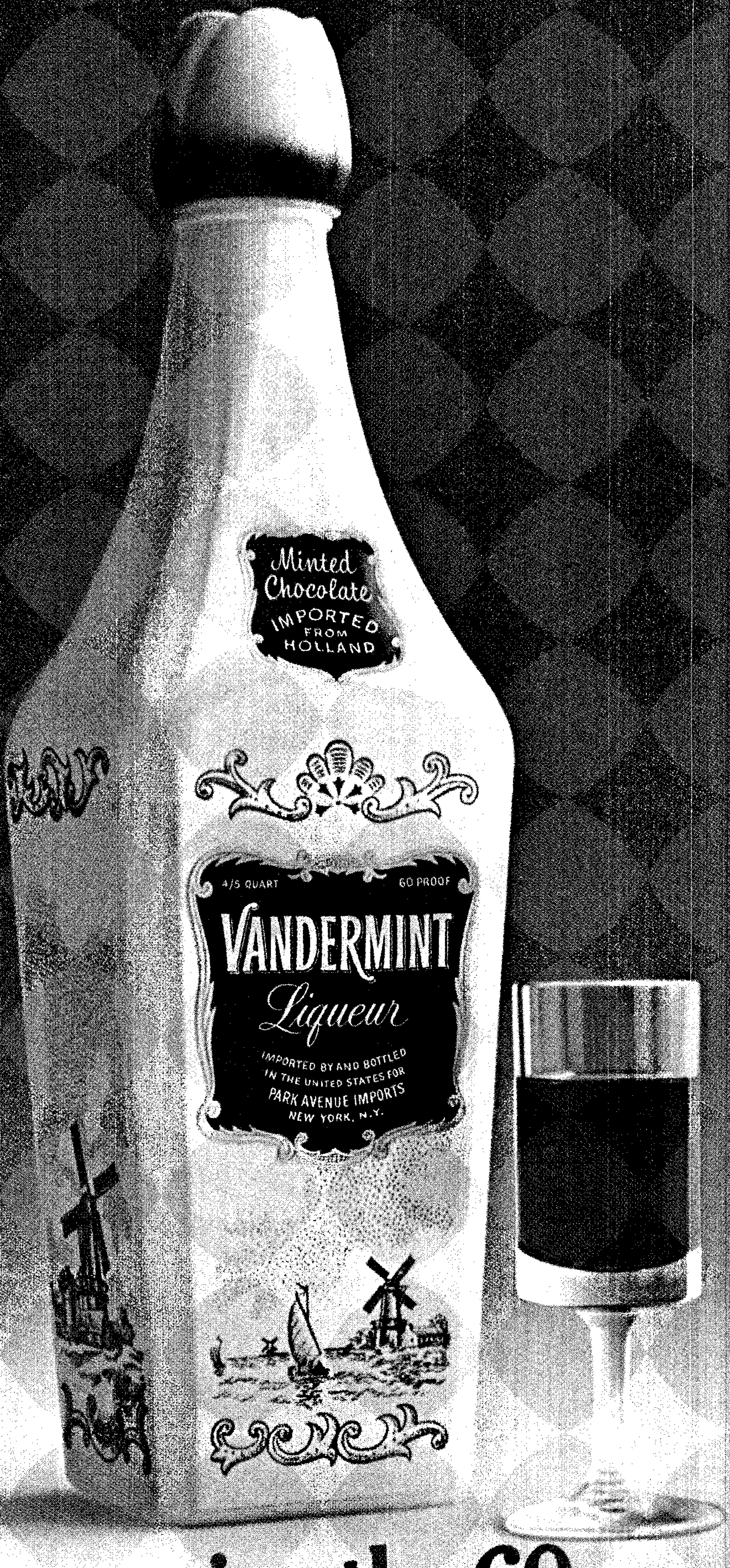
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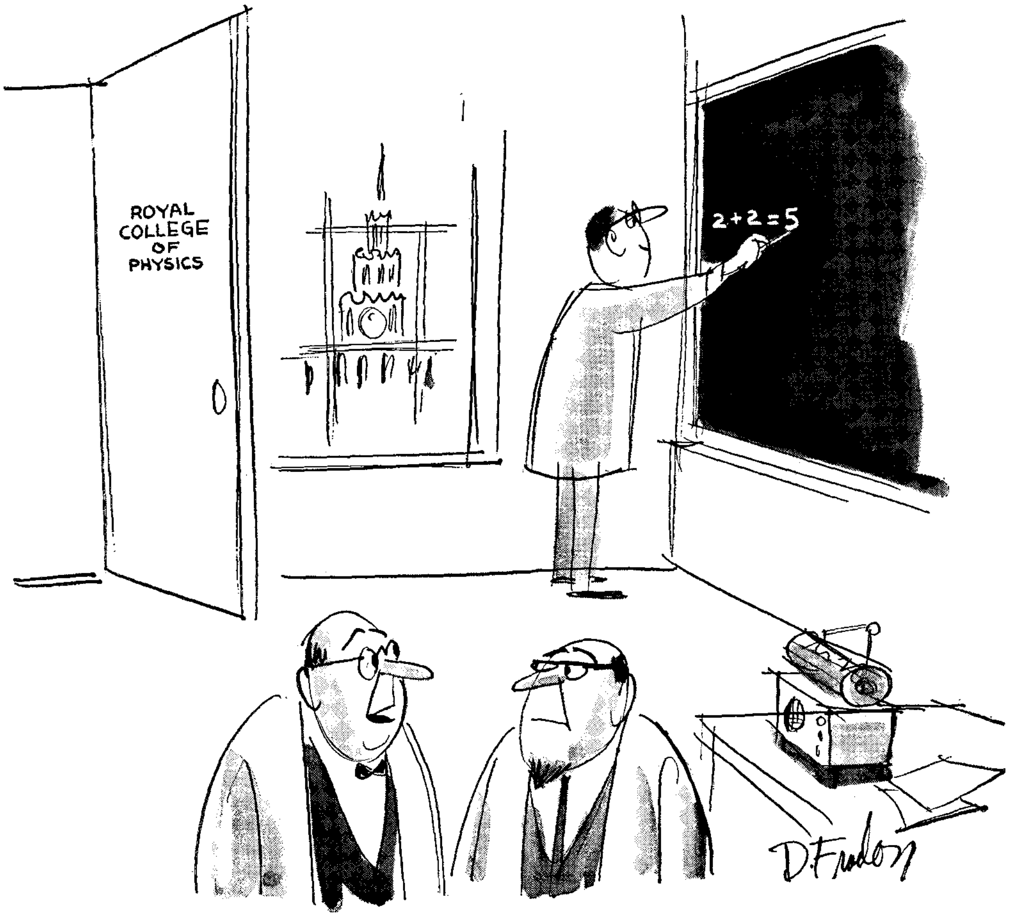
THE THEATRE

WALL STREET DIDOES

IN his direction of "How Now, Dow Jones," at the Lunt-Fontanne, George Abbott displays his customary vigor, keeping the show jumping even when the book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, aren't giving him much to work with. As it stands, "How Now, Dow Jones," based on an idea by Carolyn Leigh, who also contributed the lyrics, is a fairly typical Broadway musical, with some funny twists and several apt performances to recommend it. It is Mr. Shulman's intention to work up some merriment by spoofing the denizens of Manhattan's financial district, and his depiction of them and their doings is highly simplified. The plot involves us with a young man from Elmira who looks so fresh, innocent, and trustworthy that he is selected by the head of a formidable brokerage house to sell the outfit's bill of goods to assorted widows and orphans. Somehow, this youth falls in with a maiden who is known as the Voice of Dow Jones, her job being to broadcast the D.-J. average to followers of the Stock Exchange. Although she is sufficiently smitten with our hero to share an illicit counterpane with him almost upon meeting him, she refuses to entertain the notion of a permanent alliance, on the ground that he will never amount to much in the financial world. Having made this decision, she discovers to her dismay that she is pregnant, and turns her attention to a solid suitor who has promised to marry her when and if the D.-J. average hits a thousand. Because of her condition, she determines to speed up her nuptials by announcing that the average has reached a thousand, even though it hasn't. This moves the stock market into a tailspin, and all kinds of uproar ensues. While the Voice of Dow Jones is trying to resolve her amorous difficulties, another young lady—a Stock Exchange guide—has persuaded a big Wall Street wheeler-dealer to become her protector, but after he has set her up in a stylish East Side apartment he not only neglects to meet her but frequently fails to recognize her in the course of chance encounters. The absentminded broker and the doxy are comical creations, and they are realized brilliantly by Hiram Sherman and Brenda Vaccaro. The latter, with her rendition of a song called "He's Here!," which she belts out with maniacal enthusiasm, almost stops the show. I was also taken with Anthony Roberts as the boy from Elmira, and with Marlyn Mason, the D.-J. girl. Mr. Roberts has an ingratiating way with him, and Miss Mason not only is toothsome but is a very sweet singer. Another in the cast who might be singled out for special mention is Arthur Hughes, who is hilarious in a brief appearance as an aging Wall Street wizard more preoccupied with lechery than with the market. The sets for "How Now, Dow Jones" were designed by Oliver Smith, and they are not overly imaginative. The same might be said of the choreography, for which Gillian Lynne is responsible.

IN the APA Repertory Company revival of George Kelly's "The Show-Off," at the Lyceum, the play's emphasis has been shifted from the braggart who is the protagonist to his shrewd, skeptical mother-in-law, but the drama, written in 1924, hasn't suffered very much because of that. I had some reservations about the performance of Clayton Corzatte as the thirty-two-dollar-a-week Pennsylvania Railroad clerk with delusions of grandeur, because he never quite convinced me that he was really a Philadelphian, but perhaps that's a quibble based on the fact that I used to be one myself. As the mother-in-law, Helen Hayes more or less takes over the stage, and her interpretation of the role is astute. There are also worthy performances by the others in the company, particularly by Pamela Payton-Wright as the girl who unaccountably adores the blowhard, and by Gwyda Donhowe as her lonely older sister. The production, which has sets by James Tilton and costumes by Nancy Potts, is faithful to the period in which Mr. Kelly's drama takes place,



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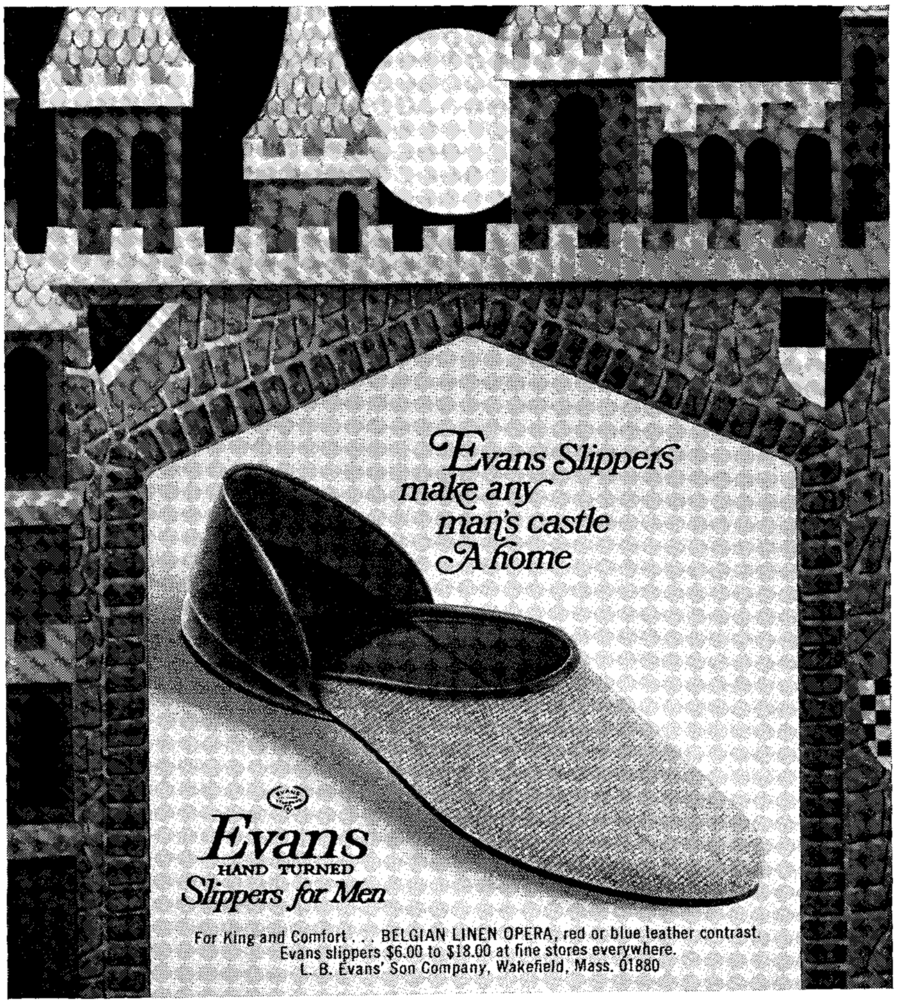
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and there is no attempt to exaggerate the styles or the manners of the time. While I didn't find "The Show-Off" as arresting as the company's initial offering, "Pantagleize," the APA Repertory continues here to demonstrate its impressive abilities.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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I search out all manner of things for all manner of persons.
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I find a business for a future giant of industry and a little shop for a widow's livelihood.
I alter the course of millions, and many times the future of maid and man is of my determination.
I recover the lost pets of weeping children, and restore lost persons to anxious friends.
I sing the praise of artisans, proclaim the skill of craftsmen.
I find labor for the man of brawn as well as opportunity for trained and active minds.
I am the Fabled Dwarfs, Aladdin's Lamp and the Magic Wand of modern times.
Millions in trade are consummated through me, yet the value of my service is not to be measured in silver or gold.
I am an index of trends, a barometer of commerce, a harbinger of coming events.
I am a by-word in countless thousands of homes, the first thought in many times of need.
My speed of action, the sureness of my success, matches the completeness of my public acceptance.
Within my lines are the sad stories and the glad stories of everyday living that goes to make up life.
I perform in my own individual way and for me there is no substitute.
No other medium, no other method, plan, or scheme can duplicate my service.
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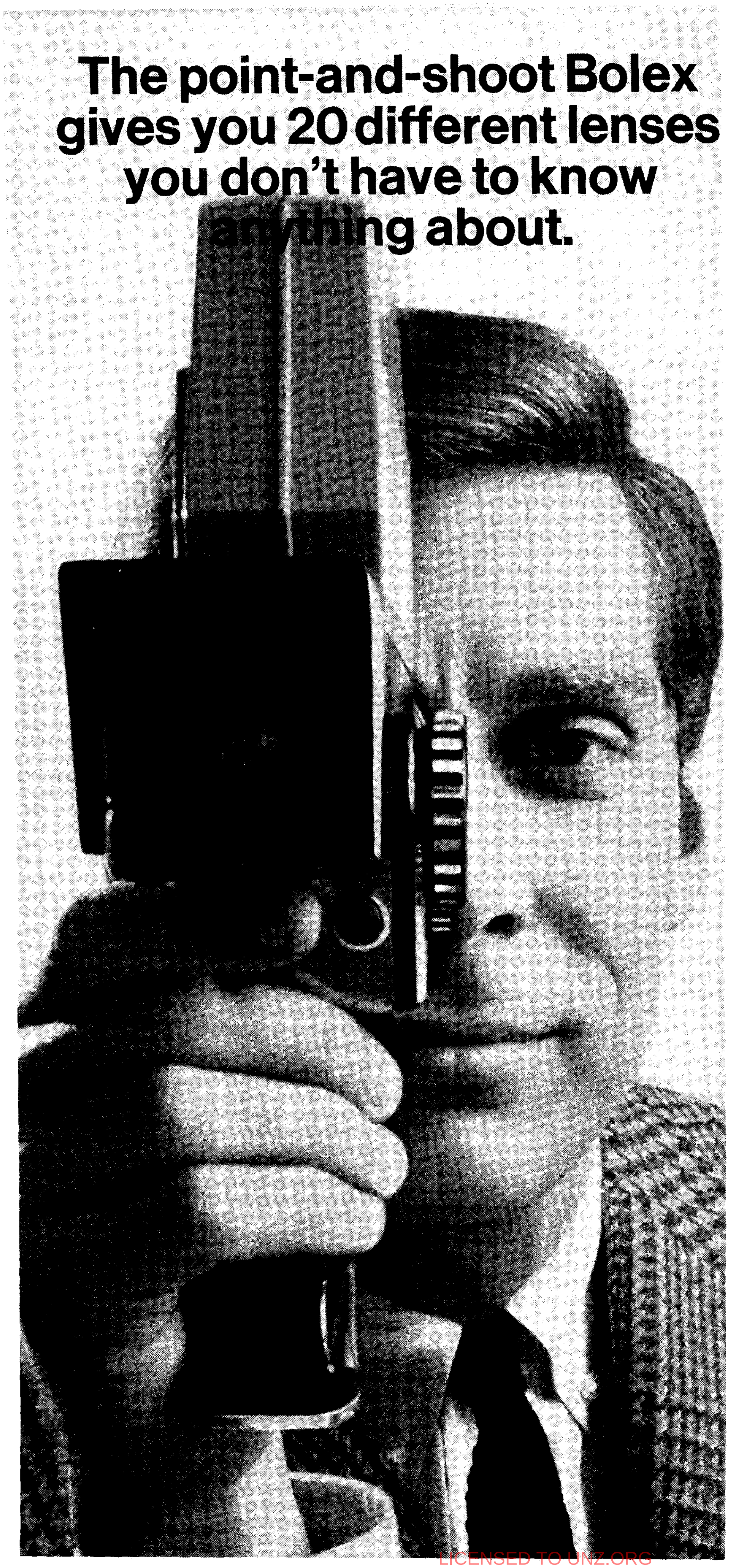

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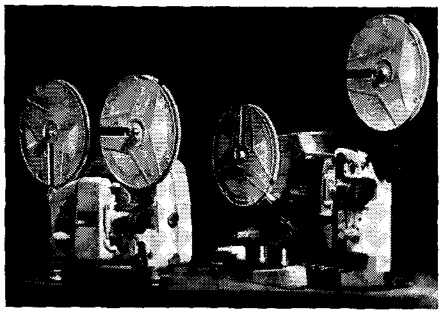

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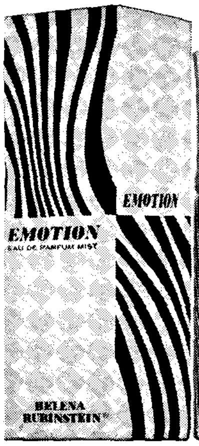

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THE AIR

Propaganda

JOURNALISM evolves, like everything else, in part shaping the people who call it into being, mostly, one suspects (despite modern genuflections to the religious power of media), being shaped by the forces already at work within the people, and one of the more striking directions it seems to have been heading in over the past few years is toward an increasing, almost casual acceptance of propaganda as the most effective and natural vehicle for communicating about matters of recognized importance. Propaganda admittedly means different things to different people—usually pejorative, usually carrying with it some misty image of Dr. Goebbels speaking benignly into a microphone about the occupation of the Sudetenland. But if that's propaganda (which it is), so also is President Johnson's press conference, and so, too, is Senator Fulbright's press conference, and so are most speeches or writings by most people in public life, which aren't strictly journalism but which, transcribed at face value by the press, become journalism, and which now in turn seem to be breeding a growing counterpropaganda, as apparently (or so say the counterpropagandists) the only method of setting the picture straight. *Time's* recent stories about the war in Vietnam seem to be mainly propaganda. Mary McCarthy's articles on Vietnam in the *New York Review of Books* seem also to be propaganda. *Life's* "reporting" on runaway kids in the East Village seems to be propaganda, as does an informative article in *Ramparts* on the drug scene in San Francisco. In fact, it's hard right now to find many sources of journalism where propaganda is consistently absent; mostly, propaganda isn't only there but is the fluid that just about everything else seems to be swimming in. To be sure, larger and larger areas of the press more or less have to print it—the *Times*, for example, which is required by its information-happy readers to carry Secretary So-and-So's recent address about the poverty program but can't really get around to examining it, to connecting it to reality, until a later date, or, at best, in somebody else's story on some other page. Or TV news, which is also required by its audience to eyewitness public history, and thus, since public history is mostly propaganda, gets stuck most of the time with just passing along everybody else's propaganda: Hubert Humphrey's in Vietnam, Norman Mailer's in Washington—you name it. But what seems to be happening more and more these days is that even in those areas in which propaganda isn't so structurally required (in the general magazines, especially in the intellectual magazines, and to a now considerable degree in TV news-and-information programs), propaganda appears to be the vocabulary that people have simply come to feel is best suited to the times—as if in considering an actual situation today (for example, Negro rioting in Newark or the burning of a village in Vietnam) one had made some sort of explicit decision that although the actuality of the situation was real and important, what was more real and more important was what the people you were communicating with could be brought to feel about it. The substance at the center is not the actuality but the feelings around it. The main thing is not the event, and the need to describe it, but to describe it in such a way that people will feel the way you would like them to feel about it. *Fortune* handles information to make its readers feel "right" about A.T. & T. The *Nation* handles information to make its readers feel "right" about the Bolivian guerrilla movement. *Look* handles information to make its readers feel "right" about the hippies. Even in entertainment journalism, the new-school, "interpretive-journalist" approach to, say, a jazz musician or a movie star certainly isn't the actuality—what the movie star said is no longer important for having actually been *said*, and thus is no longer transcribed with that in mind, or later read with that in mind. What's important is the feel of it all, the feelings the writer hopes he can evoke in the reader about the movie star (and usually, in these cases, about himself as well), and when these feelings run counter to the spoken word, the observed act, the word and the act are usually bent—and nobody much seems to mind. If writers write differently now, maybe it's because people read differently; it's hard to tell.

Speaking of such matters, a couple of Fridays ago N.B.C. put on a big-deal news special about the Negro soldier in Vietnam, called "Same Mud, Same Blood," which seemed to have little rea-

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son for existence at all except as propaganda—and such damned casual, good-guy, racist propaganda, too. Frank McGee, who has generally been reasonably intelligent and straight about these matters, apparently went to Vietnam last fall and spent a number of weeks with an American platoon (which was a good thing to do) and then came back and put together sixty minutes of film, consisting almost entirely of McGee (off camera) and various white and black soldiers patting each other on the back about what a great thing it is to be a Negro in the United States Army, where a man is but a man & so forth: what a great thing it is for the Negro (who is now presumably extended the possibility of achieving manhood and death in the same instant—certainly a classical, if not an entirely forward, step), and what a great redemptive thing, by implication, it is for all of us poor benighted heathen back here in our segregated clubs and ice-cream parlors.

McGee: For this report, the fact that Larry [Sergeant Lewis Larry] is a Negro is of paramount importance. To the officers and men he serves with, it's a matter of total irrelevance. . . .

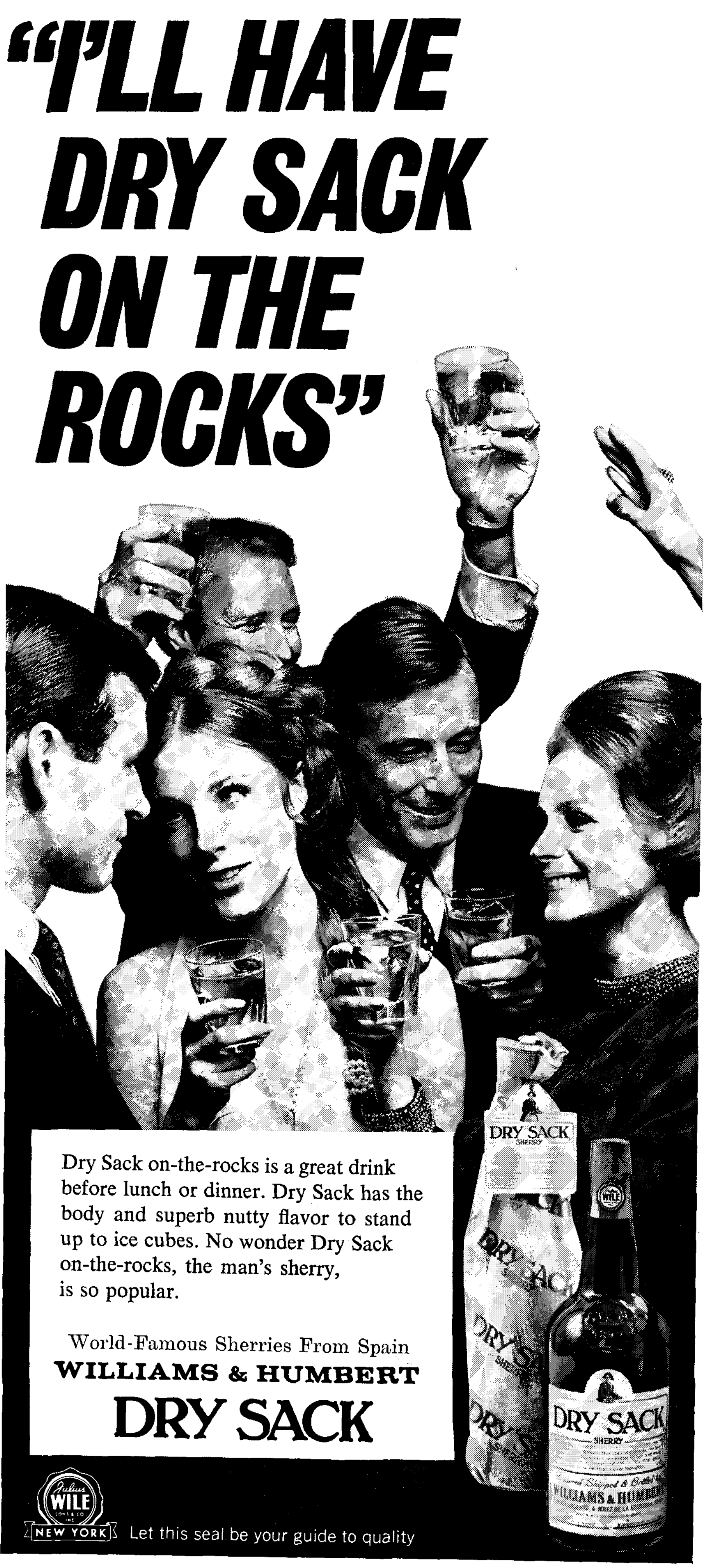
Specialist 4th Class Hawkins: He just doesn't come up and tell you to do something he wouldn't do himself. He'll sort of ask you to do something, where in a sense he's asking you to do it and telling you to do it and making you want to do it. . . .

McGee: In civilian life, it is still rare for whites to take orders from Negroes, particularly in the South. . . .

Captain Mavroudis: There are lots of Southern boys in Sergeant Larry's platoon that possibly in civilian life would resent working for a Negro, but when we're out in the field, which is almost all the time, people go beyond the color barrier.

Private Faircloth: It doesn't seem to bother anyone to take orders from him. Nobody in the field—they don't think nothing about it. I've never heard a sling thrown at him because he is of the Negro race.

Well, this isn't exactly (or necessarily) rubbish. But it surely isn't news, either, that the Army gives a fair shake to the Negro—although there are doubtless a small number of grown people in this country who keep insisting that the Negro is the victim of some gigantic military-sociological plot to shanghai him out of his ghetto, stuff him into an olive-drab uniform, and pack him off belowdecks to Samarkand or Southeast Asia to die for White America. For a number of years, it hasn't been exactly a secret that the American military is a pretty good way station for the American Negro—at one point, I think, Daniel Patrick



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Moynihan Himself was saying that one ought to *encourage* the Negro to go into the military—but then, for much the same sort of reasons, so is the backfield of the Detroit Lions, and one would think that the implications of *that* sort of Manhood syndrome would be a good deal more to the point than any self-comforting talk about how, white or black, it's all the sweet same at the bottom of the pileup.

McGee: Until now, there's been a belief Negro soldiers lacked courage. . . .

Lieutenant Unger: On the subject of the courage of the Negro soldier, there's been a lot written that they did not measure up to the courage commonly found in the white soldier. . . . A man is a man and each one has his own fears . . . and I think you get just as many white cowards as you get black cowards. And you get just as many black heroes as you get white heroes.

McGee: The officers above Larry and the men beneath him have seen him under fire. There is no more severe test of a man. At such times, buried racial antagonisms might surface. . . .

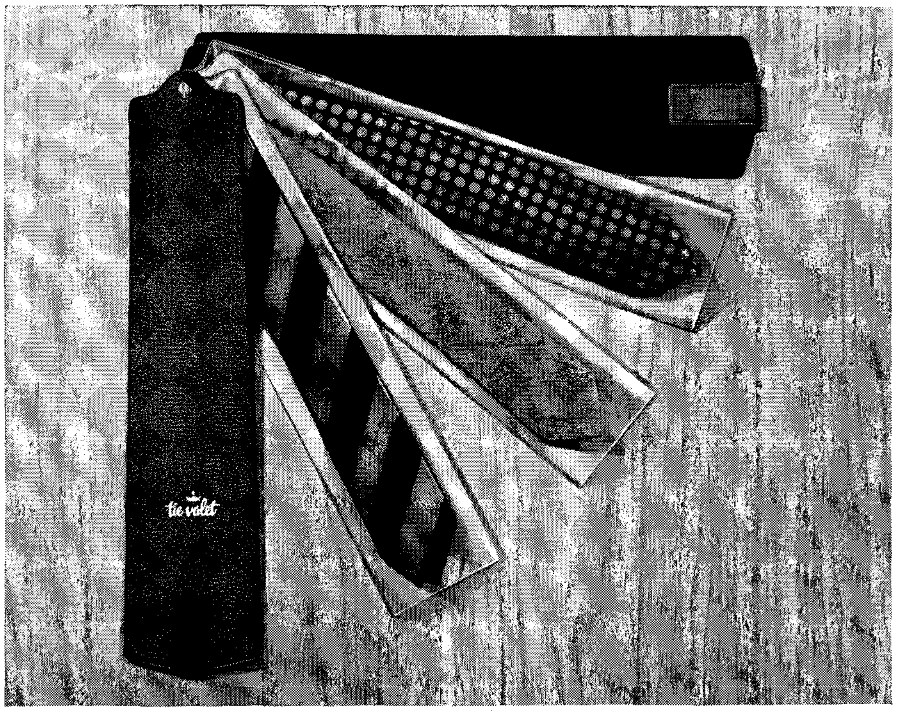
Private Faircloth: You look at 'em . . . and, well, they're just another guy out there, a guy you can bum a cigarette off of if you're out, or get a drink of water if you're out, or a can of food. Everything is share and share alike.

McGee: Arkansas [Faircloth] grew up where Negroes must drink from separate fountains. Today he drinks from the same canteen cup. I wondered how the folks back home would feel about that.

Private Faircloth: Most of them would think it was the most terrible thing in the world, you know. They come over here and spend a couple of months, they'd learn it, too. . . .

Specialist 4th Class Hawkins: After you're with them so long, you're not looking at a man's color. You're looking at his intentions and his job and what he's doing.

What made much of this (and there was a lot of it) so appalling was that on its own terms it wasn't wrong; if a white soldier says that when he's out on patrol he doesn't worry about the color of a man's skin, not only is it probably true but it isn't even really worth saying. Out there in an open lifeboat in the North Atlantic, your average Guelph probably doesn't get fussed too much by your average Ghibelline, either. It's when the wind dies down, the sea grows calm, and everybody comes ashore that all hell breaks loose. Negroes and whites make it in combat because of what combat is, and this says more about the inability of most people to hold more than one strong idea in their heads at a given time than it does about anyone's great sense of humanity, brotherhood, or whatever. In Germany, for example, where there are a number of American troops but no combat, the racial situa-



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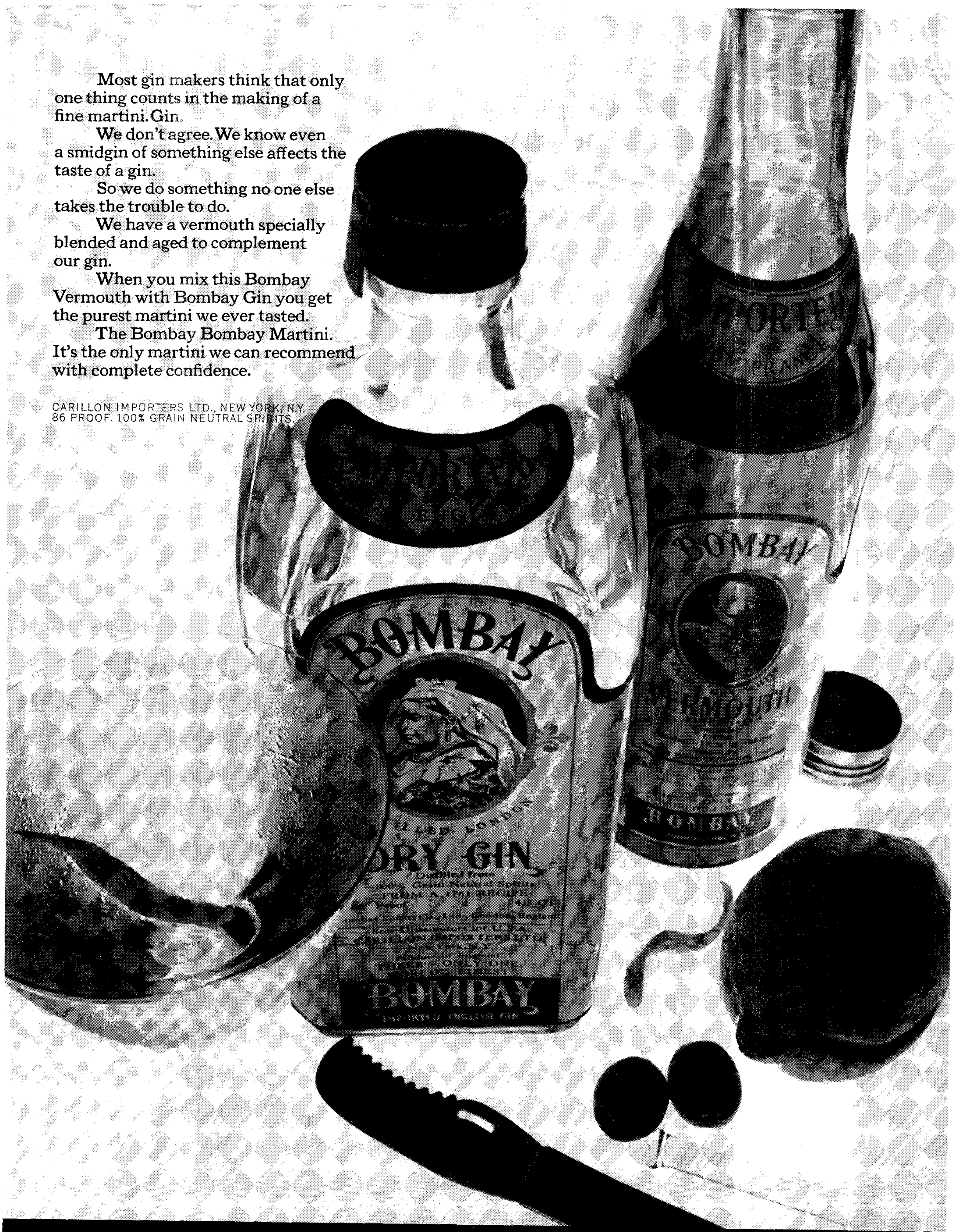
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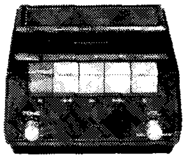

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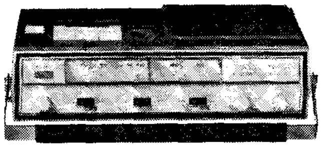

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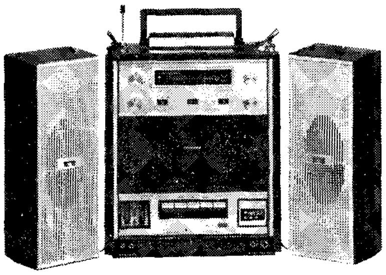

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tion in the Army settles back into something approximating what it is back home; the Army in Germany is technically desegregated, and the Negro has his fair shake there, too, but blacks and whites keep mostly to themselves—tend to frequent different bars off base, and so forth—and at times express the predictable hostilities. The thing is, I guess, that the Army doesn't teach you much about anything except the Army, or maybe another army. The Army is a very bare room with men in it, only men, and a few objects, and although it's true that now and then men will rush at one another's throats because of theories generated entirely inside their minds, it seems more generally true that people are intrinsically passive about life, and if you take away for a moment the mother weeping, the bishop preaching, the neighbor arguing, the editor editorializing—if you take away most of the hundreds of tiny things that push or pull men one way or the other—you tend to end up with someone who is pretty well content to go along, and get through the day, and share his canteen. Man in the Army isn't man in life, and when you bring back the forces of life—the bishop, the wife, the welfare clerk, the Black Power leader—whatever susceptibilities were there before are usually still there, and the ball game goes on.

Toward the end of the program, there was a brief sequence showing the men in Sergeant Larry's platoon under fire, and a small scene of a memorial service for the dead—which might have been more moving if the program, to begin with, had been about men instead of dialectics—and then McGee's voice came on again:

McGee: Some may feel that our society, through the war in Vietnam, is making a terrible demand on the Negro in exchange for accepting him as a man, a human being. But Sergeant Larry feels a debt to the Army.

Sergeant Larry: I feel that I have too much of military experience to get out. I think I'd be wasting it. I think I would hurt the Army. I think they can use my experience. The younger people that are going to come are going to need somebody to help them.

McGee: Our history books have taken little notice of the Negro soldier. How do the troops of this war, black and white, want its history written?

Captain Mavroudis: You can't divide them as a group. It's the man, not the color, and as far as I'm concerned the credit for anything that happens in this war, no matter what the outcome, belongs to both the white and Negro.

McGee: Wilkinson, the young Negro officer, told how he would want a child of his to question him about the war.

Lieutenant Wilkinson: I would want my child to ask me the role of the American soldier in Vietnam. But as to breaking it down, to, say, "Well, we have a total of good deeds by colored soldiers this high, and we have a stack of good deeds by white soldiers this high"—I mean no, I won't have it come out that way. . . .

It went on a bit longer like that, and then the program stopped, and it all seemed so strange—I couldn't figure out why. And then later I realized that not only had the documentary-makers all the time been casually employing the best of modern propaganda techniques upon their subjects but the subjects had been just as casually and blandly employing different propaganda techniques upon themselves. There had been actual people speaking actual words in an actual place—and none of it had been real. Except maybe that since propaganda has become such a large part of our lives, the propaganda itself is now reality. And there you have it.

—Michael J. Arlen

* *

TRANSISTORS

Silence demands a kind of silence back—
barter—the slack mind reeling its own slack
in, as swift bodies in the vacant air,
the small gulls falter madly, while the great
birds glide, on purpose, from one atmosphere
to the next suspense, in balance, and relax.
Suffering quiet in a little space,
Pascal says, sorts us. Hammer, grind, and grate
then, on the numb nerves, mollifying box,
slung like first aid from every naked redneck's
shoulder, beachlong. Drown the sea, dispute
each empty minute with the marine mute.
As Kodaks snap the salt out of the view,
break silence, or the silence will break you.

—Arthur Freeman

The Champagne Curtain.
Most Americans don't know it exists.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

This may be the most ridiculous curtain of all.

American champagne can't get into Europe.

It all has something to do with the French, and their age-old claim: "Champagne isn't champagne unless it comes from the Champagne province of France."

To that we say, "Sour grapes."

Of course, at one time, French superiority couldn't be questioned. A young man named Paul Masson never questioned it. He imported France's best vines, about 100 years ago, and planted them in Northern California. Until they covered hillside after hillside.

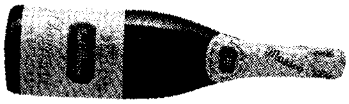
So today Paul Masson Vineyards makes an excellent champagne, because the French make an excellent champagne.

And today Paul Masson is the largest exporter of premium wines in the United States. (Our wine is catching on in cities like London, Zurich and Brussels.)

Which is why we're so concerned about the "Champagne Curtain."

We've got more to lose than anybody else.

Paul Masson Champagne
FROM CALIFORNIA



Trim your tree with Poppycock

(the millionaire's popcorn)

for only $92.00

Poppycock, as every millionaire knows, is the most sumptuous thing that has ever happened to popcorn. We mix it with many times its weight in toasted pecans and almonds. Then gather it all together in a carmelized crunch into which tubs of creamery butter have been stirred, ever so gently, so as not to bruise the nutmeats. Poppycock is priced at $2 a can. Forty-six cans for $92 should trim a medium-size tree quite nicely. Or you can get two cans of this golden confection in a charming Christmas carol wrap, and gift a friend deliciously for $4. Sold mostly in fancier food and department stores.

POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Causes

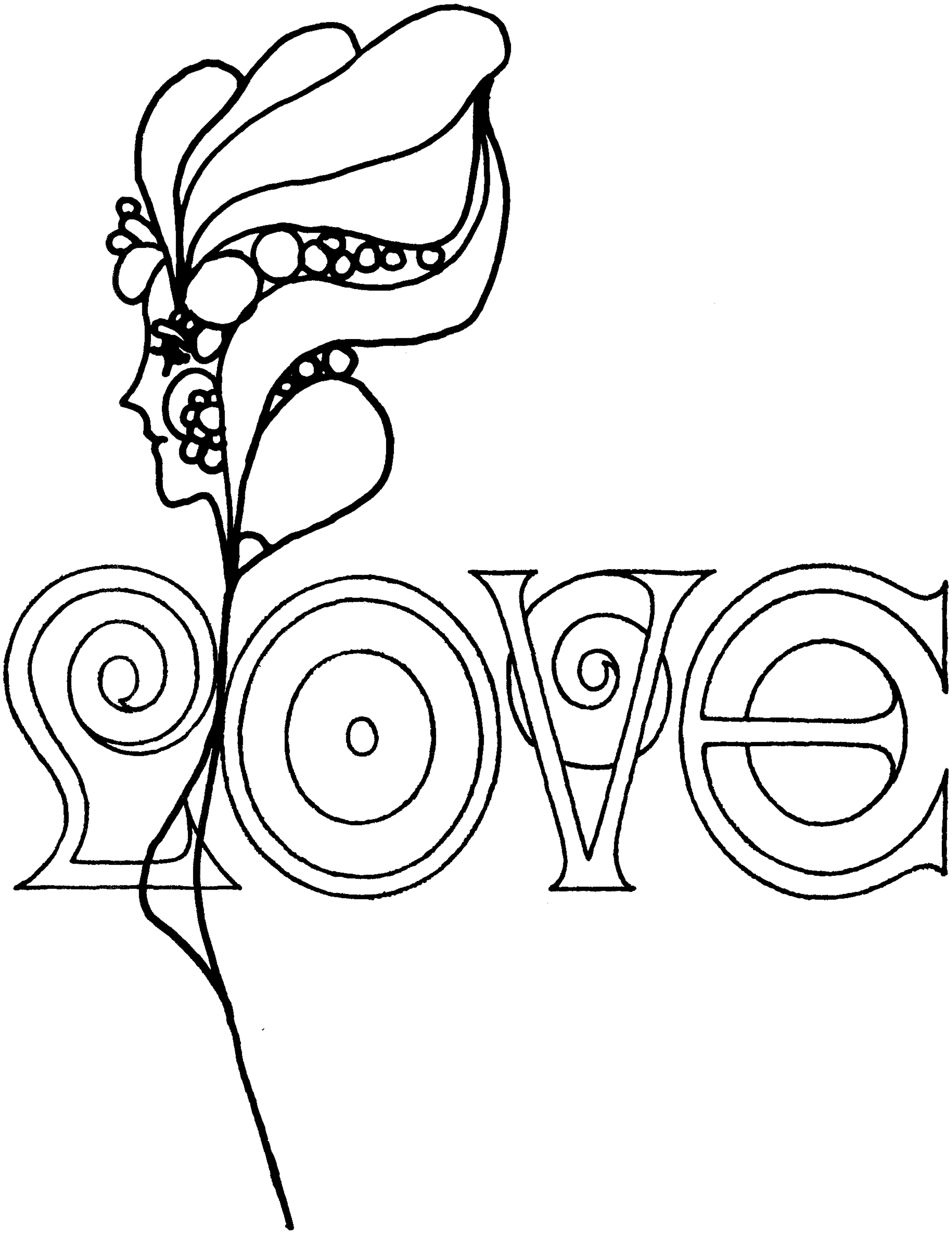
“GUESS WHO’S COMING TO DINNER” is a comedy, though not as flip a one as its title implies. For the producer and director of the picture is Stanley Kramer, a serious man who sometimes clambers up over the timberline of earnestness into the thin-aired high sierras of zeal, and even when he is engaged in making us laugh we can be pretty sure that he is also engaged in championing a good cause. That Mr. Kramer should be irresistibly moved to use movies as a means to an end instead of as an end in themselves irritates many movie aestheticians, as Kramer himself is aware. (“I hear that So-and-So [mentioning a well-known writer on movies] claims I have done more harm to movies than anyone else in the past fifty years,” he said in bewilderment not long ago. “Look, I’m only one man, making one movie at a time—how could I be *that* important, no matter how terrible I was?”) Kramer’s good causes are, by their nature, topical, and his latest is no exception; “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner” concerns a pretty young white girl who falls in love with a Negro and is determined not only to marry him immediately but also to secure her parents’ immediate approval of the match. We discover that her parents are exceptionally attractive people: Wasps of the Stevensonian strain, intelligent, wealthy, and hard-working (the father owns a crusading newspaper in San Francisco, the mother runs an avant-garde art gallery), and what arrives literally on their doorstep is the embodiment of a problem that they would have supposed themselves ready to battle to the death to resolve. Well, then, Dad? Mom?

The screenplay of “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner,” by William Rose, is so ingeniously plotted that one almost forgives it for being, in effect, a drawing-room comedy, better suited to the stage than to the screen; it observes a strict unity of time, place, and circumstance, with, at intervals, conventional reversals of fortune, a conventional Wise Old Man (disguised as a witty, worldly Catholic priest), and a conventional chorus (disguised as a sharp-tongued colored cook). Like all special pleaders, Kramer and Rose have taken care to give their side certain implausible advantages. For example, the Negro swain is handsome, brilliant, affectionate, loyal, persevering, and unselfish—such a paragon, indeed, that he threatens to raise the wrong sort of question altogether: Is the proposed marriage a bad risk not because of a difference in race but because a highly sophisticated man approaching forty would surely tire of a sweet girl graduate who brought him little more than high spirits and adoration?

No matter—the movie insidiously charms us into ignoring its defects, and for this the credit must go to a superb cast. The father is played by Spencer Tracy, the mother by Katharine Hepburn, the girl by Katharine Houghton (Miss Hepburn’s niece in real life and what the late O. O. McIntyre would have called a “look-alike”), the paragon by Sidney Poitier, the paragon’s parents by Beah Richards and Roy E. Glenn, Sr., and the priest by Cecil Kellaway. Mr. Tracy gives a faultless and, under the circumstances, heartbreaking performance. He was ill throughout the shooting of the picture and died just ten days after it was finished, and being aware that it was the last picture he would ever make he turned his role into a stunning compendium of the actor’s art; it was as if he were saying over our heads to generations of actors not yet born, “Here is how to seem to listen,” “Here is how to dominate a scene by walking away from it.” Moreover, the very words that he spoke were written for him deliberately as “last” words. “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner” is the ninth movie that he and Miss Hepburn made together, over a period of twenty-five years, and when, at its climax, he turns to her and tells her what an old man remembers having loved, it is, for us who are permitted to overhear him, an experience that transcends the theatrical.

“BEDAZZLED,” produced and directed by Stanley Donen, written by Peter Cook, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Mr. Cook, is the funniest picture I have seen in ages. (I am never quite clear on how long “ages” is, or are, but let it, or them, stand for something between

peter max



Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris/New York

six months and the Pleistocene.) The hero of the knotty plot of "Bedazzled" is a tongue-tied short-order cook in a London Wimpy's, madly in love with a waitress in the same establishment. Snubbed by her, he is driven to attempt suicide, which he characteristically bungles. Up steps a spruce version of Old Scratch, who offers him seven wishes in exchange for his immortal soul. Mr. Cook has found plenty of fresh pranks to play inside this ancient literary device. The movie runs about fifteen minutes too long—when the voice of God filled the theatre, I was ready to do my bit in emptying it—but for the first hour and a half I laughed nearly as steadily as a clock ticks.

—Brendan Gill

•

Judge Williams heard a series of cases in his Court Monday, all resulting from an altercation taking place at the wedding of Charles Wells in Sangerville. Each case involved a charge of assault and battery and was dismissed. They were as follows:

Michael Davis: assault and battery on Glendine Wells, Charles Wells and Marlon Woodard.

Russell LaBlanc: assault and battery on Joseph Pullyard, Jr.

Charles Pullyard: assault and battery on Deborah Brown.

Virginia LaBlanc: assault and battery on Charles Pullyard.

Charles Wells: assault and battery on Charles Pullyard and Gerald Bray.

Marlon Woodard: assault and battery on Michael Davis and Gerald Bray.

Marion Brown: assault and battery on Michael Davis.

Glendine Wells: assault and battery on Charles Pullyard and Michael Davis.

Joseph M. Pullyard: assault and battery on Virginia LaBlanc, Marlon Woodard, Charles Wells, Russell LaBlanc.

Gerald Bray: assault and battery on Marlon Woodard. This respondent was also charged with operating a motor vehicle to endanger the life and property of Russell LaBlanc and this case was dismissed.—*Dover-Foxcroft (Maine) Piscataquis Observer.*

If you think the wedding was fun, you should have been at the reception.

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*Letter received by a member of the University of California faculty*]

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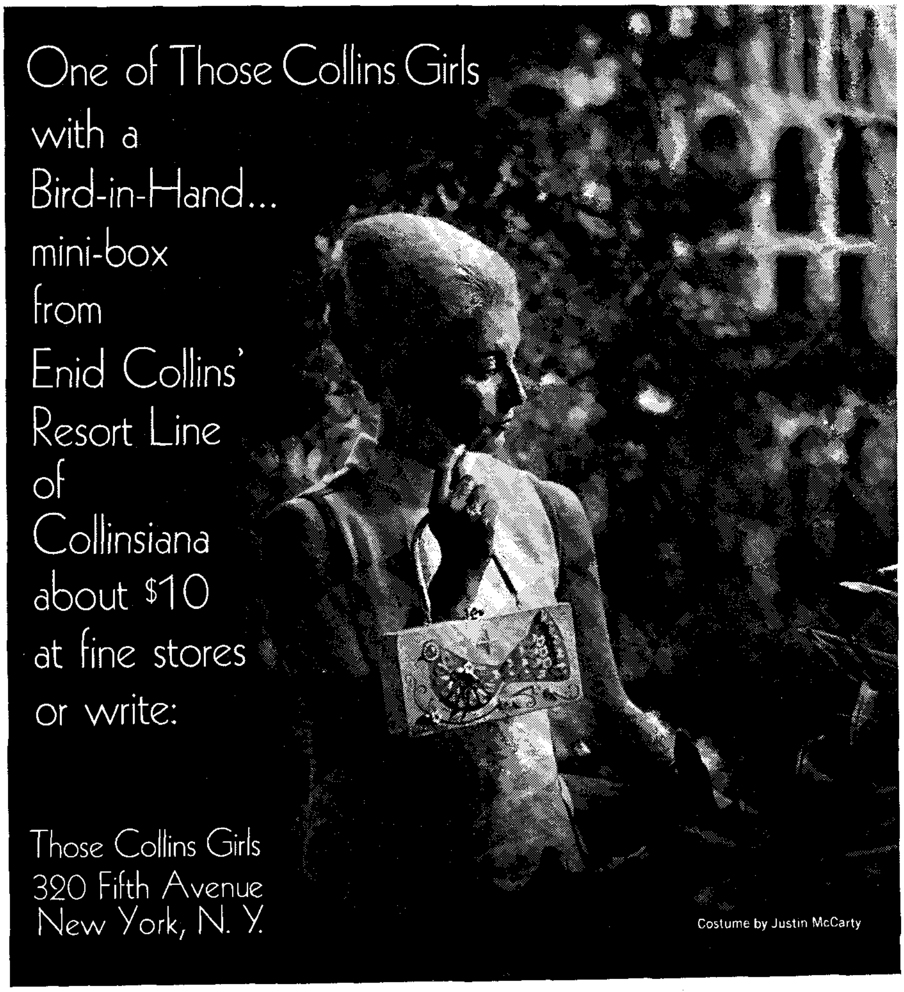

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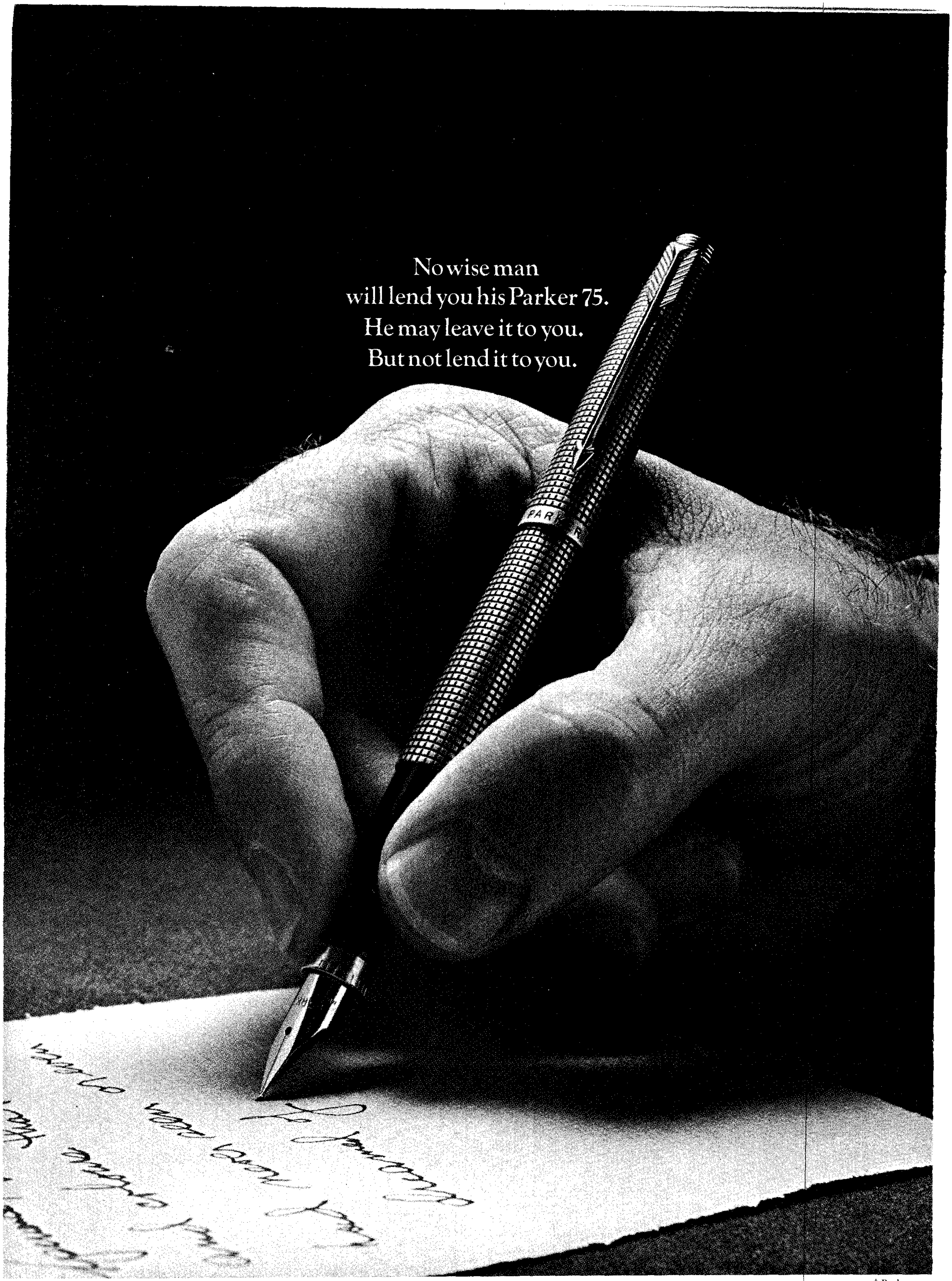
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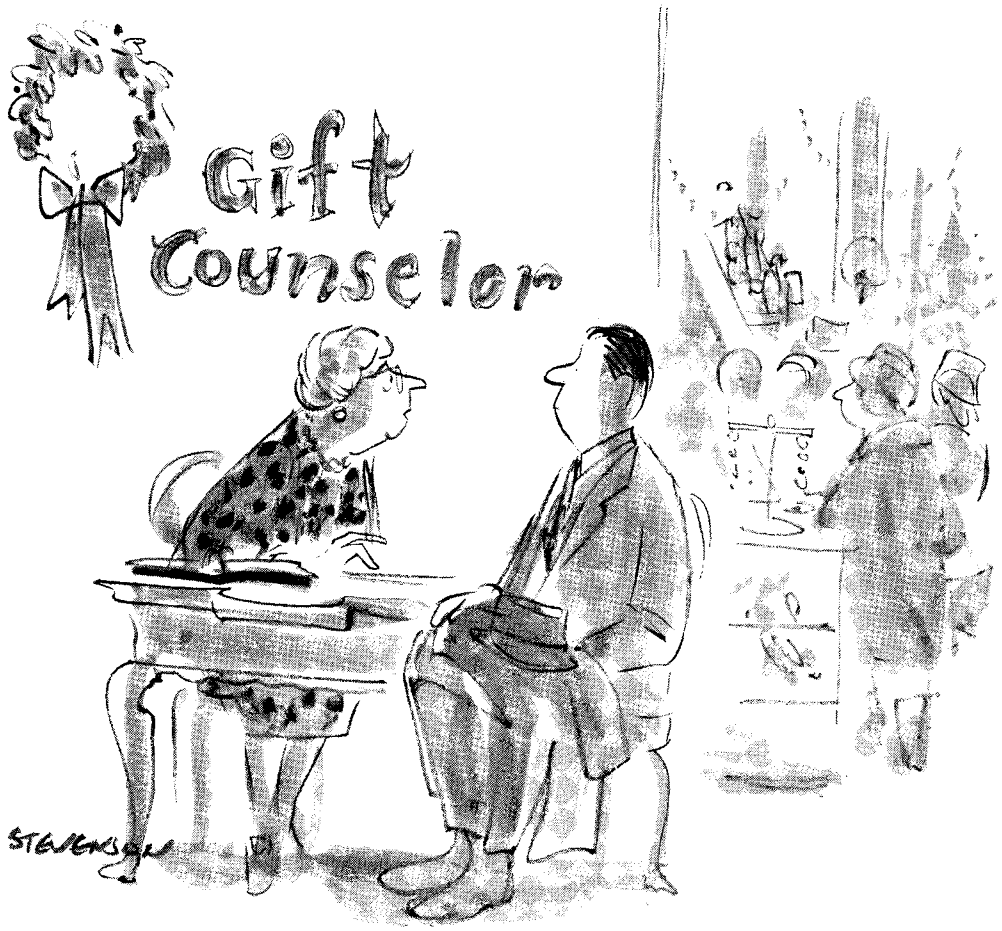
ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

WINTER READING, WINTER DREAMS

THE year 1967 started with an all-out alert on the danger of poisonous plants. On January 6th, the *Times* published a story about a lecture on the subject by John M. Kingsbury, who is the author of a useful small book titled "Deadly Harvest: A Guide to Common Poisonous Plants," illustrated by identifying line drawings and photographs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1965). The *Times* reporter drew heavily on Dr. Kingsbury's compact "Guide" for her rather naïvely astonished recital of dangers to children in their mothers' flower beds. Later in January, Delacorte published a picture book with drawings by Leonard Baskin and text by Esther Baskin, titled "The Poppy and Other Deadly Plants" (twelve dollars and fifty cents). The two books could hardly be more different. The first is practical and scientific; the second is romantic, literary, a bit vague as to facts, but a work of art. The *Times* story was no news to me or to any gardener, botanist, farmer, or sheep or cattle grower, each one of whom has long known that many of our most beautiful flowers, trees, shrubs, and weeds, both wild and cultivated, are poisonous if a human being or an animal ingests the roots, the leaves, the flowers, the berries or fruits—whatever part the poison happens to lie in. We all know, too, that many other plants are not killers but are poisonous to touch (poison ivy, poison sumac, poison oak, and so on), and that still others are allergens for certain individuals. Dr. Kingsbury covers all types of poisons quite thoroughly. A professor at the State College of Agriculture at Cornell, he is a specialist on the subject, and his technical book for scientists is "Poisonous Plants of the United States and Canada" (Prentice-Hall, 1964; thirteen dollars and ninety-five cents). His less expensive 1965 handbook for popular consumption is an excellent guide, especially for parents and for camp directors, many of whom now seem to like to send their children on "survival trips," in which the campers live off the land and water they cover. Dr. Kingsbury's "Guide," if followed with common sense and no panic, can prevent needless deaths of children, heedless adults, and many farm creatures. He finally says, or implies—and I agree with him—that there is no real protection for very young children except supervision and education and eradication of special dangers near or in their homes. They should be taught never to eat leaves and roots and flowers or to swallow a berry without an adult's permission, and as soon as possible they should be educated to recognize what plants are to be avoided completely. At a very early age, I remember, I was taught how to recognize and stay away from deadly nightshade, poison ivy, and poison sumac. (I was just as early taught the delights of chewing tender young checkerberry leaves and sassafras root.) To me it would be ridiculous, though, not to grow monkshood, foxglove, hellebore, larkspur, autumn crocus, poppies, lilies of the valley, buttercups, and many other flowers now present in my borders just because they have some poison in them (in juice, root, bulb, seed, or flower) that can be injurious under certain conditions—most often, of course, if it is swallowed. Even young potato sprouts—and potatoes themselves, if their skin is green—are highly poisonous, while just outside the home grounds grow still more dangerous plants, like the vicious water hemlock and the deadly nightshade, in roadside ditches, meadows, swamps, woods, or suburban empty lots. Garden shrubs or plants with poisonous decorative berries are a different matter. The bright berries of some varieties of Daphne and yew, the shiny bean of the castor bean—no sensible mother will grow these plants, since very little children instinctively reach for a gleaming tidbit to pop into their mouths. One safeguard, of course, is to cut off poisonous fruits, seedpods, and berries the moment they appear, but this isn't a sure precaution. It *was* news to me that the hardly noticeable flower of the poinsettia is highly poisonous if it is eaten. Its surrounding Christmas-red so-called "petals" (actually bracts), which might attract a baby, are also poisonous, so if you have the kind of child who is a nibbler of bright objects or who would pluck a huge poinsettia bloom and chew it up—bracts, blossoms, and all—beware! In the South, picnickers must learn never to grill meat on a twig of oleander, and so on. Knowledge is the answer, and Dr. Kingsbury gives many warnings for odd situations. The Baskins' handsome



"I'll tell you what to give her, young man. Give her love and understanding, and tenderness."

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volume of deadly plants is a graphic delight. The text is full of interesting myths, literary references, and facts from ancient herbals. It covers only a few of the killer poisonous plants, and I would never count on it as a guide, but I enjoyed it.

I feel sympathetic to country children who like to forage for edibles, because I liked to myself, and my youngest grandson, now eight years old, still thrives on a diet of green fruit and berries. He seems to prefer a plum or apple he has picked too soon to windfalls or ripened fruits that have been harvested. A sense of guilt about this oppresses me, because it could well be that he inherited his scavenger habits from me; I am thinking of the long autumn walks my next-older sister and I took, when I was his age, in the lanes, orchards, and spinneys of Woodstock, Connecticut, and when the game was to see how many nuts, apples, peaches, berries, and unharvested tomatoes and carrots left in the vegetable rows we could stow away before we returned to the tame harbor of our aunt's garden and orchard.

When I was even younger, I had a solitary adventure in the same locale that I might confess to here, ludicrous as it was, since it involved both Woodstock and a Victorian garden-centered children's book. I was visiting my aunt, this time alone, and to keep me occupied she gave me an even then old-fashioned children's book—Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Mary's Meadow," which was published in London by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1886. I have reread it recently and wonder now why I found it so absorbing, since it is sentimental, moralizing, and far removed from an American child's habits of mind and life. It is even hard to believe that English children with a family gardener were as interested in topsoil, compost, and very special flowers as Mrs. Ewing's young family. However, I had read and liked "Jackanapes," Mrs. Ewing's juvenile classic, and I snapped up "Mary's Meadow." The story was about a large, lonely, bookish family of English children whose passion was for gardening and flowers. Mary, the narrator and the oldest child—in her mother's absence the Little Mother of the brood—dug out of the family library John Parkinson's famous seventeenth-century "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris," and to amuse her brothers and sisters she invented a game in which the children created an "Earthly Paradise" of their own. Each character had a name derived

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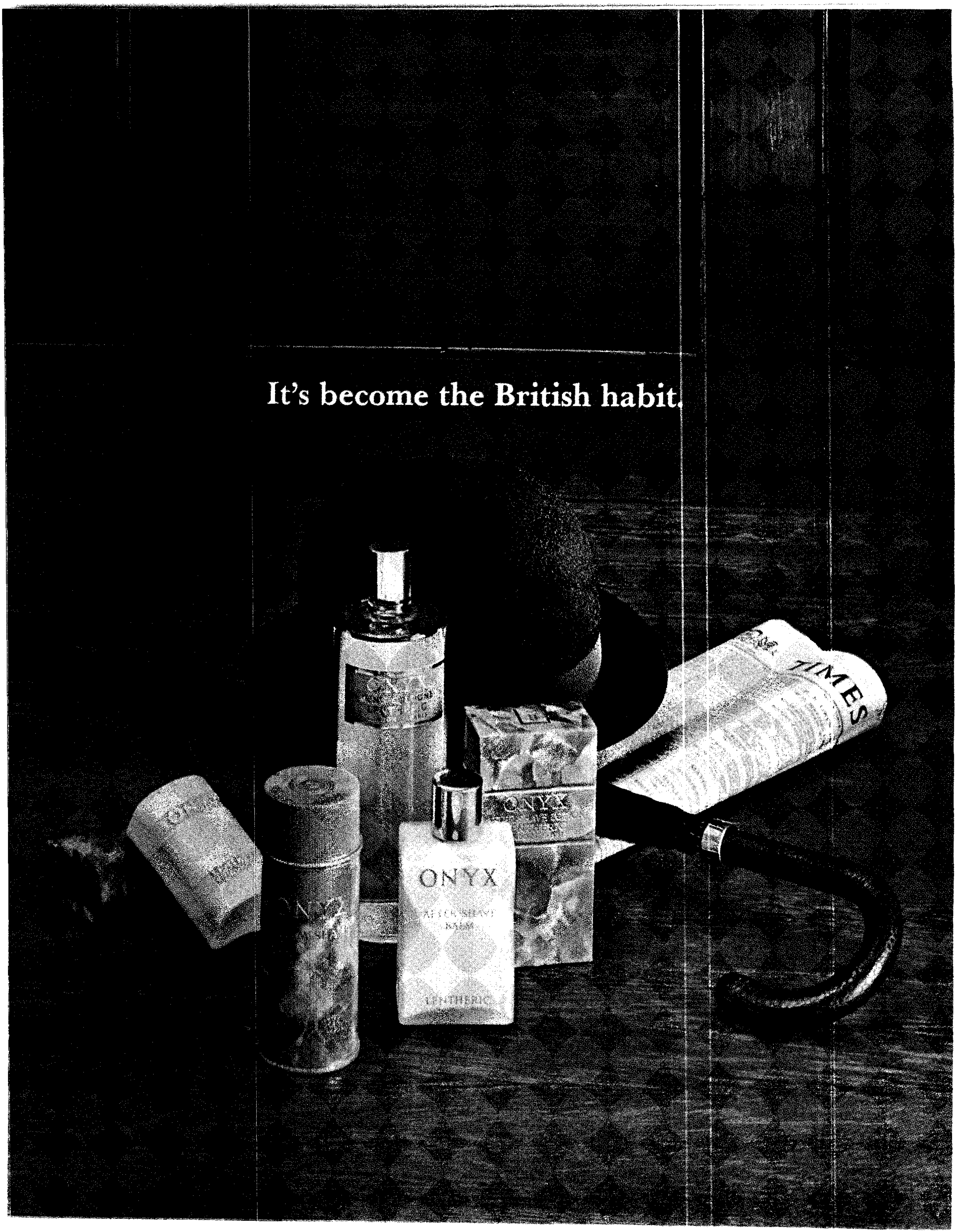
from books, flowers, or gardening and a part to play in their game. Mary's was Traveller's Joy, who sows seeds and plants flowers from her home garden in the hedgerows and roadsides to give joy to passersby—a sort of British Johnny Appleseed. Her title in the game was derived from the British common name for the wild clematis that brightens the hedgerows of the English countryside, but I had never heard of either Traveller's Joy or clematis at that age and I read the title symbolically, as did the children of the book in their game. Thus, one day, when my aunt was dividing her garden perennials, I gathered up a few of her discarded roots and started out with a trowel, determined to be Woodstock's Traveller's Joy. The borders of the Connecticut dirt roads, where then the chief traffic was horse-drawn, seemed too full of bloom and too public and too difficult to dig in for my surreptitious enterprise, so I turned up a grassy cow lane belonging to a neighboring farmer, and there I hastily planted my garden flowers. I even went back to water them the next day. It did not occur to me until years later that the lane must have been alive with the bloom of far rarer and more lovely wild flowers than my garden transplants of common garden phlox and Golden Glow or that there would be few travellers up the lane except Mr. Sumner, the farmer, his cows, and his daughters, who were my friends. But all the next winter I took a secret pleasure in my comical plantings, which, so far as I know, did not survive. Great is the power of books!

THE first significant American book on fragrance in the garden since 1932, when Louise Beebe Wilder's memorable work, "The Fragrant Path," was published, is "The Fragrant Year," by Helen Van Pelt Wilson and Léonie Bell (Barrows, 1967; ten dollars). It is a beautiful book, illustrated with a hundred of Mrs. Bell's exquisite pencil drawings, which to me are the best part of this handsome volume. The text is workmanlike and the authors are sincere in their appreciations of the multitude of garden scents, but in spite of several fine passages I found the text a bit disappointing. It sent me back to reading Mrs. Wilder, who has always charmed me, and to another famous study of fragrance—"The Scented Garden," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, an English book first published here in 1931. Both these writers are now rather out of date on horticultural varieties and nomenclature, but their books can be read right through with pleasure as books rather than as reference books. The authors of "The Fragrant Year" have produced an excellent and even imaginative reference book and have covered the subject of fragrance plant by plant and month by month, including house plants, shrubs, bulbs, a few trees, and many flowers. They draw on their own experience in their two home gardens in Westport, Connecticut, and Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, which happen to have similar climatic conditions. The book is written in the first person plural—a pronoun that in this case is unsatisfactory and occasionally confusing. Mrs. Wilson's introduction refers to the "we" as the editorial "we," but it is not that at all. It is the plural "we." I couldn't always be sure where I was geographically or which expert was speaking. I wish the authors had divided up the chapters and written them separately, referring back and forth to each other's garden when need be and indicating which author wrote which chapters. Much has been made of their elaborate reclassification of scents—an undertaking I find highly dubious, since the nose is such an unreliable organ and varies so much from individual to individual. A few of their nine main categories of fragrance make sense to any nose, such as *Balsamic*, *Heavy*, *Spicy*, and *Fruited*, which has four subdivisions. But what about the categories *Sweet* and *Honeyed*? The latter is divided into (a) "dry, musty, almondlike, sweet," (b) "yeasty, from sweet to offensively strong," (c) "musky, fermented, sweet." The catchall word "sweet" could apply to most scents, and the distinction between *Sweet*, which is one of their categories, and "sweet," the adjective describing *Honeyed*, is a bit odd. What, too, about the category *Unique*, under which they list only lily of the valley, sweet pea, some irises, wisteria, and common lilac? To my nose, admittedly now unreliable because of years of smoking, heliotrope is heliotrope and unique, and so are mignonette and *Clematis paniculata*, carnations, and countless other flowers. The fragrance of violets, they later admit in a separate chapter, *is* unique, and they make *Violet* a fragrance category, as they do *Rose*. The chapter on roses, obviously a labor of love, is one of the most rewarding—on fragrance, on species and varieties, and on the history of the rose strains.

There are some notable omissions, especially among the tulips, which are,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as they say, mostly unscented, but there are quite a few more with fragrance than they list. (The delicious parrot tulip Orange Favourite is one, and there are Ellen Willmott and others among the modern hybrid tulips.) The authors also, I feel, give too few warnings against the seeds of new hybrid flowers that have lost the scent of the original strain, and too few warnings against oppressively fragrant plants. However, the nose does differ on the latter matter; what sickens one person will delight another, as I have found in my own household with some kinds of lilies and with the—to me—deliciously scented waxplant. As a reference book, “The Fragrant Year” also lacks that essential ingredient for the practicing gardener—the names and addresses of nurseries and seed houses that are sources for some of the rarer scented plants. Despite these qualifications, get the book. No gardener who cares for fragrance should be without it, and no public library. As for the illustrations, my admiration is unlimited; Mrs. Bell is an outstanding botanical artist, with the ability to make her pale-black pencil drawings create texture and character, and sometimes—magically, or so it seems—even color. Her detail is amazing, yet her drawings are works of art; for accuracy, they surpass any color photograph and most of the black-and-white textbook botanical drawings I have seen of late, in an era when botanical art is at low ebb.

THIS year, it is the wild-flower enthusiasts of the Southeastern states who are in luck, because of the publication of Volume II (in two huge books) of the New York Botanical Garden’s “Wild Flowers of the United States,” an unprecedented and mammoth work-in-progress, of which Harold W. Rickett, the Garden’s senior curator of botany, is the editor and McGraw-Hill the publisher. It costs forty-four dollars and fifty cents—five dollars more than last year’s two big books, on the wild flowers of the Northeast, and understandably, since Volume II (six hundred and eighty-eight pages in all) is much longer than the two parts of Volume I. It lists nineteen hundred species and is illustrated with sixteen hundred and ninety-five full-color photographs and three hundred and eighty-four line drawings. The botanical introduction and guide to the families of plants of Volume I is repeated, with its charts and explanatory line drawings. The two new books include not only more text but many, many more flowers, which require

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many more new identifying color plates. The states covered this time are the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, and the eastern and coastal sections of Texas—a wide range so far as climate and soil go, embracing woodlands, meadows, swamps, and parts of three mountain ranges (the Appalachians, the Blue Ridge, and the Ozarks), not to speak of the unique Everglades. All the flowers that grow in both the Northeast and the Southeast are shown again (and there *is* considerable overlapping), occasionally with a better photograph than the one in the first volume or with minor corrections in text or botanical classification. I noticed, too, that some of the color plates repeated from Volume I appear to be improved in color *reproduction*. These ambitious books, which describe far more wildings than have ever before been put between covers in a book for the average reader, grow bigger and better as the series progresses. Dr. Rickett has more collaborators this time, and he states in his preface that it is "with trepidation" that he presents the flora of "a vast and varied region" with which he is "only slightly acquainted." With how much more trepidation, then, do I, an amateur who is only moderately well acquainted with the wild flowers of New England, New York, and the Main Line region of Pennsylvania, attempt to review these important books! I can do it only in a general way, not as an informed review. I have spent a good many winters on the west coast of Florida, but I have never found the region inviting for walks in the wild, except along the beaches. Poisonous snakes lie in wait, knife-sharp palmetto and prickly scrub tear at your legs, and bayous and islands and sandy keys are bordered with impenetrable if glorious mangrove barricades. However, in the state and national parks and preserves in which Florida abounds, a Northerner comes upon unknown and delicious wild flowers, and the sides of the roads off the main highways suddenly burst into brilliant weedy flowers he does not at once recognize. The new books go South with me this winter, and I hope they help me widen my acquaintance with Florida wild flowers. The "Orchid Family" section of the new books is especially beautiful in its photographs, and it especially fascinates a New Englander used to the few noble but sparse orchids of a cold climate. Dr. Rickett acknowledges a debt to Dr. Carlyle Luer, of Sarasota (which happens to be my Florida city), for both the text and the photographs of the "Orchid Family."

I must reluctantly add that the built-in drawbacks of Volume I that bothered me a year ago still persist in Volume II—photographs instead of more exact and lifelike botanical paintings; books too heavy to hold in the hand, far worse in this respect, of course, this year; again, an index only at the end of Part II instead of including the index at the end of each big book. This means that for viewing, reading, or consultation for identification one must own a double-width dictionary lectern, sit at an oversize table, or else resort, as I do, to a wide double bed with lots of propping pillows for the big tomes, since both books have to be available, side by side, for consultation of the index. Despite the cumbersome format, I can testify that in the past year I, an average reader unversed in botany, have found Volume I definitely useful and readable. Volume I's two sections are bound in a gay green buckram; the two for the Southeast are clad in muddy oxford gray. Obviously, the editors do not expect most readers to buy all the volumes of this vast undertaking as a matching set. Last year, I expressed the hope that this great scientific work would eventually be broken down into smaller, handier, less expensive state-by-state reference books, and I am happy to report that Dr. Rickett has written me that this is the eventual plan, but he says that its execution will be in the far future. The important thing now is to have the rest of the big volumes adequately financed and the entire United States covered, so that its enormous wealth of wild flowers may be revealed to every interested citizen.

A NEW book to browse about in for the sheer entertainment of its astonishing facts and its copious photographic illustrations is Edwin A. Menninger's "Fantastic Trees" (Viking). The author, who is an authority on trees and tropical horticulture, addresses his prologue to his psychiatrist brother Dr. William C. Menninger, of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, pointing out that trees often seem to behave like human beings and have many of the ailments, aberrations, and eccentricities of men. The book is really a series of case histories of the "marvels and monstrosities of the arboreal world." Obesity and gigantism in trees, trees that switch sex, trees that are gre-

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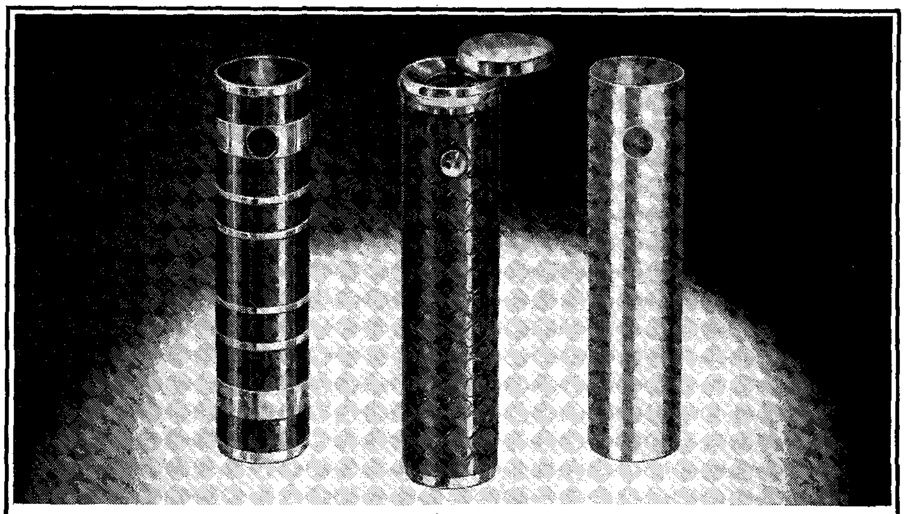

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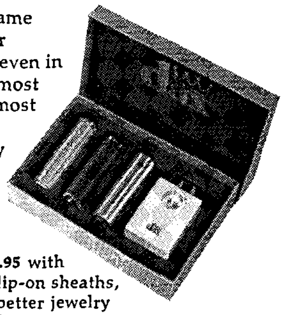

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garious and trees that must grow in solitude, even self-sacrificing trees are just a few of the curiosities he cites. Most interesting of all to me is the section on "Trees That Cannot Live Without Animals." There is, for instance, a tree whose blossoms are pollinated only by bats, and another pollinated only by rats, and there are tree seeds that will not germinate unless they have been through the digestive system of a giant tortoise. Other seeds have to be disseminated and fertilized by elephants if they are to sprout. These are but a few of the oddities of reproduction and survival. One chapter, titled "The Wasp Trees," is so complex and surprising that it could provide conversation enough to revive a lagging six-course dinner party.

"SOME ANCIENT GENTLEMEN," by Tyler Whittle (Taplinger, 1966), is one of those rare books with garden subject matter that can be read right through for the pure pleasure of their literary style, their civilized wit, and their extensive knowledge of global garden history and literature. Mr. Whittle is also a do-it-yourself gardener and a botanical collector. He amusingly recounts the pleasures and pains of his own unorthodox English garden and the hazards of handymen helpers. What makes me happiest, though, is his consistent humor and his tongue-in-cheek comments on the fidgety habits and sheer lunacy of the dedicated gardener. Many should find his wide-ranging discourse a lifesaver in the midst of the pedestrian or overdecorated garden books that American publishers too frequently favor. The book is illustrated modestly with decorative line drawings, photographs, and a few reproductions of ancient garden engravings and plans.

"THE ROTHSCHILD RHODODENDRONS: A RECORD OF THE GARDENS AT EXBURY," by C. E. Lucas Phillips and Peter N. Barber (Dodd, Mead; forty dollars), will make good reading and viewing for all growers of rhododendrons and azaleas. Their name is legion today, both North and South, now that suburbanites and average gardeners as well as the owners of great estates are able to grow these formerly exigent decorative shrubs. The big volume is also practical, since it contains the 1966 "Exbury Register" of rhododendrons and azaleas developed by Lionel de Rothschild and his son Edmund at Exbury, many of which are now among the most prized varieties because of their bred-in hardiness and

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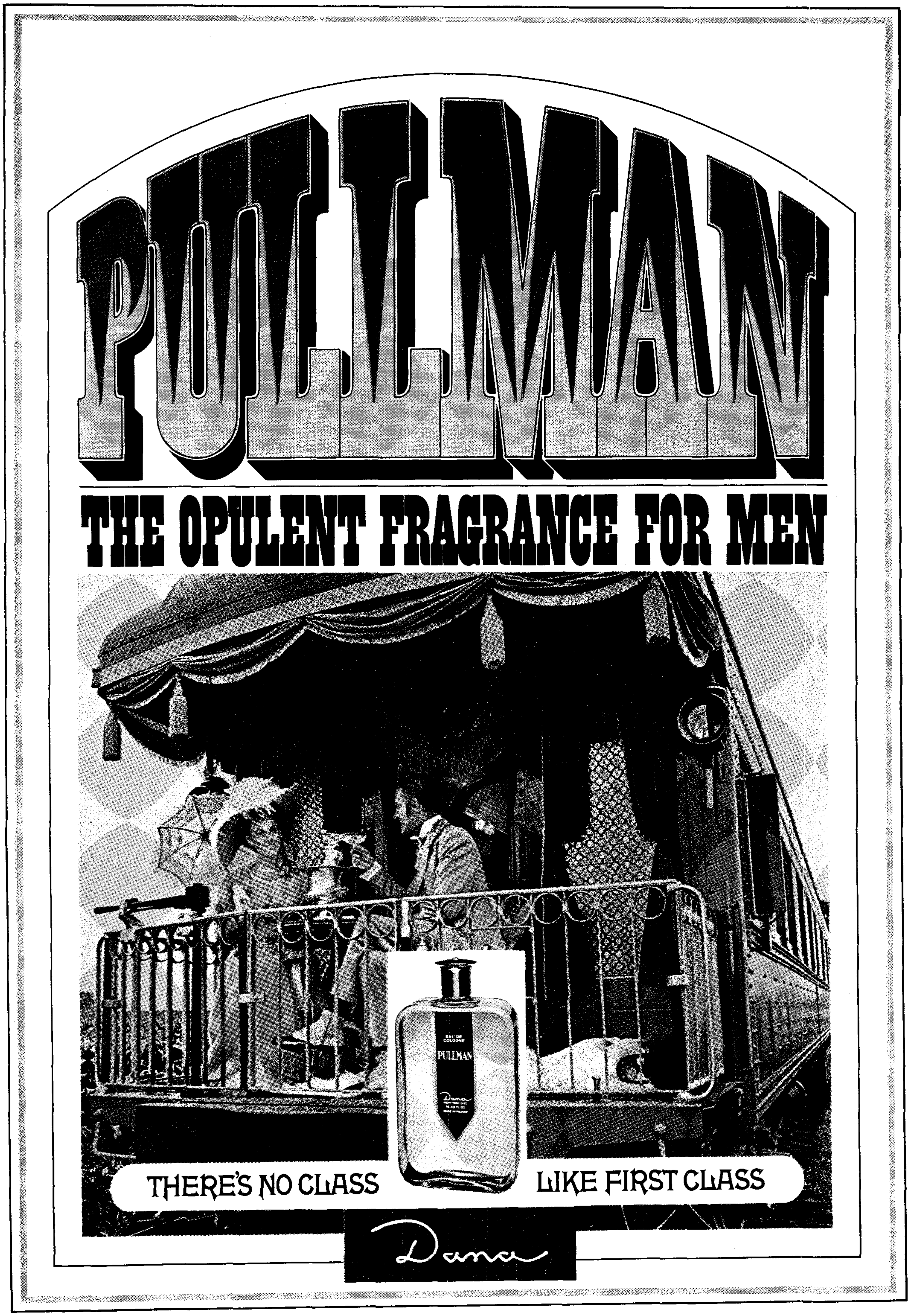

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their unusual beauty. There is also an excellent chapter on their culture. The "Register" gives their ancestry and their British and American ratings, with notations on the varieties that cannot stand cold weather. All this sounds like a book for the connoisseur only, but for an amateur gardener like me, who does not grow rhododendrons or azaleas, it makes good reading, too. Its narrative chapters tell the unusual life story of Lionel de Rothschild, who was not only the head of the great Rothschild-family London banking firm but also one of the most gifted horticulturists of this century, and they describe the gradual development from near-to-scratch of Exbury House and its surrounding two hundred and fifty acres of gardens and woods on the Beaulieu River, near Southampton. "Mr. Lionel," as he was known to his staff, would spend the week in London, dash down to Hampshire in his Rolls-Royce two-seater every Friday, and there direct each detail of the huge enterprise. He himself marked the spot where every tree, shrub, and plant was to be placed, and he himself did most of the hand-pollination that achieved the famous hybrids. The First World War delayed his work, but between the two World Wars he grew the finest rhododendron garden in the world—an estimated million plants—and in the twenty years he had at Exbury before his death he made twelve hundred and ten crosses, from which four hundred and sixty-two new varieties were named and registered—an amazing achievement, horticulturally, in so brief a time.

The story told here is the record, too, of one of the last examples of English gardening in the grand manner. At the start, there was a task force of a hundred and fifty men to dig two feet deep into every inch of the ground in the Exbury Home Wood, where the rhododendrons were to grow. Ponds were drained and their bottoms cemented, and new ponds were made. There were sixty gardeners to work in the woods and fifteen in the greenhouses, a clerk of the works, and, presumably, other clerks to keep the records and compile the all-important studbook. Yes, it is called exactly that; a prize rhododendron's heritage chart is even more complex than that of the bloodlines of a race horse. The color plates, from photographs by Harry Smith, comprise half the large volume, and despite a few minor failures in green and blue tones they are superb. Mr. Phillips writes with warmth about Lionel de

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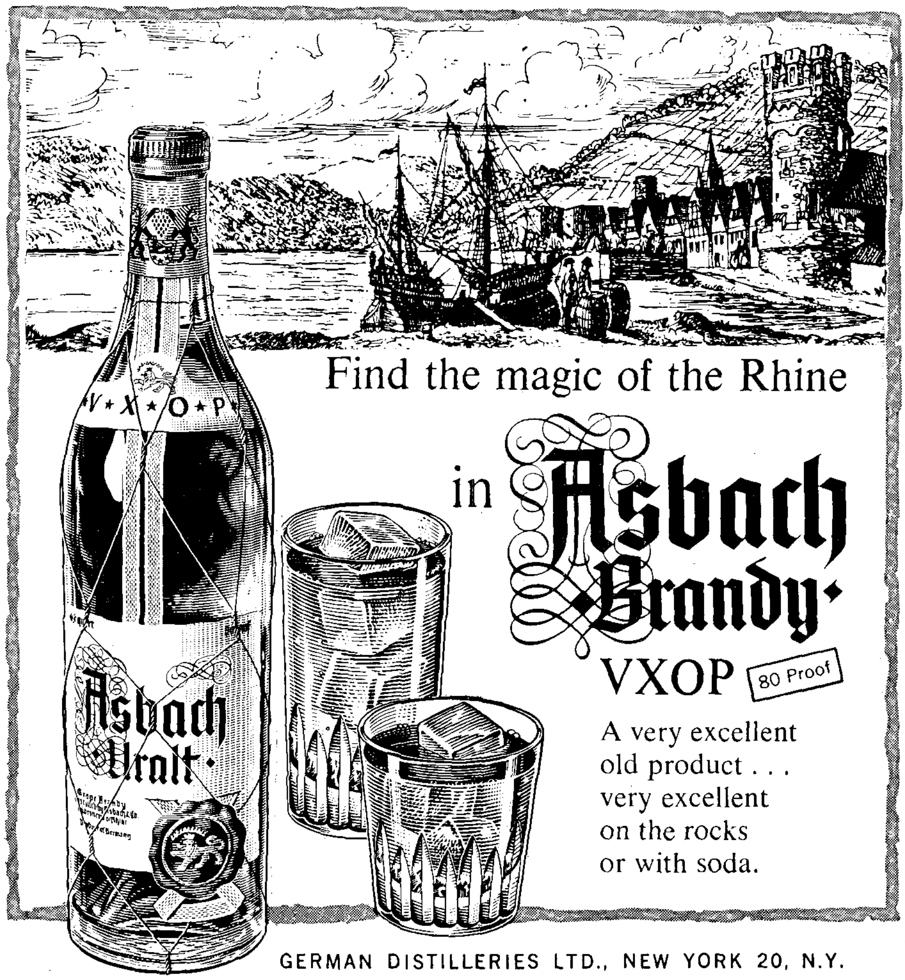

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Rothschild and with clarity on horticulture; his collaborator on the text, Peter Barber, is the present director of Exbury Gardens, now a commercial nursery that continues to develop more hybrids. The estate has been reduced in part to farmland and in part to the public nursery, which is owned by Edmund de Rothschild, but the great rhododendron wood is still preserved and is private—not a part of the National Trust. Edmund de Rothschild no longer lives in Exbury House but at nearby Inchmery, the home of his infancy, where his father lived while he was laying out Exbury. The story of the diminishment of the great Exbury estate by the Second World War and a changing economy is told sadly and forthrightly in the book. Unfortunately for Americans, the facts of how best to obtain named varieties of Exbury-strain rhododendrons and azaleas in this country are not explained, since the book was first published in England, for an English audience. Exbury varieties or strains are available at a number of our good general or specialized nurseries, and are listed under slightly varying names (involving the words "Exbury" and "Rothschild") and often with conflicting and sometimes ambiguous guarantees. Some of the general nurseries list unnamed varieties and only in mixed colors. If I were buying, I would order from a specialized nursery that is explicit on variety names and on hardiness, since no gardener should be so foolish as to buy mixed colors or plants not suitable to his climate zone. If he does, disappointment lies ahead. I remember only too vividly my father's chagrin after he finally invested a considerable sum in a small plantation of rhododendrons in colors he had been at some pains to select. The bushes all lived and appeared to thrive, but every one of them produced only pallid lavender-white flower trusses each year, and every June my father suffered and muttered. He had been gypped and he knew it, but at that he might have been worse off if his faithless nurseryman had sold him indiscriminately mixed colors and he had wound up with a clash of purple and orange blooms against the pink brick wall of our house in Brookline. This beautiful volume would have given him many happy winter dreams, as it may give them to others today, just as it has to me. After all, winter reading and winter daydreams of what might be—the gardens of the mind—are as rewarding a part of gardening as the partial successes of a good summer of bloom.

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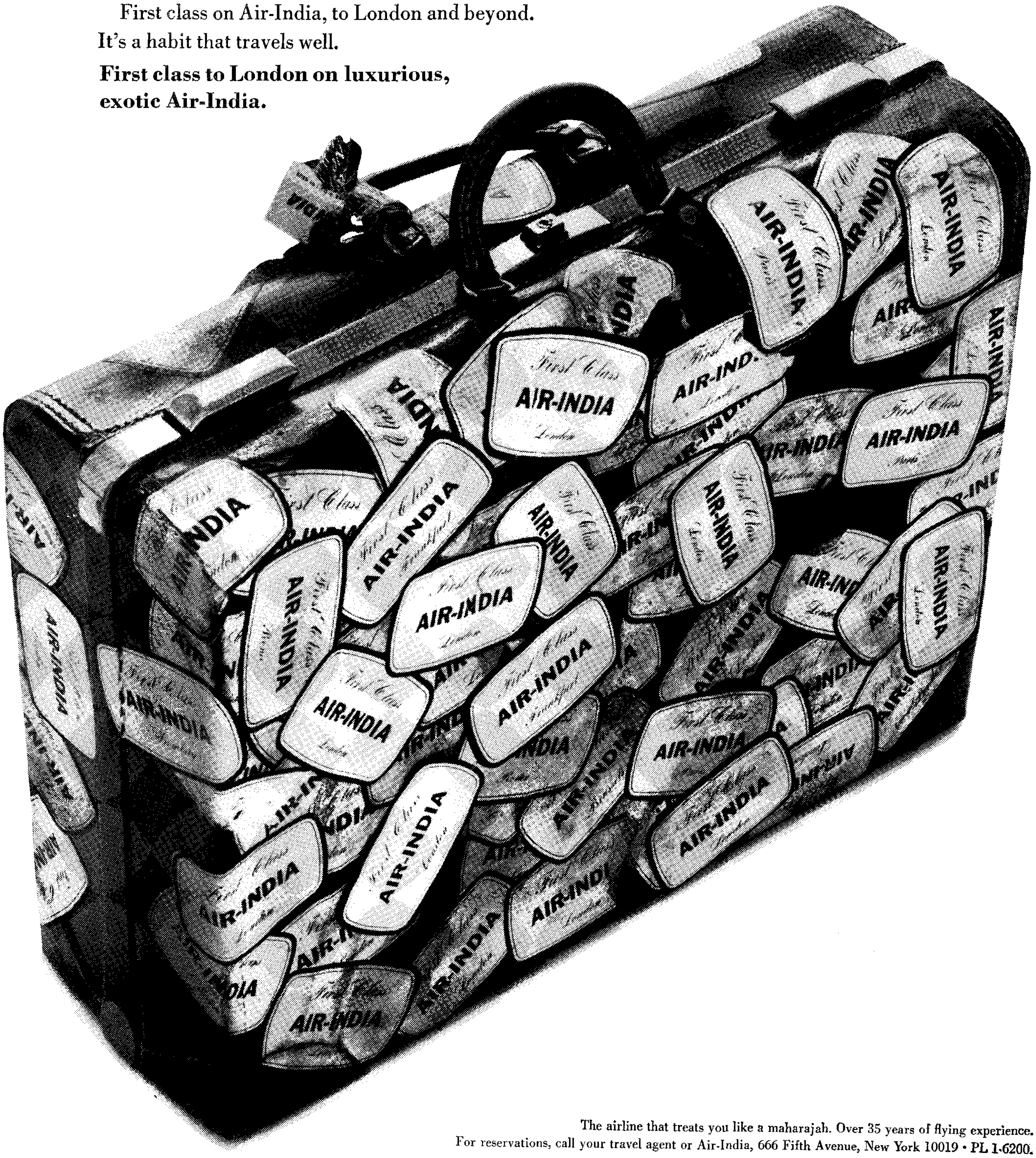

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ANYONE who spends much time with the militantly wholesome young men and women who appear in "Up with People!"—a road show that ordinarily bills itself as "the world-famous Sing-Out explosion"—becomes accustomed to confessions of sinful pasts. I first read of the show when it was appearing in St. Louis and the *Globe-Democrat* ran an item headlined " 'UP WITH PEOPLE' PERFORMER RESCUED FROM FATE OF HIPPIES." The performer, shown in a picture, was a husky Negro from Baltimore described as a quarterback on his high-school football team, and he appeared less likely to end up in the East Village smoking pot than on the back cover of *Ebony* holding a bottle of Coca-Cola. But he told the interviewer that he had actually participated in anti-Vietnam war demonstrations and sit-ins, and that, at the rate he had been going, he might have drifted into hippiedom if "Up with People!" hadn't set him straight.

The first "Up with People!" performer I met in person told a story almost as shocking. My wife and I had gone to Long Island to see an outdoor performance of the show at a Catholic military academy, and after forty-five minutes of exuberant singing to the beat of a set of drums and four or five guitars, the first half ended with a chorus of the theme song:

"Up! Up with people!
You meet 'em wherever you go!
Up! Up with people!
They're the best kind of folks we
know.
If more people were for people,
All people everywhere,
There'd be a lot less people to
worry about,
And a lot more people who care!"

"Fair enough," my wife said. She had also reacted favorably to a song that went "We ain't great, we just concentrate on doing away with greed and hate." She expected the young man who announced intermission to say that the cast would take a short rest and be back, but instead he said that the cast would be right out to meet the audience. Thereupon, all the young people onstage—about a hundred and twenty of them—leaped from the risers they had been standing on and poured out toward the audience at a dead run. I could sense that my wife was about to bolt, but we held our ground. A blond young man managed to stop just before he crashed into us, stuck out his hand, introduced himself, and asked us how we liked the show.

My wife said something about admiring the performers' enthusiasm—even during numbers when nobody left his place on the risers the stage had been constantly alive with perfectly coördinated arm and body movements—and I asked the young man how he had happened to become involved in "Up with People!"

"Well, I was pretty much of a bum," he said. I looked at him more closely. He had short blond hair and the same broad smile that all of the performers had managed to retain even while singing. "I came home from college last year and I had long hair and rode a motorcycle and everything," he went on. "My mom took one look at me and told me to get a haircut."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, I got a haircut, of course," he said. "But I was leading an aimless life."

"Some bum!" my wife said later. But after spending a few days with Cast B of "Up with People!" (it is one of three casts currently touring the country) I have decided that the blond young man did have a reasonably degenerate past, as "Up with People!" pasts go. "Up with People!" is sponsored by Moral Re-Armament—which preaches that the world can be changed if every individual changes his own life and begins to aim at absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love—and there are not many reformed souls, even clean-cut sixteen-year-old reformed souls, who are unable to find something in their past to have reformed from. Looking back on his life, the typical "Up with People!" performer is at least contrite and occasionally appalled. It is not unusual to hear a cheerful and ostensibly well-behaved girl confess to such sins as cheating in high school, uncharitable behavior toward sisters and brothers, or sloppiness around the house.

"When I look back on what I was like then, I'm just disgusted," an awesomely polite young lady told me before one performance.

"You mean drinking and smoking and carrying on and all?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't drink or smoke," she said. "But I just did whatever the group did. I went to church, for instance, but it was strictly Sunday-go-to-meeting. It didn't mean a thing." She seemed to be suppressing a shudder.

I talked with one boy in the cast who managed to make regular high-school

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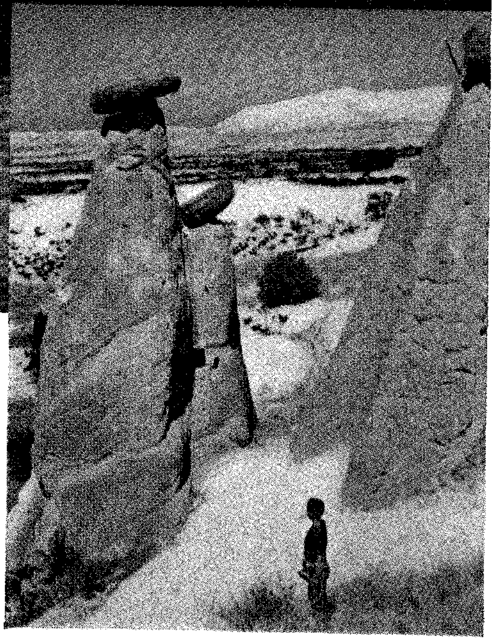

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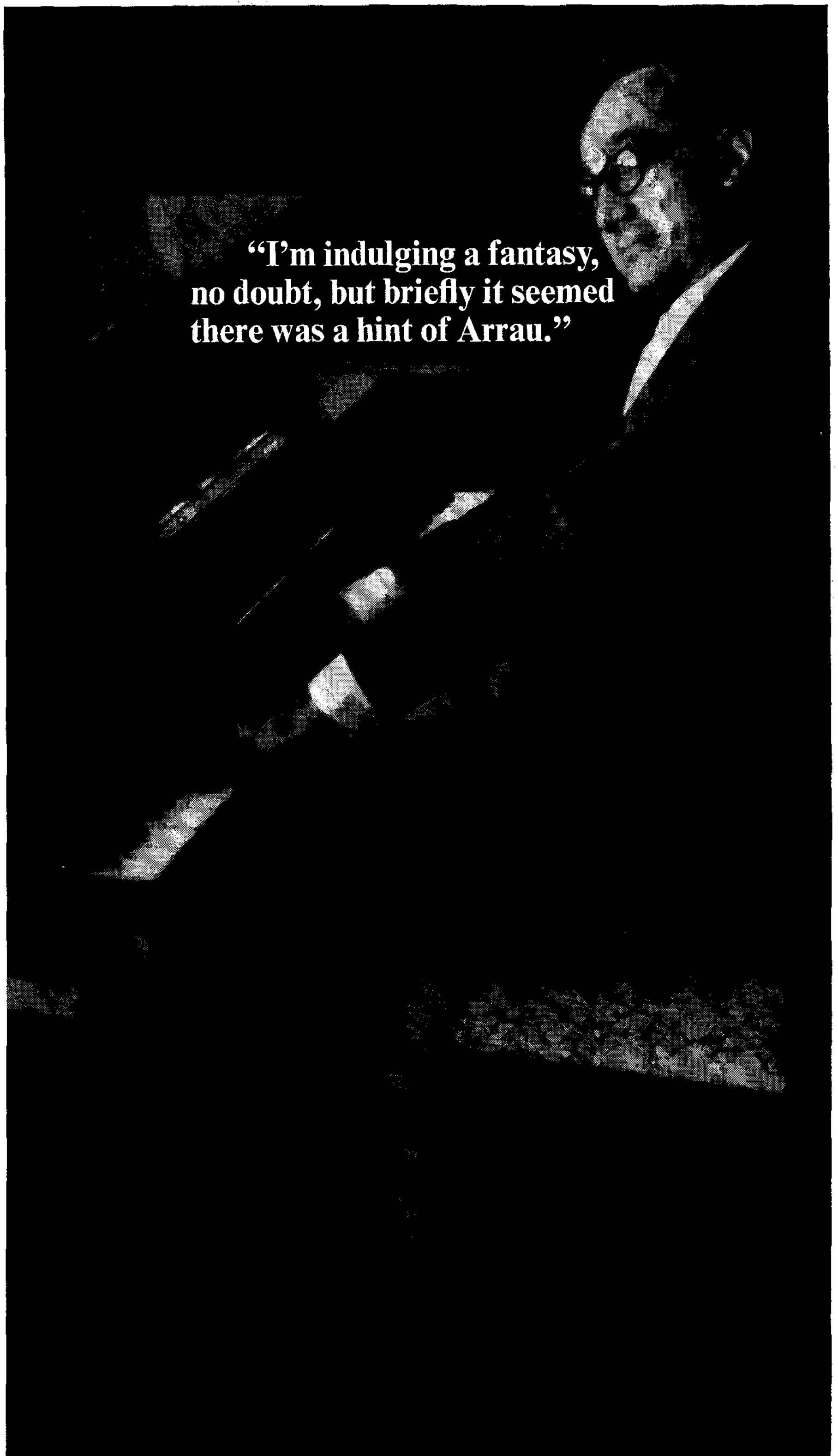
attendance sound vaguely degenerate. "I just went because it was expected of me," he said.

ALTHOUGH the "Up with People!" cast members who swoop off the stage toward the audience are relentlessly friendly to anybody they happen to come across, they are primarily interested in inspiring other young people to form their own local sing-outs or to join one of the national casts—to become part of what they have just heard called "a tough, spirited force of men and women whose enthusiasm and purpose will rocket us into a new era." The show's managers say that the last time Cast B came through Chicago, in September, it inspired the formation of seventeen local sing-outs by concentrating on playing high-school assemblies—or, as they would put it, by "reaching over eighty thousand students in seventy-two assemblies in five days." ("Up with People!" people are fond of statistics; as often as possible the cast is quartered in private homes, and an adult manager of the show once told me, in describing an "Up with People!" visit to Panama, "We lived in over six hundred homes in eleven cities in ten days.") Cast members often say that "Up with People!" is a demonstration, rather than a musical show, and its publicity sometimes refers to it as a revolution—"a revolt against the cynicism and moral relativism which have diluted the country's traditions." It is based on a philosophy that can easily be expressed in song lyrics. In "Freedom Isn't Free," the audience is told, "You got to pay a price,/ You got to sacrifice/ For your liberty." In another number, the young singers, their smiles temporarily replaced by thoughtful looks, ask, "What Color Is God's Skin?" and answer, "It's black, brown, it's yellow, it is red, it is white,/ Every man's the same in the good Lord's sight." The history of the country, "Up with People!" lyrics say, was based on faith and hard work, and, as for the future, when young people jar the world out of its "psychedelic stew" they will be able to go "harder, faster, higher in space/ Deeper in the sea,/ The greatest generation in history. / And banish forever hatred and fear, / Famine and greed, / Every last problem of humanity." Songs are sung celebrating the heroism of Paul Revere, Joan of Arc, and the 9th Infantry Division ("The Fighting Falcons—anytime, anywhere, bar nothin'— / Will show aggressors 'round the world that Uncle Sam ain't bluffin' "). One day, I asked one of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the adults from Moral Re-Armament who travel with the cast how he accounted for the strong support among the youngsters for the American action in Vietnam. "Well," he said, "these kids know that freedom isn't free. You *have to pay the price. You have to* sacrifice." I caught myself about to start humming. "Up with People!" tunes are very catchy.

To a number of middle-aged citizens these days, the spectacle of a hundred and fifty or so joyful, clean-living, permanently smiling young people—the boys in neat blazers, the girls in jumpers down to their knees, and all of them singing songs of faith and patriotism—must seem like a mirage. When "Up with People!" comes into a town, it sometimes receives all of the enthusiasm that local business leaders have been saving for any indication that the country may not really be doomed to fall into the hands of a generation of radicals and hopheads. Cast A stopped in Dallas this fall, and the Dallas *Times Herald* ran a front-page editorial urging every citizen to attend. The *Times Herald* called the show "the antidote for hippies and peaceniks," but those who participate in "Up with People!" believe it is far more than that. An article in "Sing-Out"—a booklet that provides local groups with the words, music, and motions to "Up with People!" songs—says, "A girl who gave up a $9,000 scholarship put it this way: 'This is a small price to pay for a part in saving civilization.'" Although travelling with a musical show might strike some teen-agers in the audience as a pretty romantic business, the most common remark of cast members about their participation is that they are willing to make the required sacrifices because of the urgency of the situation. They announce at every show that they receive no salary (in fact, those parents who can afford it are asked to contribute the cost of keeping a performer on the road) and that many of them have given up lucrative jobs or the joys of attending their home-town high schools (tutors oversee high-school correspondence courses on the road). Cast members also refrain from smoking, drinking, and dating while on the road, but they insist that this is no sacrifice; "Up with People!" struggles hard to avoid being labelled goody-goody, but absolute moral standards are absolute moral standards, and one of the song titles clearly states that "You Can't Live Crooked and Think Straight." Perhaps because "Up with People!" seeks to save civilization by means that are, in the customary terms of programs and issues, ineffable, it spends a lot of time assuring its audiences and its cast members that the effort is vital and that everything is going according to plan. The conversation of the performers is filled with anecdotes not only about the changes in their own lives—how they now make their beds when at home, how there is now more understanding in their families—but also about the changes wrought by "Up with People!" around the world. The triumphs are announced at cast meetings before major performances, and all of the cast members know precisely the same anecdotes about how left-wing Japanese students changed their view of America after seeing the show, or how tension in Panama was reduced by a few performances, or what the President of Venezuela had to say in praise of "Up with People!," or how important generals have kept a close watch on the considerable impact that forty-one "Up with People!" draftees have made on the United States Army. Any place that "Up with People!" has visited tends to sound like a battleground in the struggle. Performing in Germany is referred to as performing "on the border between East and West Germany," and singing in Korea is always mentioned as singing "along the Thirty-eighth Parallel in Korea;" the show always seems to have arrived in a foreign country "just weeks after violent demonstrations;" the names of Negro urban areas are normally preceded by "the streets of," so that cast members talk of having sung in "the streets of Watts." The constant repetition of how many hundreds of sing-outs have been formed and how many thousands of young people have become involved and how many millions of people have seen the show since "Up with People!" was founded two years ago creates a kind of cycle: people ought to see or join or support "Up with People!" because it is the most important force for changing the world, and it is the most important force for changing the world because people see or join or support it. The promoters of "Up with People!" seem to be able to mine a blurb out of any comment that falls short of direct slan-

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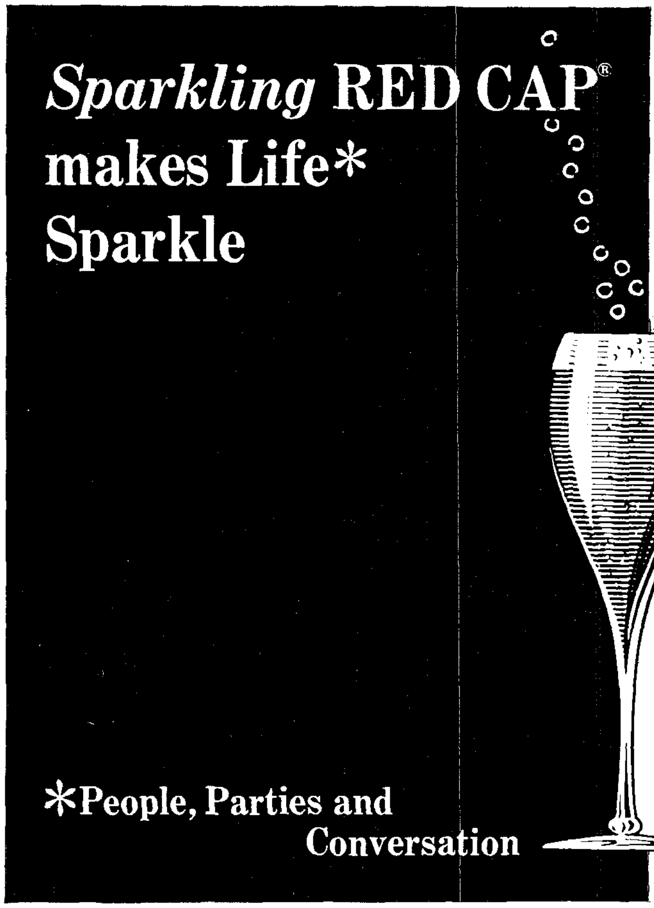

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der. In the tradition of the Moral Re-Armament newspaper advertisements that used to be dominated by a picture of the movement's founder, the late Frank Buchman, chatting intimately with some famous world leader, "Up with People!" performers rarely mention the cast's trip to Germany without recalling an audience with Konrad Adenauer or discuss the cast's previous visit to Chicago without also saying, "We were invited in by Mr. Allyn, the owner of the White Sox." African members of the cast occasionally mention the involvement of Jomo Kenyatta's nephew, and in sing-out literature any picture of one dark-haired young "Up with People!" participant is accompanied not only by her name but by a title: "Granddaughter of Cecil B. deMille."

WHEN part of Cast B performed at a high-school assembly in Cicero—a Chicago suburb once renowned for the presence of gangsters and more recently noted for the absence of Negroes—the audience applauded the singing of "What Color Is God's Skin?" but reserved its loudest cheers for mentions of Vietnam. Singing songs of racial tolerance has never spoiled the reception given "Up with People!" by conservatives; the show's first record album carries blurbs by John Wayne, Pat Boone, and the late Walt Disney, and one of its songs is dedicated to Patrick J. Frawley, Jr., who is the president of the Schick Safety Razor Company and a perennial backer of ultraconservative causes. "Up with People!" sings out for a world that has no barriers of race or class, but demonstrations designed to break down the barriers are ordinarily dismissed by cast members as "too small an answer" or lumped together with riots and drugs and peace marches as "negative." A description in the "Sing-Out" booklet of the young people who began "Up with People!" says, "Tired of protesting against what is wrong or demonstrating for their rights, they resolved that theirs would be the road of remaking the world. They decided, whatever the cost, they wouldn't stand still." The likely result of applying the "Up with People!" version of not standing still to a specific political situation was brought out at the Cicero assembly by a young African from Rhodesia, where a white minority rules through a regime that the rest of the world has not recognized as the legal government. "I came from the part of Rhodesia where all the trouble is usually engineered," he said. "I was waiting to throw stones at white

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SERIES 3. (Any more is a crowd.)

men and burn white men's houses. Then I met this force and I saw that it is not the color of a man's skin that counts but his character." Although "Up with People!" avoids the shrill anti-Communism and puritanism that once characterized Moral Re-Armament statements—a *Times* advertisement in 1963 listed first among things that Moral Re-Armament opposed "sexual deviants in high places who protect potential spies"—it presents conservative supporters with the prospect of thousands of young people decrying the methods customarily used by young people to challenge the status quo, all the while singing "Freedom Isn't Free," making their own beds, inspiring each other with testimonials on how they are changing the world, and looking forward confidently to the day when nations will get along because they practice absolute morality and trust each other.

"But aren't there real issues separating people and countries, even if they trust each other?" I asked one young man after a discussion of what the future could hold.

"Have you heard about what happened in Panama after 'Up with People!' was there?" he said.

A THEATRE performance of "Up with People!"—the full cast assisted by dramatic spotlighting and a thunderous band—is a rousing show. I saw Cast B at the Auditorium Theatre, a recently refurbished rococo building that looks more like the Chicago Opera House than the Chicago Opera House does, in a performance for delegates to the Forty-sixth National 4-H Club Congress. In the ornate lobby, smiling cast members sold "Up with People!" albums and Moral Re-Armament books, and passed out programs that enclosed reprints of a *Reader's Digest* article on "Up with People!" and envelopes for contributions to Moral Re-Armament. The huge auditorium was almost full when the cast burst onto the stage. The entire chorus simulated a train while singing "The Sing-Out Express," a boat while singing "Showboat, Go-Boat," and a horseback ride while singing "The Ride of Paul Revere." A group of young men pretended to swing picks or shovel coal or haul barges during a song about the value of hard work, and another group marched in place while the soloist shouted cadence in "The Fighting Ninth." The performers clapped in time or waved or rocked from side to side during some of the livelier songs, folded their arms in front of them for

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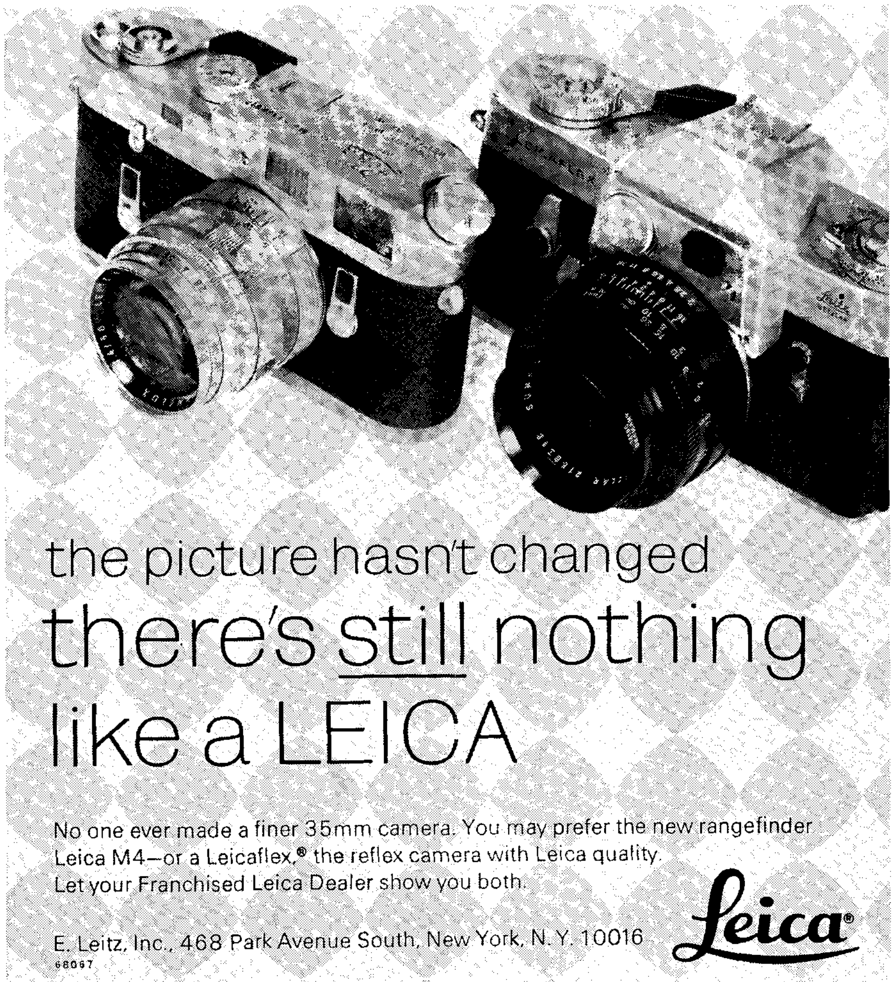

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an Indian number called "The Great Spirit," and pointed sternly at the audience during the singing of "Which Way America?" The transitions between songs—a new group standing in front of the risers, a different trio standing in front of a microphone—were instantaneous. There were several black faces in the group (three or four of them African rather than American Negro), and there were Japanese, Latin Americans, Finns, Swiss, and American Indians in native costumes. For "What Color Is God's Skin?," the lead singer stood in the opening of a V formed by a point of three whites and balanced arms of two blacks, two American Indians, and two Japanese. The theatre was illuminated not only by constantly changing spotlights but by the flashbulbs of 4-H delegates, who regularly crept down the center aisle wearing badges that identified their home states and carrying Instamatic cameras. During the testimonials that customarily come near the end of the show, the audience applauded a girl who said that "without involvement we're a frustrated and explosive element in society," and gave a standing ovation to a young man who described how "Up with People!" had changed the image of Americans in Venezuela. The show ended, as it often does, with the audience cheering wildly. The lead singer asked everybody to join in on one or two last choruses of "Up with People!" Almost everyone sang along enthusiastically, trying to follow the hand movements being made by those onstage. Then the cast ran out to meet the audience. —CALVIN TRILLIN

◆

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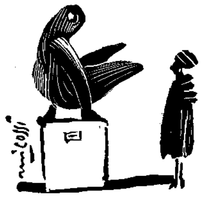
THE ART WORLD

Art of Bad Conscience

POLITICS haunts the art of our time as Nature haunted the paintings of the nineteenth century and myths and sacred episodes those of earlier epochs. Since the thirties, everyone has been aware that as a political weapon art is all but useless. Despite its earnestness, Social Realist art, like the paintings and demonstrations of the Futurists, Dadaists, and Surrealists, proved futile in affecting the trend of events. The most celebrated political painting of the century, Picasso's "Guernica," has been of doubtful political consequence; its basic context is not the Spanish Civil War but Picasso and his imagery. In aiming at public objectives, modern art succeeds only in underlining the privateness of the artist's idiom—and the fact that this idiom is charged with references to the history of art, not the history of nations. On the other hand, art works that are coördinated into political programs, as is done in totalitarian countries, have been futile as art. By all evidence, art history is at odds with history. And the helplessness of art when it crosses over into the political arena increases year by year with the expansion of the mass media; the more advanced the communications system the less the impact of the unique aesthetic statement. To challenge the version of events disseminated by contemporary propaganda machines with a painting or sculpture is like battling a tank division with a broomstick. A picture that takes sides in a conflict may produce the satisfaction of a ritual act, but its practical results are negligible. Nor can painting and sculpture augment their powers by appropriating the style of the popular arts, for the power of the media lies not in their style (they absorb all styles—the eye-dazzles of Op as readily as the photographic closeup) but in their mechanisms of production and distribution.



The practical course would therefore be for painting to renounce politics as a field of professional interest, regardless of what artists may feel as individuals. To a large degree, this is exactly what art has been doing since the last World War, except in certain Communist countries. None of the postwar art movements have had social aims. Action painting, closest in time and in spirit to the Dadaist-Surrealist tradition of social revolt, was a deliberate repudiation of politics in art; it arose from the conviction, based on direct experience with the ideological pressure of the left, that art and politics are incompatible. To quiet its still quivering political nerve ends, it conceived a dramatic simulation of action in the artist's struggle with the canvas, whether through arbitrary marks placed on it to instigate beginnings (as in Pollock, Hofmann, and de Kooning) or through the tension induced by the shape and size of the canvas itself (as with Newman and Rothko). Of the movements following Action painting, Pop Art has come closest to laying hold of the social substance, and Happenings, an emanation from the idea of Action painting and from Pop, are potentially adaptable as a medium for disseminating political ideas in the manner of the "Living Newspaper" of the thirties or the portable theatre of the Chinese Communists. So far, however, the mood of disengagement from politics has, especially in the United States, prevailed with these modes, too; Kaprow said the other day that Happenings are difficult to put on in Europe because people there expect them to carry a political message and are irritated when they learn that they are going to get art instead. Optical and kinetic art and light displays have built bridges to a larger public, but while they have succeeded in publicizing themselves, they have not disseminated any attitude toward society, and have had about as much political influence as the Ferris wheel. As for minimal art and so-called color-field painting, they arise from the classroom in art history and remain enclosed in it on principle. In their strict banning of social and psychological content, they carry to its logical conclusion the truism that art, whatever else it may be concerned with, is ultimately concerned mainly with itself. Still, a language whose basic function is to render its users speechless can hardly gain much intelligent respect. Acceptance of the rule that painting necessarily locks out the mind from the drama of history threatens to put art on the level of weaving or furniture design. Minding its own business, art has been forced increasingly to question what its business is. After the experience of the thirties, disengagement from politics came as a liberation. But twenty-five years of this freedom have encompassed

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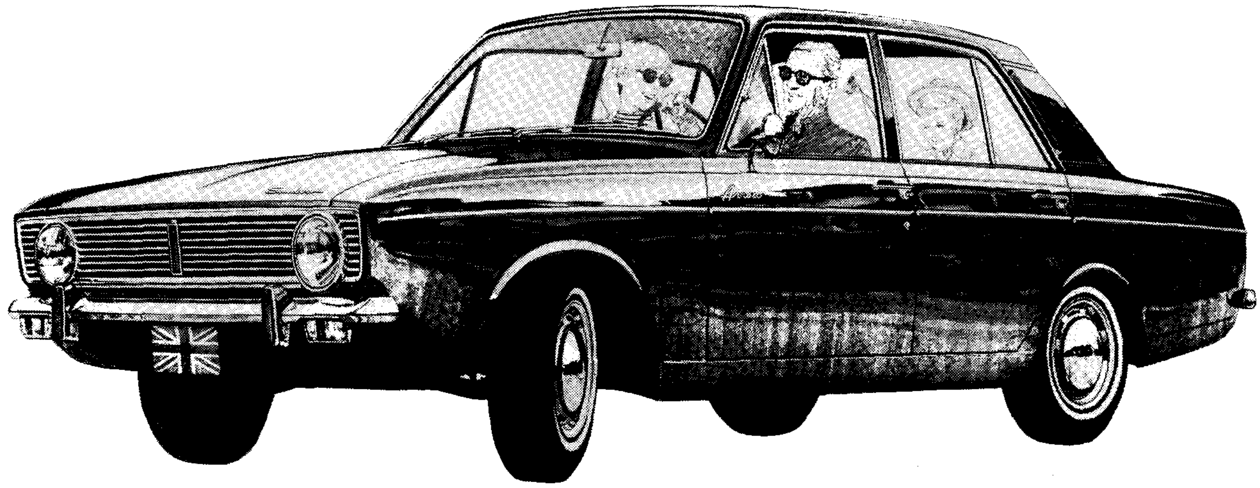

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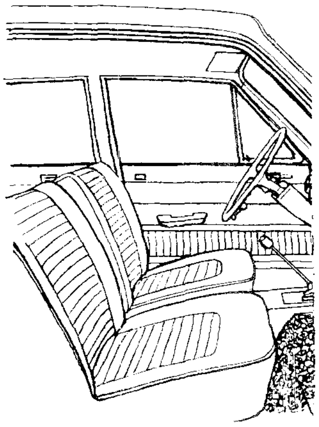

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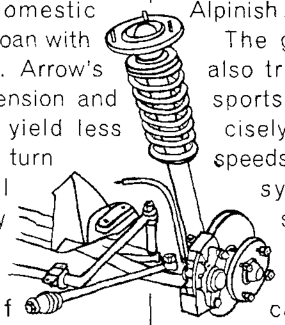

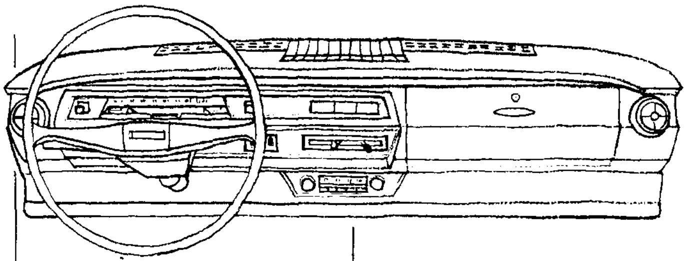

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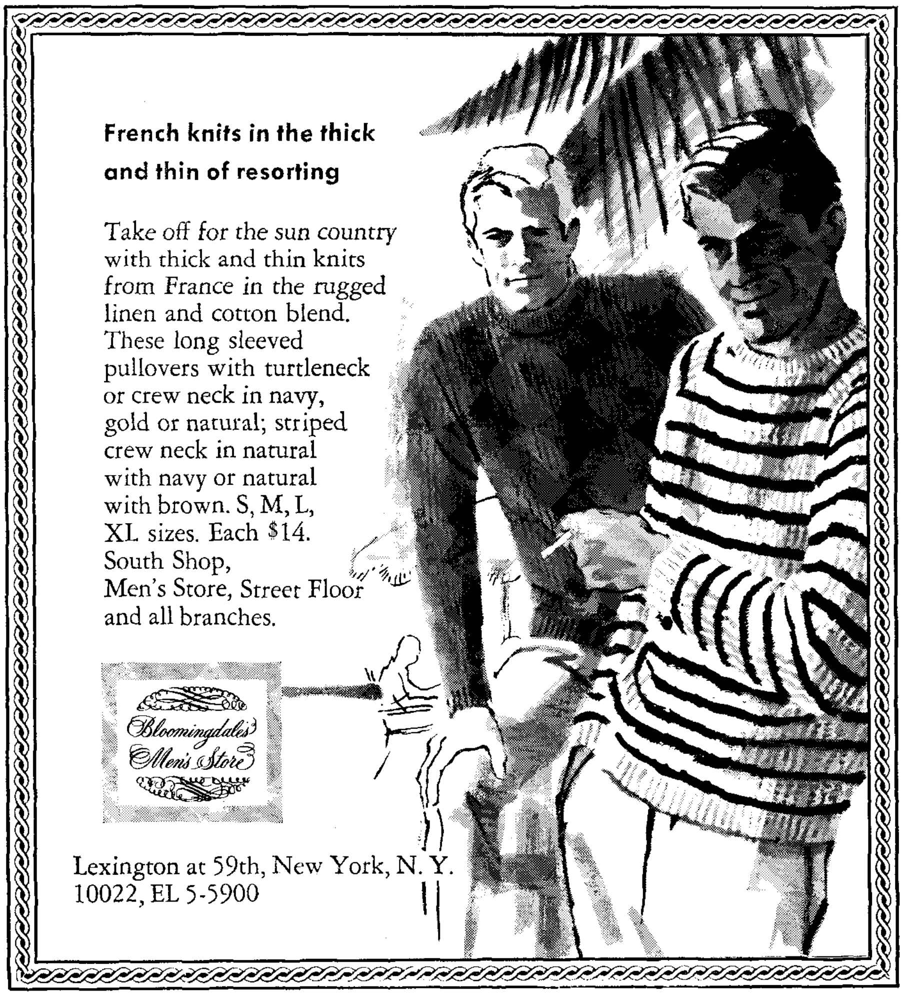

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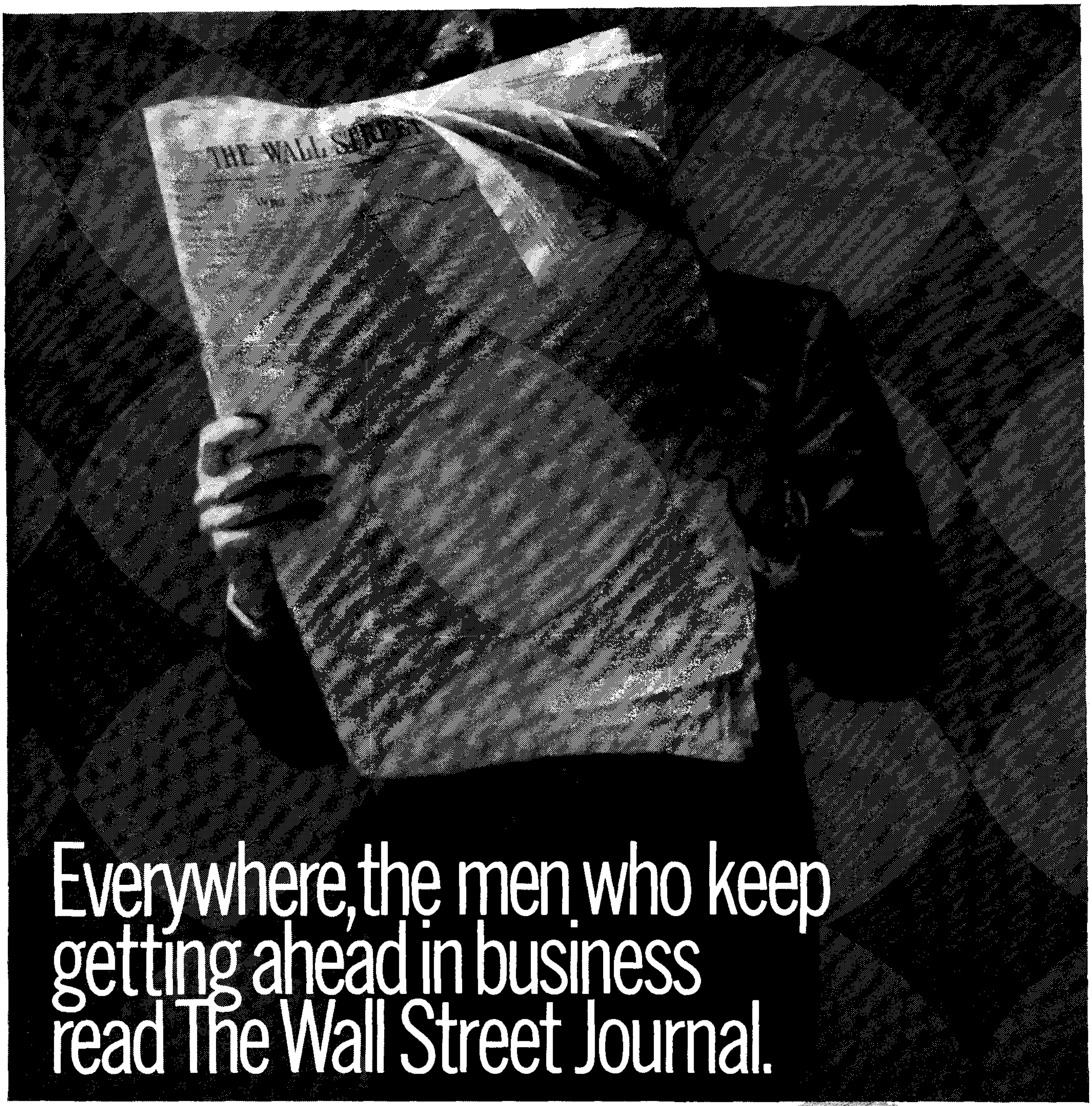
art with a broad margin of uneasiness about art's social role.

WILLEM DE KOONING, America's leading postwar painter, has been the most consistent of the Action painters in replying with a firm nay to political dogmas; to his credit, he has repudiated, equally, dogmas of art history. In his paintings and drawings of the nineteen-sixties, a large exhibition of which has just closed at Knoedler's, he has continued his experiments, begun in the thirties, toward expanding spontaneity in the act of creation. To this master of visual evocation, the notion of a predetermined content in painting, to say nothing of a "message," has been as repugnant as the notion of a predetermined absence of content—for instance, the conviction that art in our time must be "abstract" or that certain subjects are disallowed by avant-garde aesthetics. De Kooning's new paintings, in high-keyed reds, pinks, and whites, celebrate the theme of "women" that, except for brief intervals, the artist has been elaborating for the past twenty years, but they are also landscapes and abstractions. Formally, they are linear compositions of actions of the brush (and of brush, pencil, and charcoal in the drawings) and at the same time experiments in relations of mass, surface, color, and light. The physically diffused girlies of the nineteen-sixties creations are products of de Kooning's latest devices for attempting to get around his willful mind and trained hand, which are bound to assert themselves in any case—indeed, within the very process by which they are being circumvented. To extract unanticipated figurations from his canvases, de Kooning has bred one image out of another (by plastering newspaper on a wet painting, he produces, when the sheet is removed, two decontrolled compositions); he has drawn figures with his left hand, with two or more pencils simultaneously, with both hands at once, with his eyes closed, and while watching TV. Compared with his earlier paintings, the Knoedler exhibition showed gains in rhythm and surface vibration through the quiver of his line and the chromatics of his reds, pinks, and whites. In the large paintings, he has, as in the past, gambled with the possible destruction of each work-in-progress by submitting it to associations of ideas and feelings that appeared during the course of its creation. No art is in more immediate touch with the organic life of its creator. Several of the paintings are among the most lyrical creations of the century,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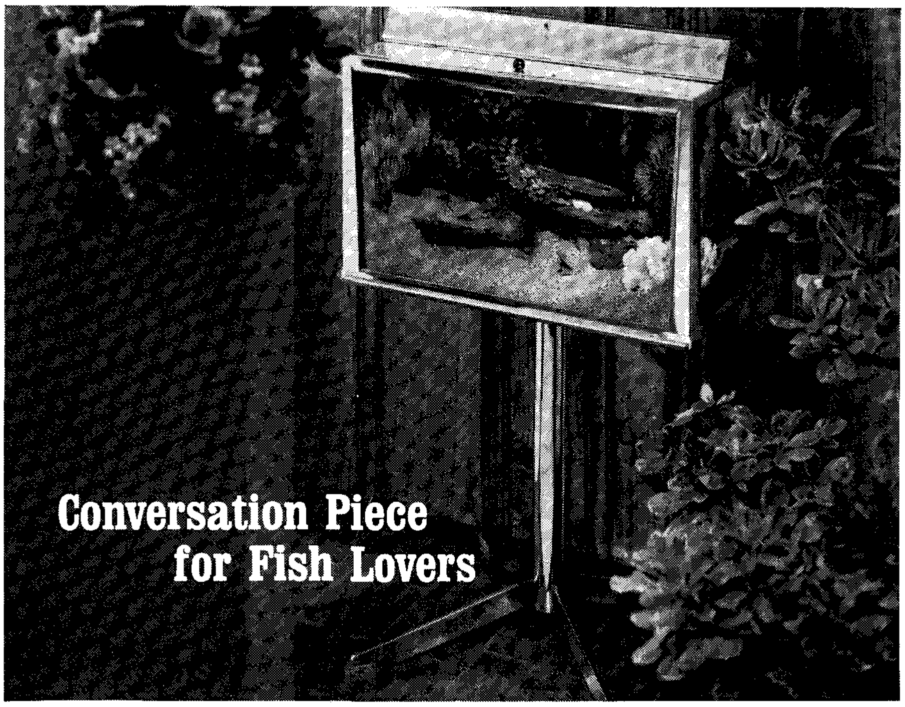

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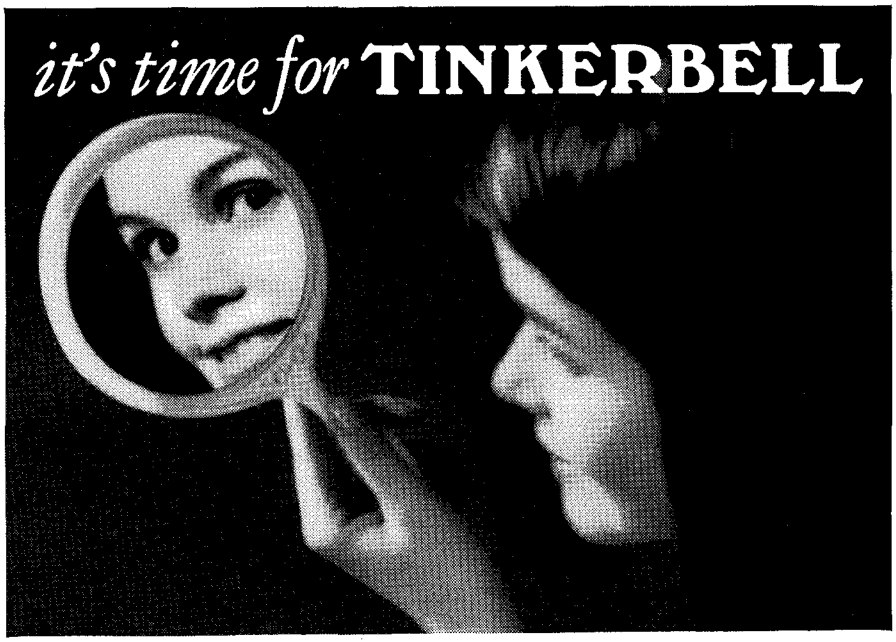

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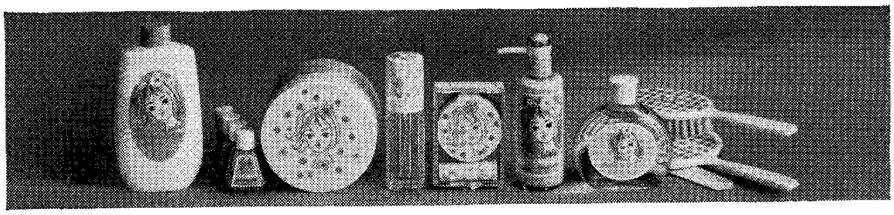

but de Kooning has not excluded images arising from currents of spite, disgust, and vindictiveness. His paintings come into being on the edge of dissolution. For them to exist has required a heroic endurance of uncertainty as well as a reasonable rate of good luck or favors from the unknown. In his concentration on the creative process, de Kooning frees himself from coercion by art history conceived as an evolution of forms; instead of seeing the works of predecessors or contemporaries as representing an "advance" over an earlier stage, he looks past the art object to its mode of creation. Thus a work thoroughly familiar, whether it be a painting or a musical instrument, can be "invented" again by reactivating its creative principle. Conceived as creation, the art of the past becomes an inexhaustible source, while the meaning of present-day work extends far beyond the objectives of art as a craft. Consistent with his principle of constant renewal, de Kooning's primary aesthetic quality is freshness—the freshness of things that appear in the immediacy of a dream. Compared to his "women," most of the paintings and sculptures produced out of the rationalist aesthetics of the past few years look as if they were aged at birth.

In all this there is not, of course, a trace of overt politics, nor has de Kooning ever attempted to attribute political meaning to his work, as have artists from Matta to Le Parc. In conceiving art as action on the canvas, he decisively turned his back upon public issues. He was alone among the Action painters in introducing into painting elements of popular culture, such as imprintings of news columns and cuttings from ads, but in his work this material carries no implications about the society in which it originated. Yet under the conditions of ideological pressure characteristic of the past forty years, spontaneity itself is a quasi-political attitude—one condemned by Lenin, outlawed in totalitarian countries, and repugnant to conformists and programmers. De Kooning's expansion of the resources possessed by painting for opening up the sensibility to interaction with chance, impulse, the arbitrary, and the unknown presupposes that the individual as he is pits himself against all systems, while the temperament expressed in this artist's canvases affirms, like that of Pollock or Bacon, the disorder of the epoch. If politics haunts postwar painting, de Kooning haunts the ghost. He is the nuisance of individual self-affirmation in an ideological age. His improvised unities represent a reminder that modern social philosophies, while they justify their conflicts as fought in behalf of the individual, consistently shove him aside in the course of their endless battles. De Kooning's art is a refusal to be either recruited or pushed aside.

SEPARATED from politics, art has turned its political passions inward upon itself. The notion of a revolutionary avant-garde perennially thrusting art upward to new heights has established itself as an *idée fixe*. Outworn formulas of radical politics have been patched up for reuse as imperatives of art criticism; for instance, the notion—borrowed, often unconsciously, from Bolshevism—of the "rubbish heap of history" into which artists of no matter what rank are thrust by the triumph of the latest art movement. Conveniently, live-dangerously aesthetics can be combined with the most comfortable social attitudes. Thus Hilton Kramer, in the *Times* of November 19th, echoes, with a fury normally directed against party traitors or subverters of regimes, the verdict of the avant-garde of color stains: that de Kooning's paintings are relics of a fashion of the forties related to the "Existentialist" pose of living in an epoch of crisis. In short, de Kooning's anxiety is a disturber of the peace of artists (and critics) who wish to enjoy an artistic career. That the postwar crisis is now past is a momentous political conclusion—one in which the art page of the *Times* seems to be at odds (perhaps in order to provide a Sunday sanctuary for cultured readers) with its news and editorial sections. To clinch the doom of de Kooning as a hangover from a past crisis, Mr. Kramer also applies to him the dustbin-of-history theory by which Kramer has in his two years of tenure relegated to the shadows such transients as Pollock, Giacometti, Moore, Klee, Beckmann, and other makers of twentieth-century art: they violate what is apparently Mr. Kramer's cardinal criterion in that their influence "has," as he says about de Kooning, "long ceased to have any relevance to living artistic problems."

What these "problems" are, if the matter is not to be decided by the poll taken by Mr. Kramer among the newest reputations, was the subject of a five-day discussion at a large conference of artists and intellectuals held in Caracas early in November under the sponsorship of the Inter-American Foundation for the Arts. The exchange of views there quickly made it evident that the definition of "living

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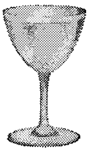

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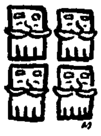
artistic problems" often depends on where you live. For some speakers from the New York art world, the issue for painting today was universal recognition of the revolutionary heights scaled by artists to whom the primary significance of painting lies in the shape (square, vertical, or horizontal) of the canvas. For the Latin Americans, the issue was "Yankee imperialism"—an artist, they felt, was obliged to indicate his resistance to existing conditions as a matter of honor. The aesthetics of this resistance ranged from art forms involving audience participation (designed to awaken the masses) to the Dada-related belief that in "post-modern" art the artist's "manifestation" counted for more than the art object—a circumspect way of saying that art could go to the devil. In response, a New York painter asserted that for him painting was bounded by the piece of material he was working on, and his companions, an art critic and a curator, could only murmur the word "quality." Discussion in this sector came to an abrupt end. The Latin Americans got the point that in New York artists *feel themselves exempt from human* history—a state of mind that confirmed the Latins' feelings about the "Yankees" and that several confessed to envying. Perhaps the mistake of the New York aesthetes lay in going to a conference, since in the world of "quality" (which can only mean "aesthetic quality") there are no problems, "living" or otherwise, to be debated.

IN November, too, forty-three artists, most of them well known, and covering an art-world time span from Shahn to Warhol, braved the issue of aesthetic quality versus politics by contributing sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints to an exhibition at the New School Art Center entitled "Protest and Hope." Thirteen of the artists, including such stylistically identifiable personalities as George Segal, Robert Rauschenberg, Elaine de Kooning, Red Grooms, and James Wines, executed works especially for the show. The vital question was to what extent they and their fellow-exhibitors could apply their styles to such themes as the war in Vietnam and the struggle for civil rights (there were not, as far as I recall, any items devoted to the "hope" portion of the show's title), or, failing in this, to what modes of art they could turn. The "Angry Arts" exhibition in New York early this year, while dedicated to protest on the same issues, expressed the hopelessness of artists in regard to political art and their contempt for politics or their fear of it in that almost all the works were dashed off without regard for craft standards, as if in a rush to return to the serious business of making paintings and sculptures. In contrast, "Protest [I keep automatically writing "Chaos"] and Hope" was in the great majority of its exhibits an attempt to deal seriously with grave issues. The struggle for a broadening of consciousness, sensibility, and technique lent a pathos to the exhibition that demanded respect and gave it an importance beyond the assembling of a few dozen works by familiar figures. It was an adventure of the artistic intelligence analogous, in a way, to the cutting loose from politics by the Abstract artists of the nineteen-forties after their discovery that what they had been trying to do under the goading of the left was in conflict with basic processes of the creative imagination.



The pathos of "Protest and Hope" was underlined by the irony of its setting; the show was sequestered in a room on the fifth floor. In addition, each of the art modes in the exhibition, *new and less new* (most of the avant-garde styles, with the exception of Op, color-field painting, and minimal sculpture, were represented), offered its particular degree of resistance to being impressed into the service of political feeling. Derivations from Pop Art, by this time a term far too inclusive, proved most available for retooling to serve political ends. The best works in the show were by Segal and Grooms. Elaine de Kooning, long an experimenter with the social possibilities of Abstract Expressionism, wisely shifted toward Pop for her "Countdown"—a booth resembling those in which election leaflets and buttons are distributed. Some artists turned to news photographs or photo effects; artists more or less close to Pop simply replaced their customary images with politically suggestive ones.

The showpiece of "Protest" was Segal's "The Execution," an imaginative dramatic tableau in the style developed by this artist through life-size plaster casts placed in realistic settings. It consisted of a figure hanging head down by a rope around its ankles from a bullet-scarred wall, before which lay in appealingly casual poses, like girls who had flung themselves on a lawn, the bodies of three other victims. The whiteness of Segal's casts lends to his figures an eerie effect and a sense of quiet and timelessness, as if each work surrounded itself with a

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museum of its own. These qualities of "The Execution" induced a mood of reflection—precisely the mood belonging to art and dissipated by the mass media. In this sense, the work was a contribution to political consciousness, despite the conventionality of the concept of people being stood against a wall. Charles Cajori's drawing, "Pax Americana," also represented bodies of the slain, but although it pointed to the slayer in its title it lacked the dramatic impact derived by Segal from the art-life interchange of Pop; as in the older realism, the effect of Cajori's motif was dissolved in the appreciation of a good drawing nicely composed. Jack Levine's "Invasion," Leonard Baskin's "Our General," Ben Shahn's "Goyesca No. 2," and Jacob Landau's "Songs in the Night" were all artistic in the sense that Cajori's "Pax" was: they communicated skill of handling more strongly than indignation. This meant that their subject matter had been forced into adjustment with traditional concepts of style. In contrast, Red Grooms' ferociously juvenile "Patriots' Parade No. 2," a wood construction in blatant colors, which caricatured a fanatical flag-bearer, a death's-head, and a symbolic Miss Napalm surrounding a reflective President Johnson advancing upon victims resembling broken dolls, hammered out an antagonism unchecked by dissonant considerations of form; no jingoist could look at it without turning purple.

In Caracas, Latin-American artists singled out Pop as the style most apt for political expression, yet, except for the group around the Reuben Gallery some years ago, the Pop paintings and sculptures seen in New York have rarely had political intentions. Exceptions that might have been included in the "Protest" exhibition are the work of Oyvind Fahlström and Wolf Vostell, as well as of Peter Saul, whose paintings, fiercely attacking the war in Vietnam, are currently on view at the Frumkin Gallery. (Mark di Suvero's sculpture, related to *Action painting*, could also have supplied a valuable addition.) Pop, too, in a tangential way, is Juan Genovés, a Spanish painter, whose exhibition during October and November at the Marlborough-Gerson aroused unusual excitement—an indication, perhaps, of a new public and critical appetite for a politically expressive art. Genovés's paintings draw on the cinema as Segal draws on the *tableau vivant*. (A Segal could be paraded through the streets on a float.) Genovés composes in the rectangular frame of motion-picture film, and he favors

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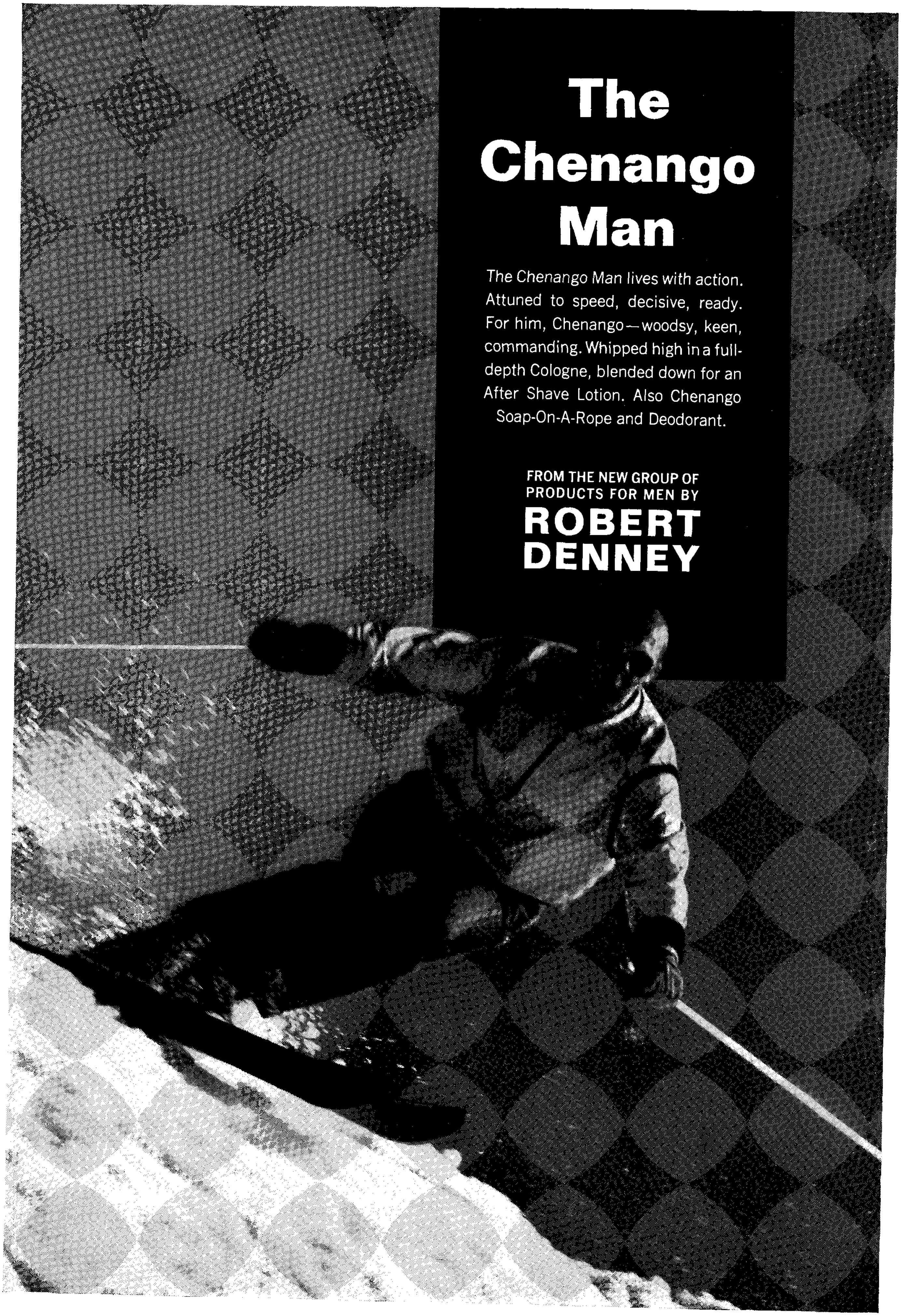

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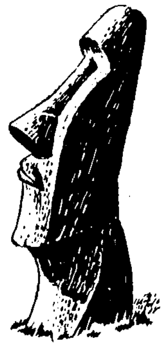

the newsreel image of crowds taken from above, as in panics, riots, or massacres. Within the rectangle, hordes of tiny figures are usually on the run, and at times are caught in the circle of a spotlight that picks out individuals and freezes them in position. "Escalation" is divided into four oblongs of equal size. In the top one, the shadow of a bomber covers part of a fleeing crowd; in the one below, shadows hover over a denser crowd; in the two lowest, the shadows and fugitives continue to thicken. Genovés's "Escalation," "The Prisoner," and "Face to the Wall" deal with victims of history, but his art is not so much political as a presentation of the metaphysical terror of the anonymous person caught in the stampedes of modern mass society. Some of these paintings reminded me of scenes in escape movies—especially one of unsuccessful flight from a Nazi concentration camp, "The Seventh Cross." Made out of images half familiar through photography, Genovés's art gains force through the use of new forms, in contrast to the muffling of the theme that occurs in traditional drawing.

Returning to "Protest and Hope": Elaine de Kooning's "Countdown" presents verbal and pictorial residues of matters much in the public eye in the past few years—the atom bomb, rockets, the Chessman case, Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey. Her use of luminous papers under fluorescent light may have been intended, like Genovés's spotlight, as a device of visual emphasis, but its impression on me was of excessive neatness (perhaps she had laboratories in mind). Like Segal's "The Execution," Goodman's painting "Examination" is composed of four figures—in this case, three nude men standing at attention in a receding row, and a fourth seated on a stool in the foreground. Borrowing from photography in a manner different from Genovés's, Goodman managed to generate a sense of undefined menace. The attempt by some artists to use color as a symbol generally failed. Red has no difficulty representing blood or fire, but its effect tends to be melodramatic, and therefore short-lived. D'Arcangelo's transformation of one of his favorite highway markers by splashing red on a U.S. 80 sign to commemorate the road on which Mrs. Liuzzo, a civil-rights worker, was murdered by segregationists was almost too pat. A principle related to the over-effect of blood also vitiates the use of photographs of children burned by napalm: the fact is too shocking to be grasped

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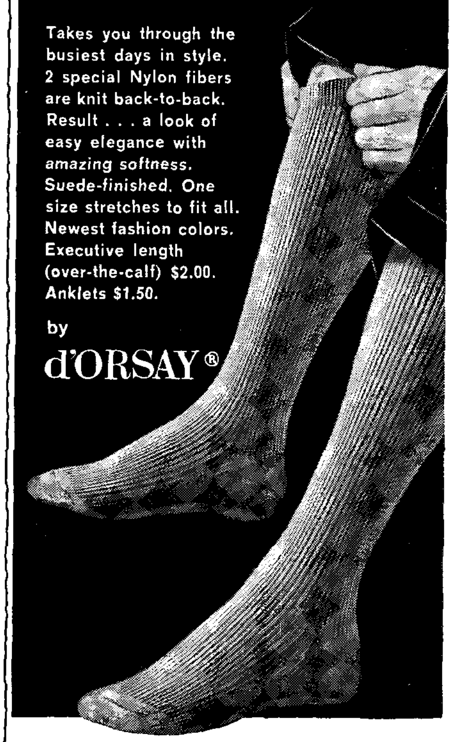

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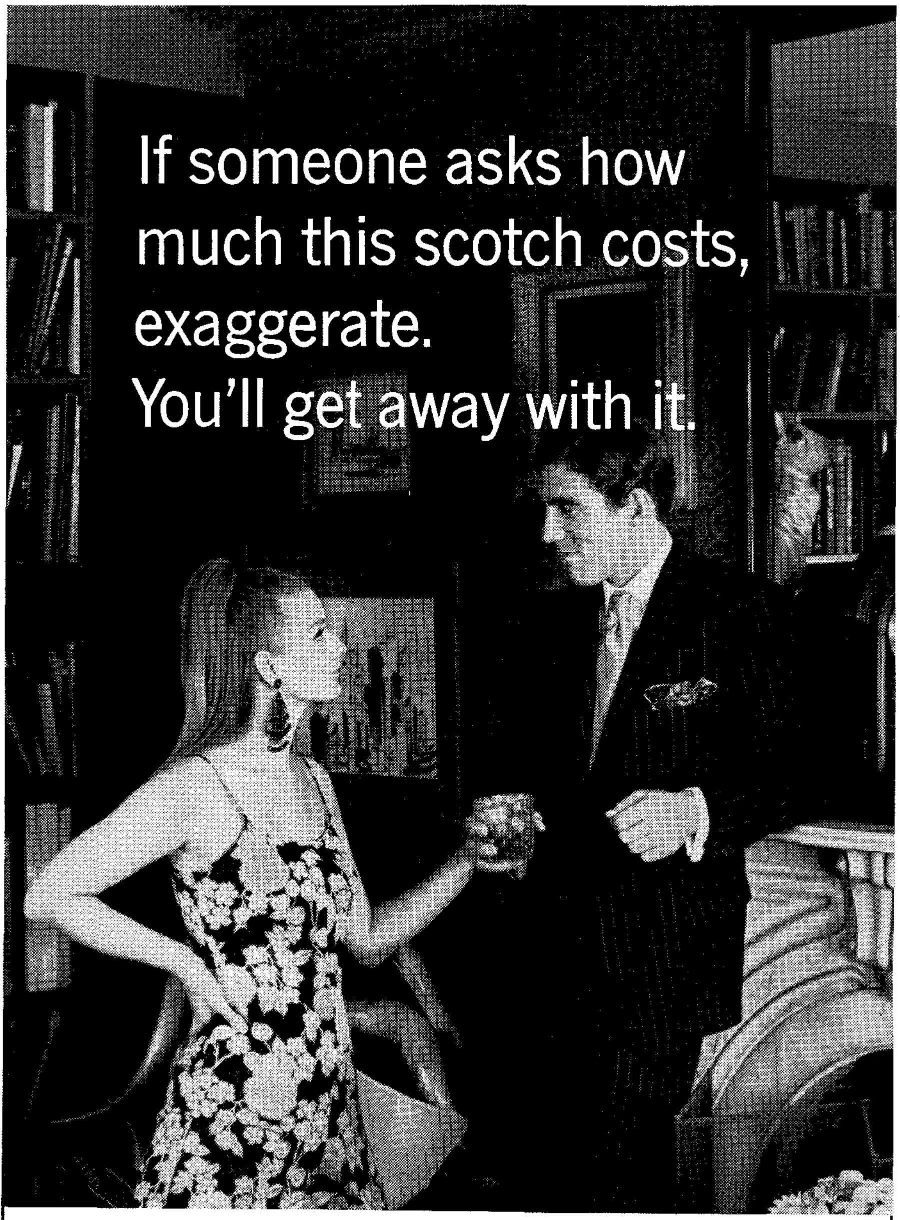
emotionally, and the artist, in simply presenting the picture, fails to communicate a feeling of his own. Awareness of the insufficiency of their means prompted several artists to accompany their works with verbal political statements. Robert Mallary posted a carefully worded summary of his position on Vietnam atop his construction featuring a napalm victim. Saul Steinberg, as usual, presented a picture to be read—a variation on his Uncle Sam as Sphinx in a landscape with Indians on horseback and with pyramids surmounted by the all-seeing eye—but this time he took the radical step of supplying an explanation of his symbols. Indiana had only to insert the words "YIELD BROTHER" into one of his customary emblems for it to take on a political connotation. Some of the explanations—e.g., that of Arne Wolf—were as impenetrable as the images.

It may be that the end is in sight of the Thirty Years' War of art against the political conscience. If that is so, the problem is how art can avoid turning back to the kind of mental forcing out of which can come only lifeless illustrations of ready-made ideas. On the whole, the attempts at statement in "Protest and Hope" were emotionally inadequate, aesthetically unexciting, often intellectually irrelevant, and marred by cheap irony or abuse. These weaknesses in no wise detract from the importance of the exhibition as an indication that the imagination of a significant group of artists has begun playing upon the conflicts and catastrophes of the times. Art cannot do much for politics. (In the opinion of Wyndham Lewis, it cannot do much about anything. "It is quite impossible," he wrote in "The Demon of Progress in the Arts," "for his [Cézanne's] canvases to have any effect outside of the technique of painting.") But responding to political struggles can do much for art. Art always borrows its seriousness from values—religious, romantic, scientific—it fails to live up to. The formal interests of the artist and his delight in his craft set him apart from genuine holiness, love, or research. Yet when logic induces the artist to consider art capable of renewing itself by its own means he finds himself in a blind alley. Art today needs political consciousness in order to free itself from the frivolity of continual insurrections confined to art galleries and museums. The actions of society present a resistance against which modes of art can test their powers and reinstate the creation of images as a vocation of adult minds.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG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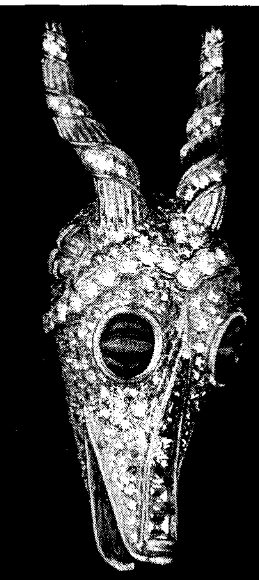

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THE RACE TRACK

Jet Set

YOU can count on your thumbs the important races at two miles hereabouts. They are, of course, the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Display Handicap, the latter of which had its thirteenth running at Aqueduct last Saturday. It produced both an exciting finish and a fine performance by Quicken Tree, who beat He's A Smoothie by three-quarters of a length. Pairo, a length and a quarter away, was third, and Sette Bello was fourth. You might even stretch a point and say it was an international affair, since the eleven starters came from all over. Quicken Tree was bred in California, and ran there until last month. He's A Smoothie, winner of five stakes in the Dominion, is Canada's Horse of the Year for 1967. Pairo, an Argentine-bred, was shipped here, especially for the Display, from Venezuela, where he'd been racing. Moontrip and Marchio also come from the Argentine, and although Pretko was bred in Virginia, he has raced in Canada since last August. It was a gray, cold afternoon at the Big A, and the crowd in the paddock was smaller than usual. Chief interest centered on Quicken Tree, the favorite; He's A Smoothie, a tall, handsome bay; and Pairo, who looked fit but on the small side. He's A Smoothie took the lead quickly after the break and galloped along so easily that it looked as though he'd hold it all the way, despite his top weight of 126 pounds. But on the clubhouse turn the second time around, Quicken Tree swept past him, and the Canadian colt, who was giving the Californian nine pounds, couldn't close the gap. Pairo came from ninth in the last mile to take third money. Quicken Tree, a four-year-old by Royal Orbit out of Mother Wit, is owned by Louis Rowan, who ran Ruken in the Kentucky Derby last May. His share of the Display purse was $38,025. Pairo is owned and trained by Santiago Ledwith, who won the Display with Primordial II in 1964. Third money, which was $5,850, should cover the shipping expenses.

THOUGH Cordero will lead the jockeys riding in New York, he won't have three hundred winning mounts—the mark he set for himself. Twice in one afternoon last week, the horses he rode were disqualified, and the stewards set him down for ten days. However, before the suspension went into effect he ran his total up to two hundred and seventy-seven, which is nice going.

AND, while we're on the subject of jockeys, last week the Maryland Racing Commission, which now and then has made some surprising rulings, denied a license to Kathy Kusner, a member of the United States Olympic Equestrian Team, because she would not ride as a professional. According to the Associated Press, D. Eldred Rinehart, the chairman of the commission, told Miss Kusner, "There is no provision for amateur standing in racing, and it is not in the best interest of racing to maintain an amateur standing." I wonder if Mr. Rinehart was aware that six men holding amateur licenses granted by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association rode at Fair Hill last September, a meeting under the sanction of the Maryland Racing Commission, or that most of the riders in the Maryland Hunt Cup have been amateurs, among them Crompton Smith, Jr., who won it three times on a horse named Jay Trump. Or that Pete Bostwick used to ride on the flat at Pimlico, and did all right against the pros. It is suggested here that Miss Kusner try her luck with the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. From all accounts, and from the photographs I've seen of her on jumpers in the Olympics and in international horse shows abroad, she's a rider of such ability that she should be welcome anywhere.

DEARIE me, the Big A closes (or has closed, depending on when you read these notes) with the Sysonby Handicap, for all ages, at seven furlongs. I have no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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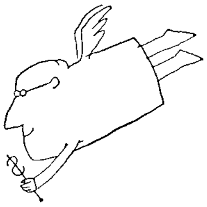

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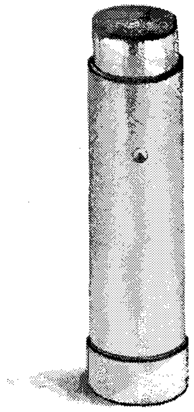
MUSICAL EVENTS

Queens and Kings

LAST Wednesday night, in Carnegie Hall, the American Opera Society presented an opera that has always suffered from neglect, though it was heard here a few years ago in another concert performance—Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda." Its neglect has not been deserved, and one reason for it seems to involve its libretto rather than its music. The music is first-rate Donizetti—virile, inventive, and, within the traditions of the time, original—and the score builds nicely to a great climax at the end of Act II. The story is, of course, the execution of Mary Stuart, ordered by Elizabeth of England partly for reasons of state and partly, as this libretto has it, because of a love triangle between Elizabeth, Mary, and Robert, Earl of Leicester. The characters are drawn with strength, the arias and ensembles are inspired and of the finest workmanship, and the orchestral interludes are vigorous and tuneful. The neglect of this opera began with its condemnation by royal authority, on the ground that it presented the execution of a royal personage and contained some royal vituperation that was regarded as unseemly, and this neglect has continued down to the present day for no particular reason except that operas of the *bel-canto* period of the early nineteenth century have fallen out of fashion because of the scarcity of singers who can do them justice.

The singers the other night did justice to at least parts of the opera. Shirley Verrett, a mezzo-soprano of striking appearance, sang the role of Elizabeth majestically. She is a fine actress and she has a huge voice, which she used in a generally impressive manner, though forcing, in an effort to make it sound even more huge, gave some of her notes, especially in the upper register, a strident sound. The role of Mary Stuart was done by Montserrat Caballé, and she has never been better cast. Visually, Miss Caballé may be rather innocent as an actress, but she is an actress of tremendous skill in that other theatrical aspect of the opera singer's craft—the voice. Her Mary was a feminine, velvet-throated creature, appealing in her helplessness, and her cultivated style of singing made nearly every phrase a joy to hear. Her pianissimos are famous for their beauty, but the other night she let her voice go at full throttle a few times, with results that were not any the less ravishing. The male side of the cast was not quite as satisfying. Leicester was done by Edoardo Gimenez, a tenor who was making his début with the company. He sang all his notes in tune and showed competence in phrasing, but the lack of color in his voice deprives it of dramatic emphasis. Ron Bottcher made a full-voiced, pleasing Talbot (Mary's custodian), and Alan Baker a somewhat less impressive Lord Cecil; his voice has a tendency to spread so much that his intonation is sometimes obscure. A word of commendation is due Deborah Kieffer, who sang quite well in the minor role of Anne Kennedy, Mary's companion. The baton was in the hands of Carlo Felice Cillario, who kept things going at a crisp pace and dealt expertly with ensemble matters. The orchestra, in fact, and the chorus, too, performed exceedingly well.

ASIDE from Bach, Gluck, Handel, and Mozart, there are, I sometimes feel, no eighteenth-century composers who can excite me greatly. The music of the period is generally too polite, its formulas are too fixed, and its sequences are too predictable. Every once in a while, however, a revival of a work by some less-known figure proves my generalization to be not entirely true. An opera that has led me to modify my position slightly—"Croesus," by Reinhard Keiser—turned up on Tuesday night of last week at Town Hall. The work was presented by those champion excavators of the period, the Clarion Concerts and Newell Jenkins. Reinhard Keiser (1674-1739), as far as is known, was the principal composer of the Hamburg Opera from 1697 to around 1734. He was not fortunate in his librettists. But he wrote no less than a hundred and twenty operas and was regarded as one of the most important composers of his day. Curiously, the scores of most of his operas have disappeared. Only twenty-two survive, and, even of this number, few are available for performance. "Croesus" was being performed the other night for the first time in this country. Not only that but, as far as anybody



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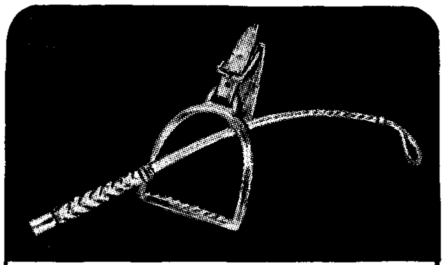

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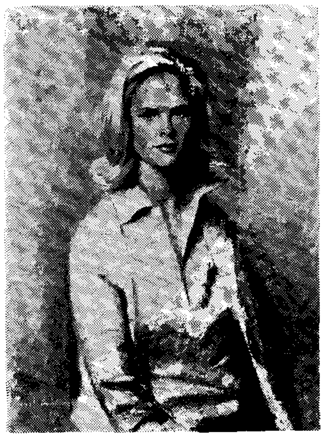

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knows, this was the first performance of a Keiser opera ever to have taken place here. In his day, Keiser was looked upon as a pioneer of a new style of *opera seria*. He used traditional counterpoint with moderation, and preferred strong melodies and what was, for the early eighteenth century, strong dramatic characterization. The orchestration of "Croesus" involves a flageolet, and one was produced last week, along with a player who seemed to be expert on the instrument. There is also a harpsichord part of considerable importance, and this was admirably played by Kenneth Cooper.

The plot of the opera concerns itself with Croesus, that king of incredible wealth, who is, however, conquered by the Persian Cyrus and subsequently rescued by his own partisans just as he is about to be put to death. There is a subplot about some slightly confusing love affairs, or lack of love affairs, between Elmira, a princess who has fled the court of Cyrus to take refuge with Croesus; a princess named Clerida; a couple of princely swains named Orsanes and Eliates; and a mute Prince Atis, who finally regains his voice. The cast also includes a warrior named Halimachus, and, of course, Croesus and Cyrus. There are mistaken identities and situations in which one character loves somebody who loves somebody else—stock ideas in opera of the period. The libretto is overelaborate, simple-minded, and not very interesting, but the music Keiser has set to it has a quite definite personality. It is masculine, incisive, and beautifully written for voices. Here and there—as in an oboe prelude just before Elmira's second aria in Act I, Scene 2—it is strikingly original for its period. There is a charming bucolic scene in Act II in which an aria by a peasant woman is followed by a ballet. Altogether, one can see that Keiser must have been a composer of some power, even though his librettist seemed determined to sink his ship. Among the singers, all of whom were well trained in stylistic matters, a few stood out: the soprano Rita Shane (Elmira), for her handling of some extremely difficult fioritura; the soprano Dorothy Coulter (Clerida), for sturdy voice production; the baritone David Clatworthy, who sang Orsanes; the baritone Bernard Kruysen, who appeared as Croesus; and the tenor Robert White, who sang the role of Eliates. Mr. Jenkins conducted ably, and the endeavor proved to be an interesting one—the first and possibly the last performance here of

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DURING the past year or two, flags have been flying for the diminutive Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha, and I am only following the consensus when I say that to me she is one of the supreme artists of the keyboard now appearing before the public. So far, we have heard her mainly in the music of her native Spain. That music—especially for the piano—deserves a higher place, or a more central place, in our musical thinking than it has been accorded, and Miss de Larrocha is just the person to bring it to greater popularity. The Spanish piano composers—by whom we generally mean Granados, Albéniz, and de Falla—were all major figures, and it is only the peculiar isolation of Spain from the main currents of European music that makes us occasionally forget them when we are drawing up lists of the great masters. They were not completely isolated, however. All of them were influenced by Franz Liszt, who has influenced practically all piano music since his time, and at least one of them, de Falla, was influenced in his younger years by Wagner. It is true, though, that we always think of them as belonging to a special category, the reason obviously being that they created a specifically Spanish type of concert music, whose idiom is foreign to that of the rest of Europe and very difficult for any but Spanish artists to approach satisfactorily. Last Thursday evening, in Carnegie Hall, Miss de Larrocha was honoring the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Granados with a program devoted exclusively to his music. This program encompassed several styles—one derived from Spanish folk music, another derived to a great extent from Chopin, this one expressed in a group of pieces called "Escenas Románticas." And, finally, we had Granados at his most original, in a group of selections from his famous suite "Goyescas." Miss de Larrocha again showed herself to be the queen of virtuosos. She played everything with the sort of intensity that hypnotizes an audience, and the accuracy of her fingerwork was flawless, not only when speed was demanded but also when subtle shades of dynamics were required.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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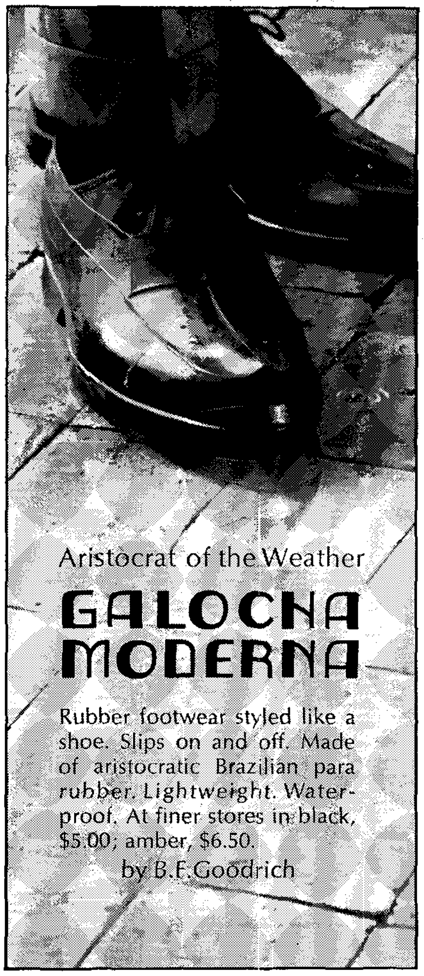
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Washington Star*]

BAD HABIT GOOD
IF NOT STARTED



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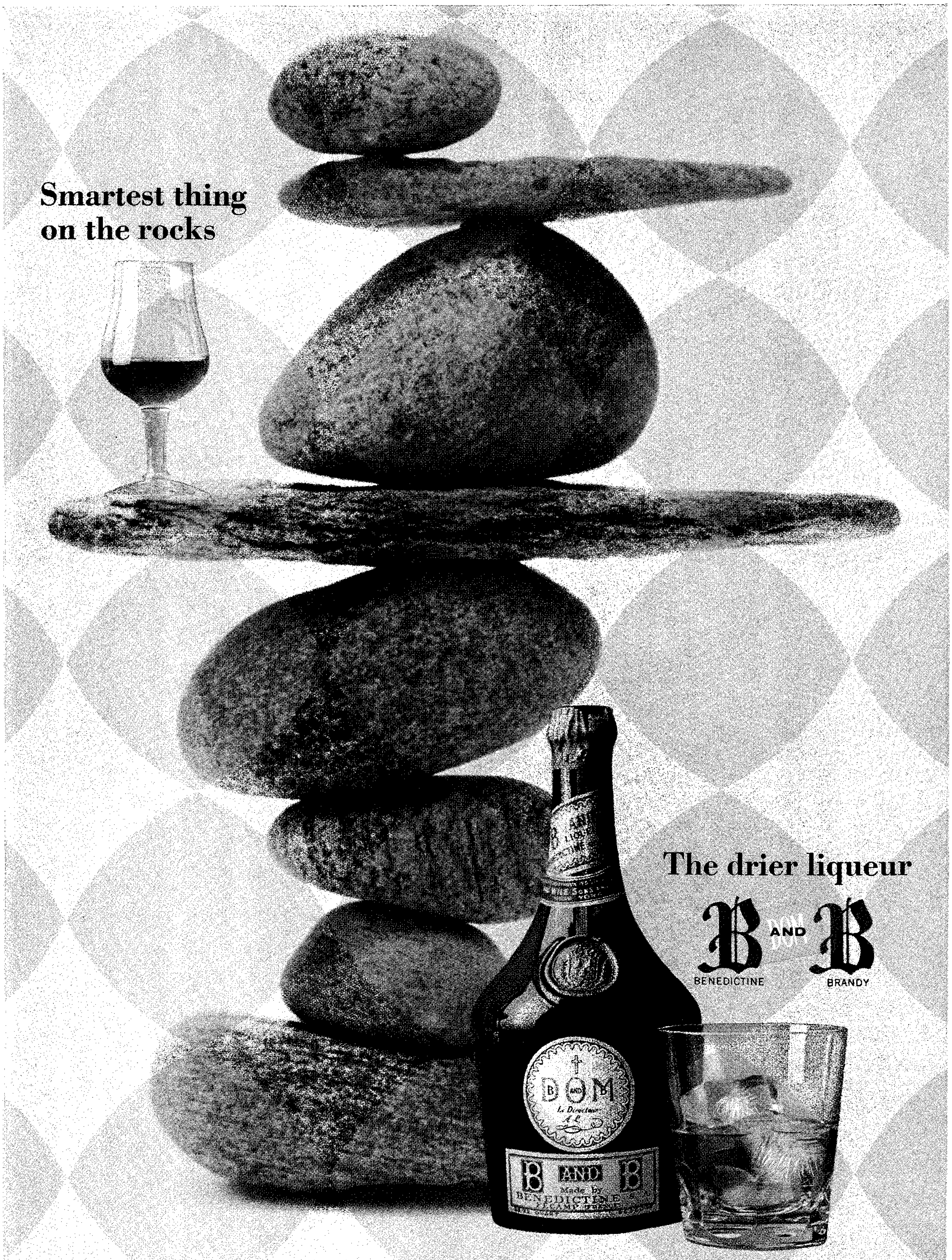
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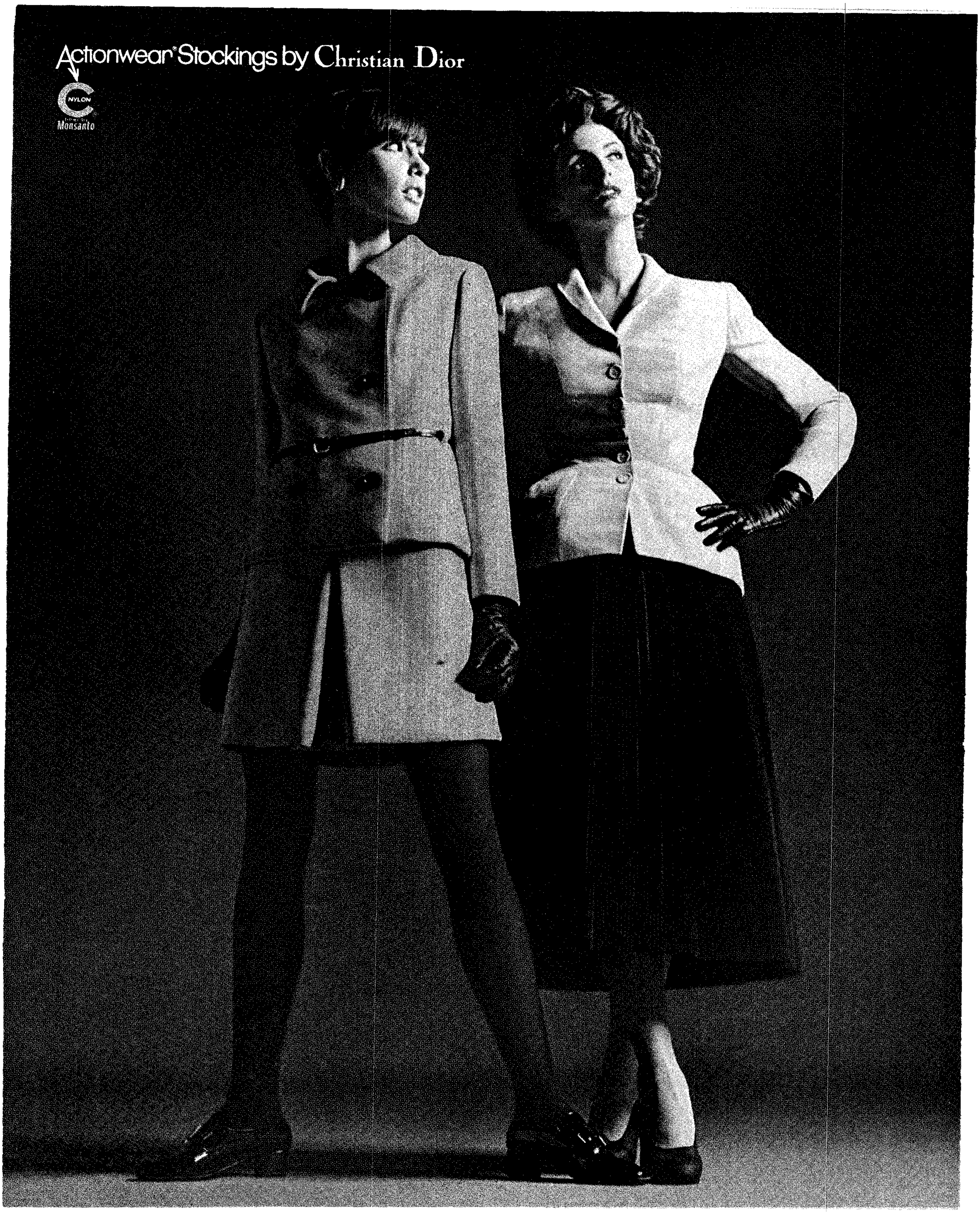
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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

THE publication of "Little Wide-Awake: An Anthology from Victorian Children's Books and Periodicals," compiled by Leonard de Vries (World), is an event of interest and importance to historians of children's literature and to students of Victorian culture. Parents who see the book will mainly feel relieved that this sort of thing is no longer being printed:

> If children have been good all day,
> And kept their tongues and lips
> quite clean,
> They dream of flowers that nod
> and play,
> And fairies dancing on the green.
>
> But if they've spoken naughty
> words,
> Or told a lie, they dream of rats:
> Of crawling snakes, and ugly birds;
> Of centipedes, and vampire bats.

One's heart goes out to the boys and girls who had to read the inane and frightening stories and poems that the anthology represents (and of which the poem quoted above is a relatively tepid example), and one can see why Herr Krafft-Ebing had no trouble finding subjects for his book about the odd. One also realizes, as one peruses the Victorian selections, the tremendous changes that have taken place in children's books during this century, especially in the books for the littlest, and the non, readers. Inanity is still in abundant evidence, but picture books no longer frighten or sadden. They are almost dotingly cheerful and reassuring, and when, on occasion, a writer wishes to point a moral he takes elaborate care not to come right out and point it. A good example of a modern picture book with an oblique moral is "The Elephant Who Liked to Smash Small Cars," by Jean Merrill, with illustrations by Ronni Solbert (Pantheon). While the elephant smashes small cars, he sings this song:

> Smashing cars! Smashing cars!
> How I love to smash small cars.

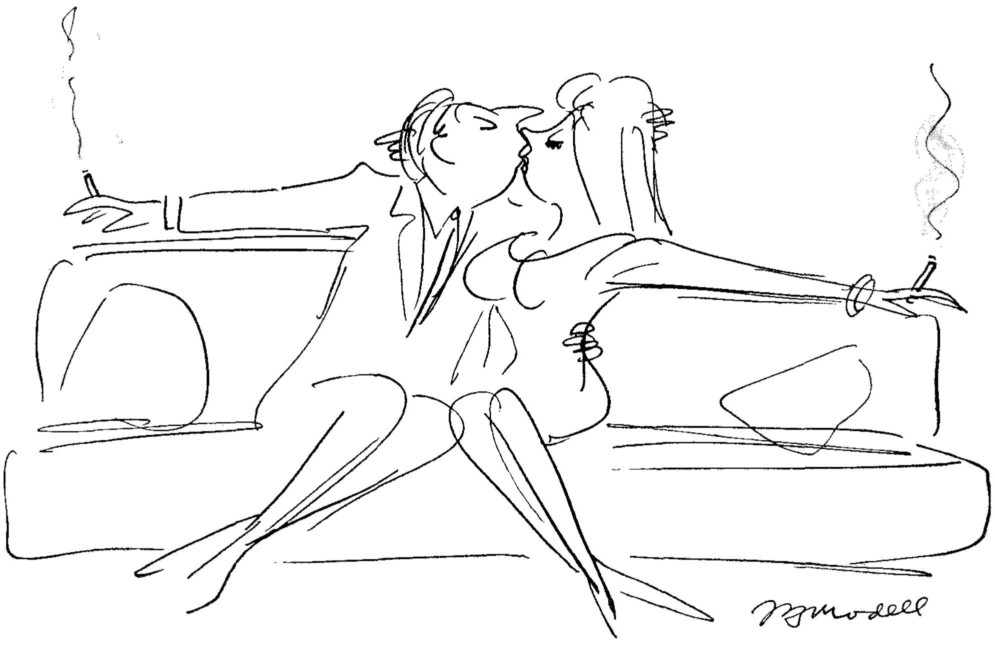
When a car salesman opens a lot in the elephant's neighborhood and prepares to sell small cars, the elephant comes around and says, "I wouldn't open a car store here, if I were you." "Why not?" the salesman asks. "I like to smash small cars," the elephant replies. "That's why." Whereupon the elephant smashes all the small cars in the lot. "I guess I won't sell small cars," the salesman says, and adds, "I have a better idea." He gets some large cars and smashes the elephant. By the end of the book, the elephant is cured of his bad habit and the reader (or listener) presumably has received a notion of the Golden Rule, and undoubtedly all the smashing has been good for his little id. The drawings, done in a cheerful, likable fashion, resemble crayon drawings by children, though they clearly were not done by a child (Miss Solbert has had a one-woman show at the Museum of Modern Art), and they nicely match the cheerful, likable text.

"An Anteater Named Arthur," by Bernard Waber (Houghton Mifflin), is told from the point of view of Arthur's mother, who discourses, in five brief chapters, on aspects of life at home with her small son. For some reason, she is dressed in a long Victorian dress and apron (perhaps simply because Mr. Waber, who also did the illustrations, did not want to tangle with a female anteater's legs), but there is nothing Victorian about the way she deals with her child. She has obviously read Gesell and Ilg, and she shows a fine grasp of a technique they style "developmental discipline," of which the chapter entitled "Sometimes Arthur's Room Is More Than I Can Believe" gives a very clear illustration. The mother comments mildly on the untidiness of Arthur's room, and when he explains that "I was playing magician," she neither nags him nor lets him leave the mess but humors him into tidying his room by suggesting that he perform a magic trick for her and make certain things appear and other things disappear. In the next chapter, which is set at the breakfast table, the dialogue goes like this:

> "What are we having?" he asks.
> "We are having ants," I answer.
> "What kind of ants?"
> "The red ones," I tell him.
> Arthur makes a face.

The mother tells him the ants are beautiful ("Arthur looks and makes another face"), next suggests that he sprinkle sugar on them, or would he like a twist of lemon peel ("more head shaking from Arthur"), then shifts ground and reminds him that "red ants aren't exactly easy to come by!" ("Arthur begins playing with his spoon"), and finally has the sense to give up and ask him what he will eat instead (brown ants). Children and mothers will recognize themselves in this book, which casually pokes fun at the way things are but also suggests, in the easy and good-humored relationship that exists between mother and son, and in the air of comfort and contentment that prevails in the household, that they really aren't so bad.

Things could not be worse in the household described in "Did You Ever Hear a Klunk Say Please?," by Leonard Kessler (Dodd, Mead), who also did the illustrations—a book that shows the consequences of laissez-faire applied to the raising of children. The Klunks are children who behave unspeakably or, depending on your point of view, normally, and are the object of universal aversion. They live in wild disor-



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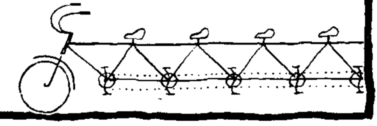

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der—scribbling on walls, flooding the bathrooms of people they visit, grabbing food at the table, hitting other children, pulling the cat's tail, and paying no attention whatever to the gentle remonstrances of their weary (and, one must gather, demented) parents. The illustrations are cartoonlike and the text is written in a disorderly verse form that is not inappropriate to a book about unregulated children; moreover, it is gay and brisk and lends itself to reading out loud. I think that children will find the book hilarious and not in the least edifying.

"Grandpa," by Barbara Borack, with pictures by Ben Shecter (Harper & Row), is a tender portrait of a shy, quiet, gentle, dear man who looks like Bernard Malamud and, moreover, is everything a grandfather ought to be. It is narrated by his little granddaughter, who tells, in a few words on each illustrated page, about the nice things the grandfather does for her, the good times they have together, and the special temperamental affinity that exists between them, and something very touching and vivid comes out of the pictures and the text, which fit each other as perfectly as the grandfather suits the granddaughter.

Most of "The Little Girl and the Tiny Doll," by Edward and Aingelda Ardizzone (Delacorte), takes place in the deep-freeze of an English grocery store. A tiny doll belonging to a girl who doesn't like dolls is carelessly dropped by its owner into the freeze, and there it stays, eking out a chilly existence with the cartons of broccoli and peas and stringbeans and strawberries that surround it and tower over it and often, when people take them out or put them in, threaten to squash it. One day, another little girl, one who loves dolls, appears in the grocery store and, seeing the tiny doll in the freeze, wishes she could liberate it, but, being a well-brought-up child who knows she mustn't touch things in stores, she leaves the doll where it is and goes home and makes it some warm clothes. Every day, the girl brings the doll some new comfort—a scarf, knickers, a petticoat, a looking glass—and the doll cheers up considerably under these attentions. Finally, the clerk in the store gives the girl leave to spring the doll from its icy prison, and the doll lives happily ever after in the girl's room, regaling the other dolls with its adventures in the deep-freeze. The delightful drawings that accompany the text are in Edward Ardizzone's familiar, redoubtable style. Robert Benchley's description of the engravings in French

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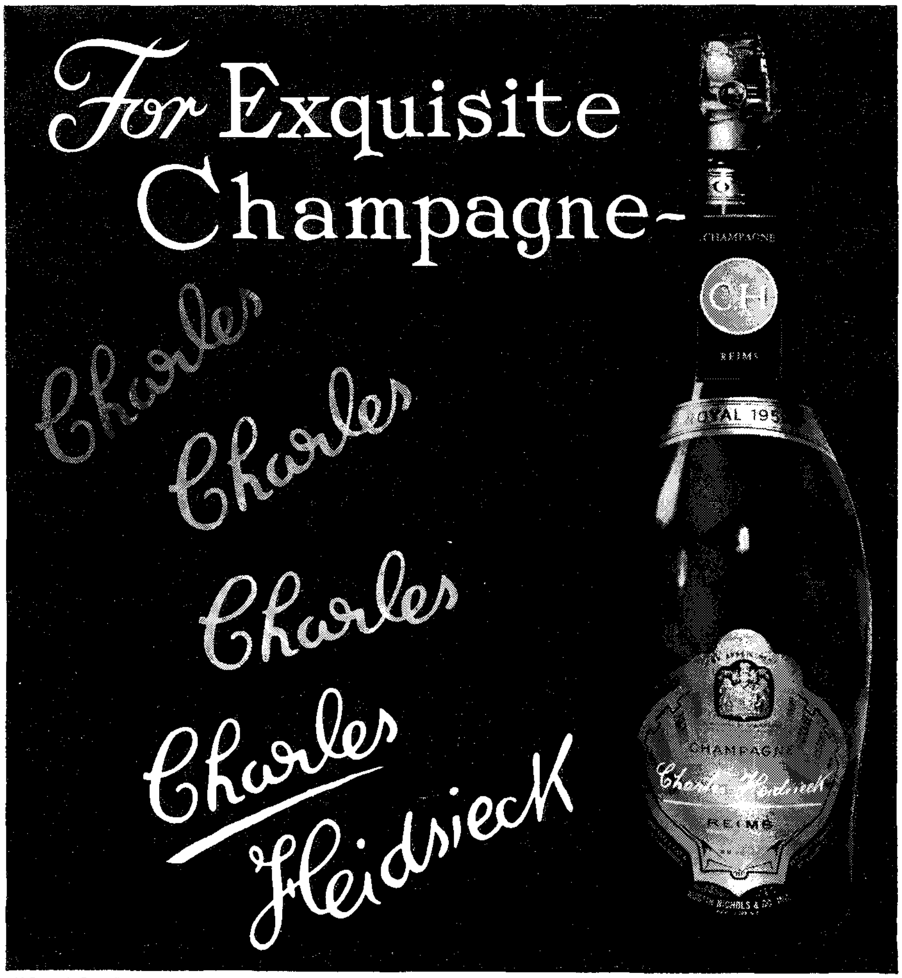
newspapers—"presumably etched on pieces of bread"—came to mind as I tried to think of a way to describe Mr. Ardizzone's pictures.

"Cannonball Simp," written and illustrated by John Burningham (Bobbs-Merrill), is about a little fat ugly dog, named Simp, whose owner abandons her in the town dump because she is so unprepossessing. The dog wanders about, cold and hungry and lonely, and at last finds her way to a circus, where she crawls into a trailer inhabited by a clown. The clown gives the dog a meal and lets her stay the night. The next day, the ringmaster informs the clown that his act isn't liked anymore and if he doesn't improve it by that night's performance he will have to go. One can see what he means about the act, which consists of firing a rubber ball from a cannon through a paper hoop, and Simp gets an idea. That night, she crawls into the cannon, and when it is fired the audience sees a dog instead of a ball flying out of the cannon and going through the hoop. The act is a great success and becomes famous, and for years people go to the circus especially to see the little dog fired from the cannon—which is how she comes to be known as Cannonball Simp. If the story is not remarkably original, it is a pleasant one, and the illustrations, done in a strong, heavy, bright Expressionist style, are distinguished. Some of them have a mordant humor that may be lost on a four-year-old but will make the person reading out loud to him feel well compensated for his conscientiousness. An especially fine illustration, which appears with the words "The circus managers had a look of boredom on their faces as they watched the clown. 'He'll really have to go,' they said," shows four of the most dissolute men imaginable, dressed in evening clothes and almost comatose with ennui.

"Zeralda's Ogre," written and drawn by Tomi Ungerer (Harper & Row), makes fun of gourmet cooking, and any book that does that is all right with me, though it's possible that small children whose gustatory educations are still at the Shake-a-Puddin' stage of development may not feel the full force of Mr. Ungerer's wit. A bearded ogre who eats children has so terrified the citizens of the town where he gets his meals that they have hidden all their offspring in cellars and vaults, and the ogre is reduced to a diet of gruel, lukewarm cabbage, and cold potatoes. In a distant valley, a girl named Zeralda lives with her father, a farmer, and devotes herself to her hobby of cooking. At six, the girl has already mas-



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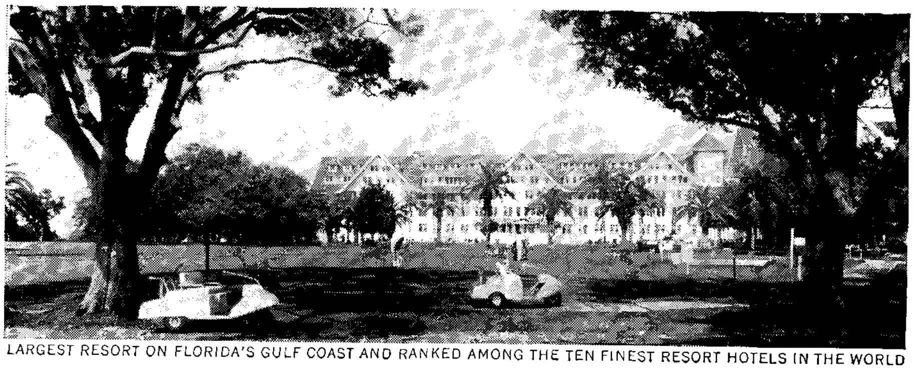
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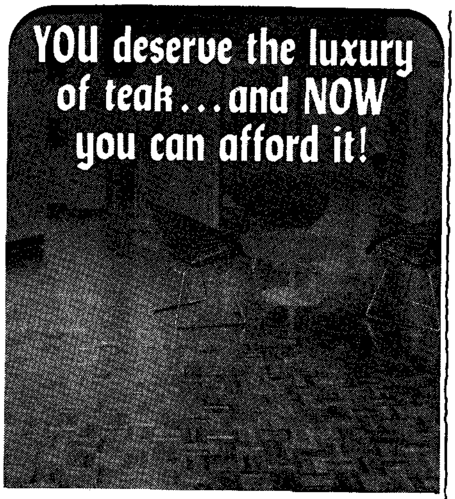

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tered the fundamentals of braising, roasting, broiling, and baking, and when she is slightly older she cooks like a graduate of the Cordon Bleu. The farmer goes to town once a year to sell his produce, but one year he falls ill and sends Zeralda in his place. On the way, she meets the ogre, who has tried to ambush her but was too eager to do a proper job of it, and she finds him lying in the middle of the road, with a sprained ankle and a bloody nose. "The poor man is starving," the girl observes, and, being as kindhearted as she is single-minded, gets out her pots and pans and cooks the ogre a meal of cream-of-watercress soup, smoked trout with capers, snails in garlic butter, a platter of roasted chickens, and a suckling pig. The ogre enjoys the meal so much that he invites Zeralda to come to his castle and cook for him. The girl accepts, and the ogre and neighboring ogres and ogresses who are on a dining basis with him soon become permanently persuaded of the superiority of *choucroute garnie* and *pâté en croûte* over children, and the children come out of hiding. When Zeralda grows up, she and the ogre "fell in love, married, led an elegant life, and had a lot of children. And, so it would seem, they lived happily ever after." The illustrations are large and handsome and cheerful, and they mitigate any terrors the story might hold for a child (the ogre looks far less formidable than the gourmet food), but I doubt whether children would find the book frightening in any case. A book about an ogre who eats naughty children would be something to keep out of the hands of an impressionable child, but Mr. Ungerer's amoral endomorph is hardly the material nightmares are made of.

ANOTHER innovation of this century is the picture book of information—the book that is written not to edify or to distract but strictly to impart facts about a natural or man-made phenomenon. There is something very likable about such books. They put one in mind of an adult who has patiently listened to a young child's question and has taken the trouble to frame his answer in a form that will be comprehensible but without falsifying or scamping any facts. Some of the books of this kind deal with surprising subjects. Hair is the subject of a book called "Straight Hair, Curly Hair," by Augusta Goldin (Crowell)—a "let's-read-and-find-out science book" that provides the reader with the knowledge needed to infer the shape of a follicle from the look of a hair, and a good

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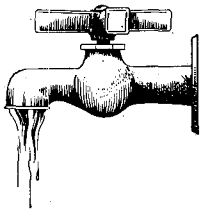

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SECTION I — CANADA DRY® THE NATION'S LEADING MIXERS — PAGE I

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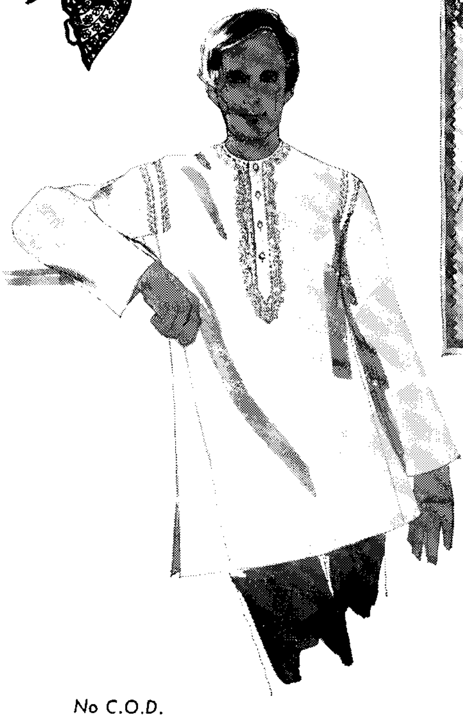
deal of information on the tensile strength of hair, the average length of hair, the benefits of hair, and the effects of weather on hair. There is nothing wrong with "Straight Hair, Curly Hair," mind you, just as there is nothing wrong with teaching a child diamond-cutting, but it seems a bit out of the way. "Milkweed," by Millicent E. Selsam (Morrow), is a study of a plant of whose flowers Gray says, in his "School and Field Botany," that they "are rather too difficult for the beginner readily to understand throughout." But Mrs. Selsam has contrived (with the help, to be sure, of good closeup photographs by Jerome Wexler) to make *Asclepias cornuti* as comprehensible as it needs to be to a layman, and from her account of the singular way this plant reproduces the reader may gain a good general notion of the plant-insect association in plant propagation. Milkweed, as you may know, or can learn from this book, is one of the most ingeniously constructed of plants. Insects who come to drink from its nectar cups find themselves slipping on the slick surfaces of the flower, and in attempting to secure a foothold they stick their feet into one of five little clefts that evolution has obligingly placed at the base of the flower and designed to grip an insect's foot in such a way that when it wants to fly away it has to tug to get its foot out, and as it does so it pulls away a pollen bag, which adheres to its foot. The insect proceeds to another flower and leaves the pollen bag behind when it tugs its way out of the next cleft. Thus cross-pollination is achieved. Mrs. Selsam writes with simplicity but with rigor, and the youngest child or an amateur of botany can read "Milkweed" with satisfaction.

AN article by a teen-age girl novelist appeared a few months ago in the *Times Book Review* complaining that today's fiction for young people is too romantic and frivolous and insufficiently sordid and true to life. After reading a number of this year's novels for older children, I must say that I think that girl's standards of sordor are too high. The novels deal with such subjects as gang warfare, juvenile crime, school dropouts, race prejudice, and pregnant high-school girls, and there even is a book about a sadistic camp councillor. If these books are romantic and frivolous, I wouldn't like to think what real and earnest books could be about. However, a bad book is a bad book, no matter how venturesome its subject matter, and with few exceptions the

SONA



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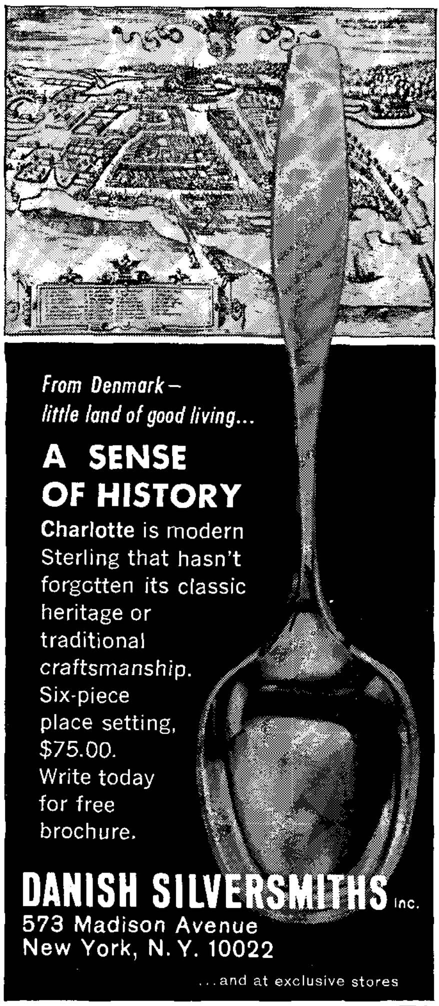
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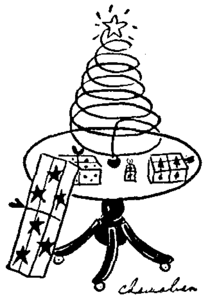
"realistic" books for children published this year are so crude and naïve that they might just as well be about horses or junior proms for all the reality they convey to the reader or the pleasure they give.

A noteworthy exception is "Good-bye to the Jungle," by John Rowe Townsend (Lippincott). Its setting is contemporary lower-class England and the chief characters are four underprivileged but high-spirited children and the two adults who are legally responsible for them but who are actually responsible only for their troubles. The adults are Walter Thompson, who is incorrigibly shiftless, stupid, and mean, and Doris, his "friend," as the child narrator delicately styles it—a slow-witted sloven who moves in with the family when Walter's wife leaves him and who shuffles about the house in a greasy wrapper, extracting bent cigarettes from a pocket and mumbling about how "dis'eartening" life is when she isn't taking swipes at a child or exhorting him to "shut yer flippin' trap." The real work—the cooking and cleaning and washing and shopping and mothering and fathering—is done by the two oldest children, fifteen-year-old Kevin and the fourteen-year-old Sandra, Walter's nephew and niece, who joined the ménage after their parents were killed in an automobile accident and who are determined to keep the family together and give the younger children a chance to grow up decently. The "jungle" of the title is the condemned slum district from which the family is moving to start a new life in a government housing project. But life with a pair like Walter and Doris is no easier in a Council house than in a slum, and in some respects it is harder. Mr. Townsend puts his finger on some of the defects of government housing that might be worth a city planner's meditation. The fact, for example, that there is no pub within walking distance of the project is not the unqualified source of happiness the planners evidently believed it would be. "I never thought I'd be sorry there isn't a pub nearby," Sandra observes to the other children as they sit on a wall outside the house, waiting for the violent row Walter and Doris are having within to subside, "but it had its points in Orchid Grove, when they could just nip round to the George and leave us in peace for a bit." Another fault of the development is its distance from the places where its tenants work. For Walter, who finds it hard to stick to a job under optimum conditions, the long bus ride in the morning is one hardship too many, and he loses his job and retreats into his natural shiftlessness. Doris takes to grousing about the decrepit furniture the family brought with them and makes repeated yearning allusions to the "lovely" new furniture she has seen in the shopping center. The older children decide that Doris's obsession with furniture is a sign of a change—a desire for respectability to be encouraged—and they manage to borrow a sum of money and buy her some decent second-hand furniture at a junk shop presided over by a saturnine old party who mourns the dear dead days when furniture was honestly made (presumably) and is so scornful of shoddy materials and bad workmanship that when the children are piling their purchases into a van he is moved to make an extraordinary gesture:

> "Nay," he said, "it's not worth ten pound, that lot. You should 'a' seen t'stuff my mother 'ad, back in t'nineties. By, that wa' real furniture, that was. 'Ere, take this."
>
> He pushed a pound note back in Sandra's hand.

When the children get home, the house is already full of new furniture. Doris has gone out and bought a suite (the New World suite, in fact) of furniture on the installment plan at the shopping center—the victim of a practiced salesman. The children waste no time on emotion. "But what will it cost altogether?" asks Sandra, the most practical-minded of them. "The price, I mean, not the weekly payments." "They only tell you 'ow much a week," says Doris. Doris's folly sets in motion the events with which the rest of the book is occupied and which develop into a mystery that is never solved. Children may be disappointed in the ambiguous, though fitting, ending, but then again they may not. One should not underestimate children any more than one should underestimate writers of children's books. "Good-bye to the Jungle" should dispel the notion that people who write for children are necessarily lesser writers than the people who write for adults.



"The Outsiders of Uskoken Castle," by Kurt Held (Doubleday), is another book about children who are in a serious fix; indeed, in comparison to their troubles the troubles of the children in "Good-bye to the Jungle" scarcely exist. The story takes place in a small

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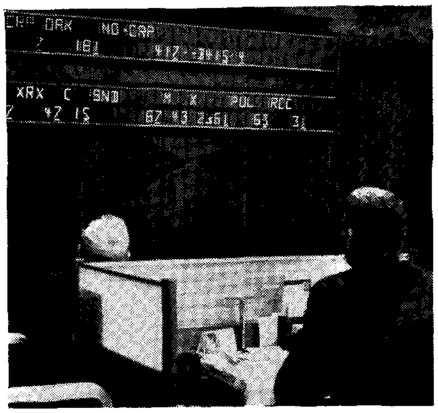

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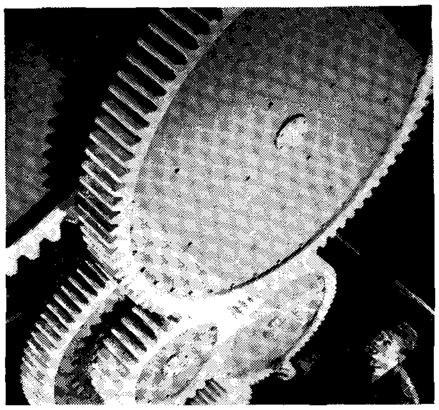

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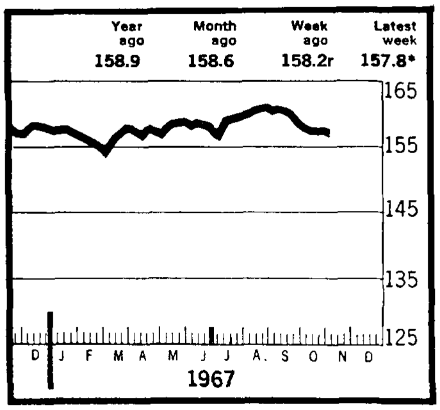

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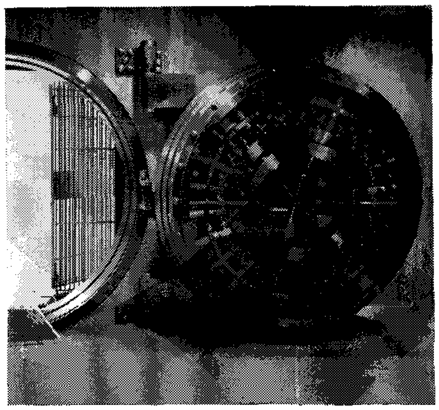

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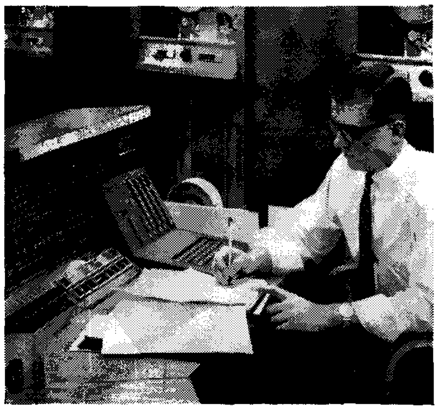

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town in postwar Yugoslavia, and the children are five homeless waifs who have formed a gang and lead an outlaw's existence in a deserted castle. They have to steal in order to eat, and they are wanted by the police. But, like the children in Mr. Townsend's book, they are full of life and spirit, and the reader who follows their harrowing adventures will be more apt to envy them their freedom than pity them for their hardships. The most enviable one is the leader of the gang—Zora, who personifies what every tomboy wants to be: tough enough and smart enough to rule a gang of boys. Zora keeps the gang in line and leads it in escapades that bring impudence to the level of art. One day, the children are stealing cherries in an orchard when the farmer suddenly appears. The boys prepare to run, but Zora signals to them to go on with what they're doing. As the farmer shouts at the children, they stare dumbly at him and keep on picking cherries. The more he shouts, the less moved they are. The farmer furiously pulls one of the boys down from a tree, and the boy coolly shrugs him off and puts a cherry in his mouth. The farmer has to give up. "Either I'm crazy—or you are!" he says, and walks off. The author's criticism of society is implicit in the plight of the children, who have become outlaws not by choice but because society offered them no honorable alternatives. The book also touches on the predicament of an individualistic fisherman, an ally of the children, who is being forced out of business by a fishing monopoly he has refused to join. In the end, there are concessions on all sides, leaving the reader to reflect on the fact that the individual can never win a total victory when he fights society (for where would society be if he did?) but that he can come out with large enough gains to make the fight worth getting into. The book was written in German and something has obviously got lost in the translation, for there is a discrepancy between the clever way the children conduct themselves and the witless way they talk.

The problems of the heroine of "Pauline," by Margaret Storey (Doubleday), are less critical than the problems of the children in the two books just discussed but more wearing—the way listening to a bore may be more wearing than saving a man from drowning. The girl is an orphan who has to live with relatives she can't abide. She wishes she could like them better, but she can't, for at every turn they offend her taste, intelligence, and no-

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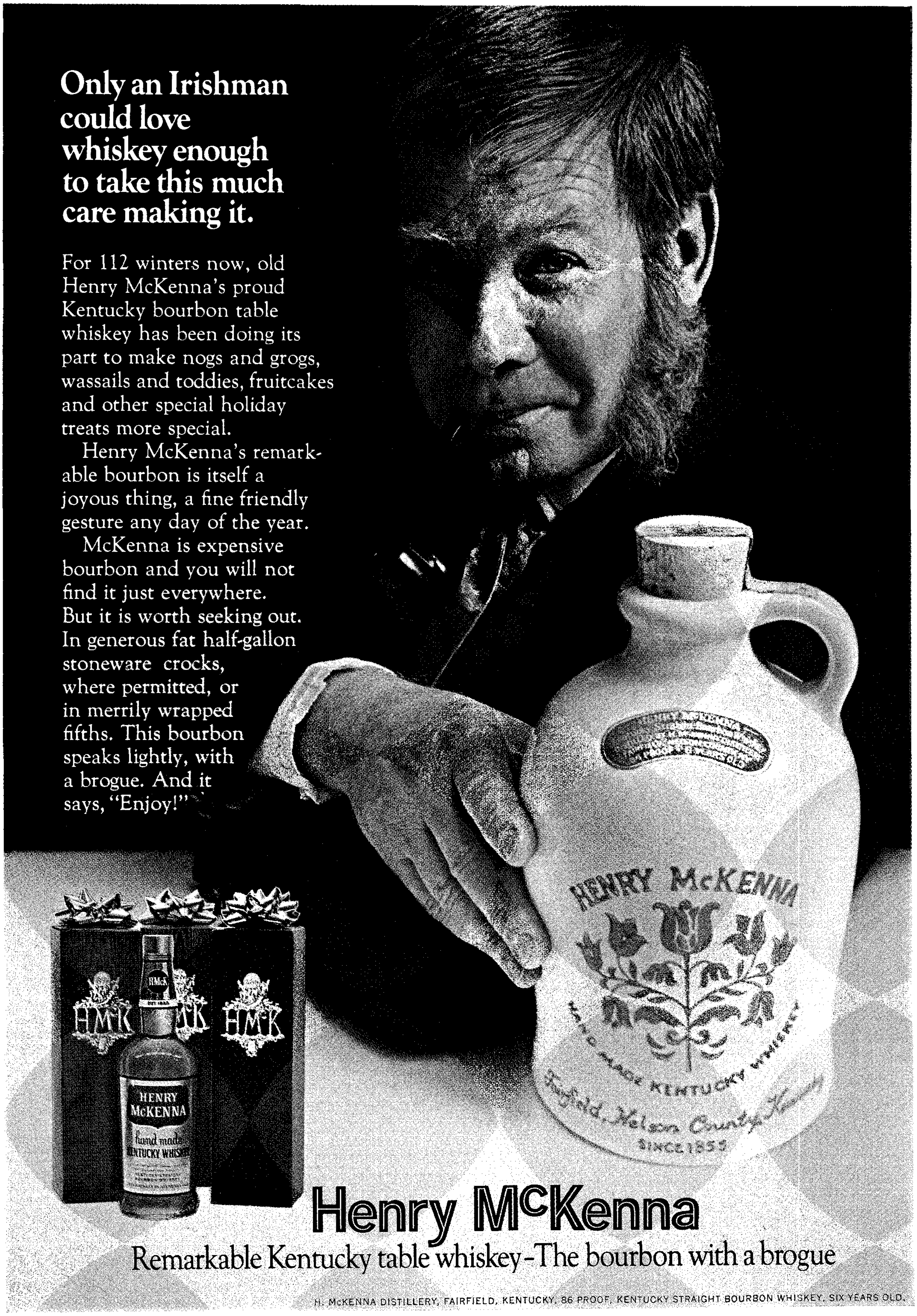
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tions of conduct. Her Uncle Harry, who is so kind, so well-meaning, so *irritating*, undertakes to induce radical improvements in the health and character of his niece—the sort of thing the dashing uncle in "Eight Cousins" did so well—but his fusty admonitions only confirm Pauline in her low estimate of him and her satisfaction with herself as she is. She compares the pokiness and philistinism of the aunt and uncle to the culture and refinement (manifested by van Gogh prints on the wall) of the relative she has lived with in London, and their rigidity to the flexibility of the Blacketts, the easygoing, modern parents of some schoolmates. Paul, Uncle Harry's oldest child, feels about his parents much the way Pauline does. His association with the Blacketts has sharpened his dissatisfaction with his own family and made him surly when he is at home. Uncle Harry concludes that the Blacketts are a bad influence and forbids Paul to see them. When Pauline shows signs of rebelliousness, she, too, is forbidden the company of the Blacketts, and then she tells Uncle Harry off. In a heedless torrent of words she lets him know what she thinks of his strictness and dullness, and ends her peroration with the awful accusation that "you thought Jane Austen wrote 'Jane Eyre.'" One feels as sorry for the uncle as one feels sympathetic toward the niece. It is a pity that they have to live together. But the author neither exaggerates the merits of the heroine, who is a perfectly ordinary schoolgirl with a mild intellectual bent, nor the horrors of the uncle, who is maddening but a perfectly nice man. It is not a tragic situation, it is a difficult one, and Miss Storey makes the most of it.

"POIL DE CAROTTE," by Jules Renard, is a French classic that was first published in 1894 and is now available in English for the first time, in a translation by Ralph Manheim (Walker). It is a chilling account of the sufferings of a little boy at the hands of a mother who is presumably a typical nineteenth-century bourgeoise and who makes Christina Pontifex, of "The Way of All Flesh," seem in comparison a paragon of maternal virtue. The book is composed of brief vignettes, most of them illustrative of some mental or physical torment that the mother, who is entirely selfish, hypocritical, and cruel, has devised for her son. The book is extremely painful, and I would hesitate to give it to a child, but a parent who reads it, if he can bear to, is apt to find himself feel-

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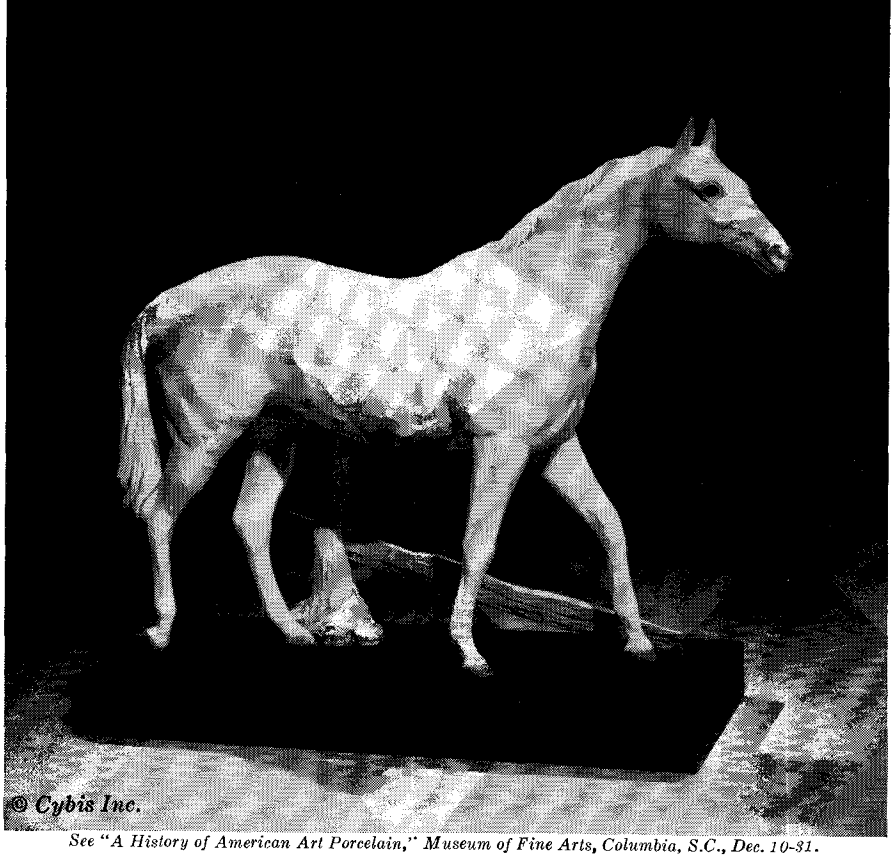

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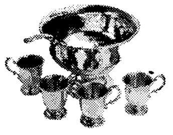

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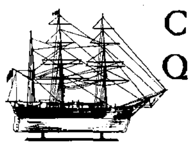

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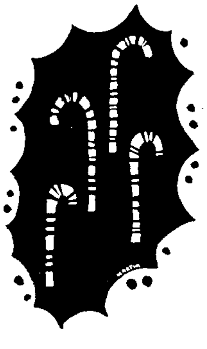
ing less critical of today's indulgent methods of child rearing and to see that they spring from an impulse to temper the absolute power parents have over children and to do away with such abuses as "Poil de Carotte" illustrates. Much has happened since Renard's day, and abuses nowadays seem to come largely from the children's side, but since grownups are infinitely better able to stand up to brats than children are to tyrants, one could hardly wish it otherwise.

THE decent treatment of modern children by their parents, however meritorious in life, has had a disastrous effect on the life expectancy of parents in modern children's fiction. Relations between parents and children being so amicable, and therefore so completely uninteresting, writers of children's books have found it necessary to kill parents off in order to provide sufficient adversity for their young heroes and heroines to face. The invention of the automobile and airplane provided writers with an efficient way of creating orphans, though here and there writers have sent a set of parents on a long trip to the bedside of a sick relative instead of putting them on a doomed airliner. But such tenderheartedness (what with medical advances) is becoming increasingly rare. As you may have noticed, the protagonists of all the novels discussed so far are orphans. In John Verney's "Ismo" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) we come to an exception. The parents in it undoubtedly owe their lives to the fact that they are needed in the indescribably complex plot, involving, among other things, English schoolchildren, a youth movement called Ismo, a forged Raphael, and a plot to assassinate de Gaulle. The author obviously has other things to worry about besides the rapport between modern parents and children, and he lets the parents be. He even throws them some good lines. The father of one of the schoolgirls takes her and some of her friends out to tea and addresses the group thus:



> "Sophie's always ashamed of me in public. . . . Do your fathers shame you in public?"
>
> "Oh always," they said.
>
> "I'm glad to hear it. I don't hold with the modern nonsense of parents allowing themselves to be downtrodden by their children or treated at best as a sort of well-meaning friend. I'm not Sophie's friend. I'm her *father*. The chap who stands on the threshold with a horsewhip when she comes home too late with a young man."
>
> "Sometimes you're so square it isn't true," she said.

The father moves on to the subject of beatniks:

> "After all, what is a beatnik? Someone who finds he has no talent, no wit, no skill, nothing with which to attract attention, and so sits down in the dust and lets his hair and toenails grow. I can forgive the beats for being dirty, but I cannot tolerate them for being so damned *dull.* Anyway, the beat thing is already on the way out, thank goodness."

Ismo is anything but dull, a movement "not of Despair but of Joy"—idealist, idiotic, playful, non-violent, reminiscent of the Dada movement in its elaborate outrageousness, but thoroughly middle-class at heart. And it is silent. There is no publicity; it simply spreads from country to country by word of mouth, "like a spark that has set off a soundless explosion. As if Ismo was what everyone had been waiting for, without knowing." "I suppose I'm being prematurely middle-aged," one of the schoolboys says, "but I think the whole idea sounds nonsense. I would take it more seriously if you could give an example of Ismo actually working and doing some good." The answer is that "it is never as easy to give examples of doing good as of doing bad. If you blow something up, that is news. If you *prevent* the same thing being blown up, no one hears." The members of Ismo prevent violence by playing extravagant practical jokes, and herein lies its weakness as a movement that could be lifted from the book and translated into life as an alternative to, say, the hippie movement. The hippies do nothing you or I couldn't do if we mustered the requisite torpor. But the escapades of the Ismos belong strictly to the world of escape literature. The incident inspired by General de Gaulle's girth and involving the theft of all large trousers in Paris, including his, so that he will not get to a reviewing stand in time to be assassinated, clearly demonstrates that Ismo couldn't exist, but one can't help thinking how nice if it did!

The book is full of the kind of genial wit that the English turn out as if the ability to do so were bred into them: "From which they went on to discuss the English attitude to eating in general—as a necessary but somewhat disgraceful pleasure better indulged in abroad." But (as you might expect) the finest example of Mr. Verney's

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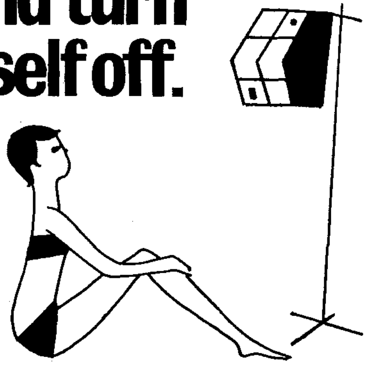

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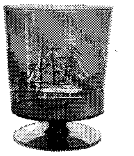

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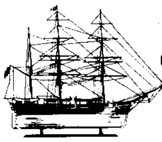

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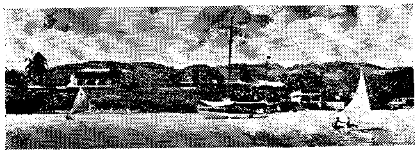

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cleverness and Englishness is his description of a seventeen-year-old German student:

> He boasted of having fought a duel with sabres, complained that they weren't allowed beer, and at the smallest provocation broke into a song called the Horst Wessel. He was far stronger than the other boys, a persistent nuisance to the older girls and, when he wasn't being hearty, became surly and even dangerous. At first they had all made allowances, attributing his behavior to a racial inferiority complex, inherited war guilt, and that kind of thing, but understanding his difficulties didn't help them to *like* him any better.

"Two Against the Tide," by Bruce Clements (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a fantasy that proposes to the reader: Let's pretend we can live forever. Would it be a good thing? E. M. Forster has already given an answer to this question in "Howards End." "Injustice and greed would be the real thing if we lived forever," he has a character say. "As it is, we must hold to other things, because Death is coming." For, paradoxically, "Death destroys a man: the idea of Death saves him." Mr. Clements' examination of immortality takes place on an island, off the coast of Maine, whose inhabitants use a drug that stops changes in the body and enables them to live hundreds of years past their natural lifetimes. The drug's discoverer, a Mr. Hill, founded the colony in the last century, selecting its members from among elderly people who had lived extraordinarily good and useful lives, with the idea of building a paradise on earth. But, as Forster predicted, immortality corrupts, and as the years pass the good people lose their virtue. They grow petty and selfish, and existence in the paradise becomes stagnant and pointless. Mr. Hill and a woman named Eve, both of whom have somehow contrived to stay actively good, decide that the way to restore life and benevolence to the community may be to bring some young people into it, and accordingly they kidnap a boy and a girl named Tom and Sharon. The children do bring about changes in the quality of life on the island, and they come close to accepting immortality for themselves, but finally they reject it and return to the world. They reach their decisions independently. The boy, who has been taking the drug, suddenly asks himself, " 'Why isn't life fun anymore?' The answer came like a wave . . . 'Because I'm taking the tablets and my life is standing still.' "

For Tom, now, there were no changes. Tomorrow he and everyone on the island

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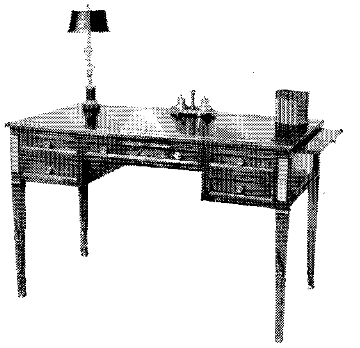

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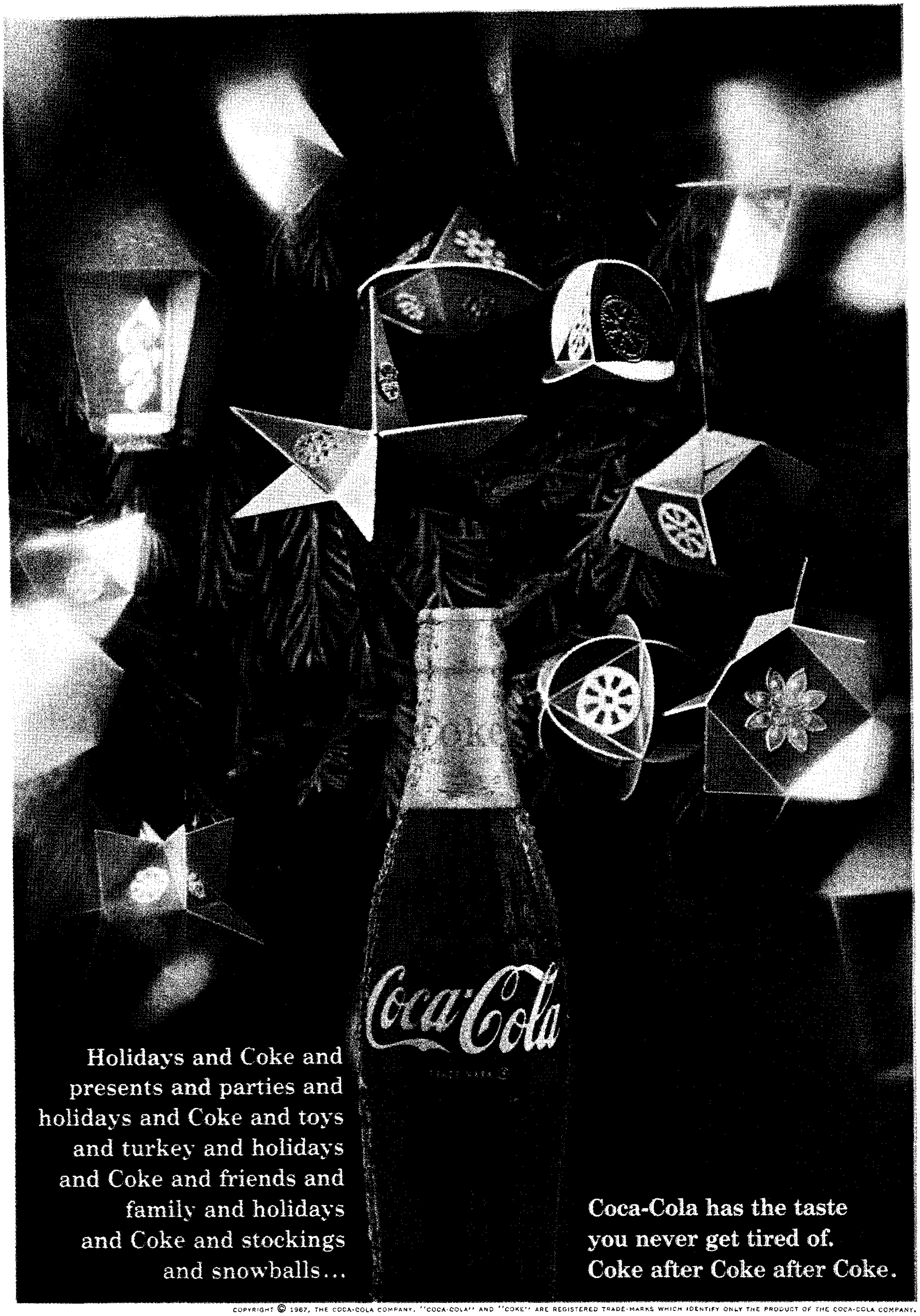
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The girl watches a crab make its way toward the sea—"so brave and at the same time so stupid"—and realizes that she wants to leave the island. "All the crab knew," she explains later, "was that he was a crab, and that he had to do what crabs are meant to do."

"No, Sharon," Aunt Eve said. "He didn't know anything. He did what he did automatically, by instinct. You're different. You have a mind. You can think. You can choose to live one way or the other."
Sharon answered slowly and deliberately. "Then I choose to live the way everyone else in the world has to live."
"And you understand that choosing to live like everyone else means choosing to die, in time, too?"
"Yes."

The book is written like a mystery story. It begins with the kidnapping, but for a long time the children don't know whether they are actually being kidnapped or not, and the reader cannot be sure, either, about what is going on or even about what sort of book he is reading. The fact that "Two Against the Tide" is a fantasy comes out only gradually. Mr. Clements' technique is reminiscent of the one used by Shirley Jackson in "The Lottery," in its apparent preoccupation with the utterly ordinary and commonplace and its carefully placed hints of the sinister and out of the ordinary. When Mr. Clements does finally tip his hand, the reader is prepared to believe his incredible story. "As long as we're together on this island," Eve tells the children after the kidnapping, "I'll never knowingly tell you a lie or break a promise. You can be sure that my 'yes' will mean yes, and my 'no' will mean no." This is exactly what Mr. Clements does. Unlike most writers of fantasies, who cheat, Mr. Clements honors his obligations to the reader. He does not invent for invention's sake and he does not use the supernatural to get himself out of difficulties; his invention is always at the service of his idea, and he uses his wits to solve his writing problems. His book is thoroughly admirable.

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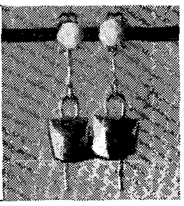

Straus & Giroux), he strays from his usual fantastic/didactic formula, and the result is oddly disappointing. A boy named Mossy finds a golden key at the foot of the rainbow and sets out to look for the keyhole into which it fits, and a slovenly girl named Tangle is lured into fairyland by spiteful fairies ("Fairies have an exceeding dislike to untidiness") and makes her way to the cottage of a beautiful and wise woman who bathes her and gives her a nice clean gown. Mossy arrives at the cottage, and after he, too, is tidied up, the two go off to look for the keyhole. Up to this point, the story is full of the curious and engaging mixture of coziness and eeriness that characterizes Macdonald's art, but now it becomes something else. The children arrive at a Valley of Shadows—shadows of everything there is—and they are made to realize that the object of their quest is to find the place from which the shadows fall. They also notice that they have turned into an old man and an old woman. Three symbolic figures direct them to their destination—the Old Man of the Sea, who is middle-aged; the Old Man of the Earth, who is a handsome youth; and the Old Man of the Fire, who is a naked child. The Old Man of the Fire is described in this manner:

> There was such an awfulness of absolute repose on the face of the child that Tangle stood dumb before him. He had no smile, but the love in his large gray eyes was deep as the center. And with the repose there lay on his face a shimmer as of moonlight, which seemed as if any moment it might break into such a ravishing smile as would cause the beholder to weep himself to death. But the smile never came, and the moonlight lay there unbroken. For the heart of the child was too deep for any smile to reach from it to his face.

This is beautiful, or, at any rate, "beautiful" writing, but what does it mean? The story seems more and more empty as it grows more and more portentous. Mossy and Tangle go from one allegorical figure to the next, never thinking of doing anything on their own, and they are rewarded for their supineness by becoming beautiful and wise and finally reaching the land from which the shadows fall. W. H. Auden has written an afterword to "The Golden Key"—an essay both incisive and rich, in which he develops a theory about fairy tales and myths that sets them apart from writings about what he terms "the primary everyday world":

> *History, actual or feigned, demands* that the reader be at one and the same time inside the story, sharing in the feelings and events narrated, and outside it, checking these against his own experiences. A fairy tale like "The Golden Key," on the other hand, demands of the reader total surrender; so long as he is in its world, there must for him be no other.

One can only feel deficient in sensibility in not submitting to so eloquent a demand for surrender, but for this reader, at least, it was never possible to feel that the world of "The Golden Key" had any existence outside of Macdonald's imagination—an imagination that had become enfeebled, perhaps, in this instance, by too much Plato. Maurice Sendak's illustrations, on the other hand, command the liveliest interest and are an instance of art's ability to communicate terror and mystery. Each of the beautiful black-and-white drawings, which have the quality of nineteenth-century etchings, represents, though it is tied to this story, a story of its own, and, like those pictures that the victims of psychological experiments are shown and asked to interpret, they reach the unconscious and bring up associations that one would perhaps prefer to leave down there.

Mr. Sendak is beyond any argument the best illustrator of our time, and much of his recent work is so good one feels that it ought to be hanging in museums instead of languishing between the covers of unsatisfactory books. The pictures in "Higglety Pigglety Pop! or There Must Be More to Life" (an unsatisfactory book written by Mr. Sendak himself and published by Harper & Row) are probably the best work he has done, and I commend them to the attention of art critics. It may be time for Mr. Sendak to abandon children's books. The field can be excellent training for artists, and, indeed, anyone who has followed Mr. Sendak's career from its beginning can see the tremendous strides he has made from book to book—strides he undoubtedly would not have made if he had starved in a garret or had won early acclaim as a painter of large canvases depicting comic strips or scouring pads. But his apprenticeship is clearly over, and I trust he will take the next logical step.

A BETTER case for Auden's theory about fairy tales can be made with "Smith of Wootton Major," by J. R. R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin), a short fairy story that may be as empty (in final analysis) as "The Golden Key" but that admirably suc-

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ceeds in persuading the reader to suspend his analytical powers while he is reading it. The hero is a gifted boy, whose gift is a magic star embedded in a slice of cake he is given at a village feast and that he swallows without knowing it. A few months later, the star falls out of his mouth into his hand, and as he strikes his brow in astonishment the star sticks to his forehead, and there it stays. The boy grows up and becomes a smith, known for his good workmanship; he marries and has children, but sometimes he goes away on trips to Faery (as Tolkien styles fairyland) with his star as his passport, and through the beautiful and terrible things he sees he attains a measure of wisdom and equanimity it is given to few people to possess. The author wisely offers intimations rather than descriptions of Faery, but here and there he throws in a vivid detail that makes the reader at once yearn to see the place and feel, oddly, that he *has* seen it, perhaps in a dream. There is a green region of Faery where the air is so lucid that one can see the red tongues of the birds as they sing, and one feels a preternatural sense of recognition as one reads the description.

Smith meets the Queen of Faery and then the King (who has been the village cook), and then has to give up the star, as, presumably, all gifts must be relinquished—in this case, so that it may again be put into a cake and used to beautify the life of another fortunate boy. One can gather that the story takes place in another time, but the author has been careful not to specify which period, nor has he put in any spurious period dialogue or local color. The spurious medieval illustrations by Pauline Baynes spell out what Tolkien has been good enough to leave unsaid, and are to be regretted.

It is hard to think of a twentieth-century writer who has never felt the urge (or financial necessity) to venture into the field of children's literature. In general, these forays are not a success. This year there have been children's books by William Faulkner, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Elizabeth Taylor, Isaac Bashevis Singer, and Gerald W. Johnson, among others, but only the books by the last two authors seem likely to please children. The Faulkner book, "The Wishing Tree" (Random House), was written in 1927, a year after the publication of Faulkner's first novel, "Soldiers' Pay," and it might be of some interest to graduate students doing theses on Faulkner's humor, of which two or

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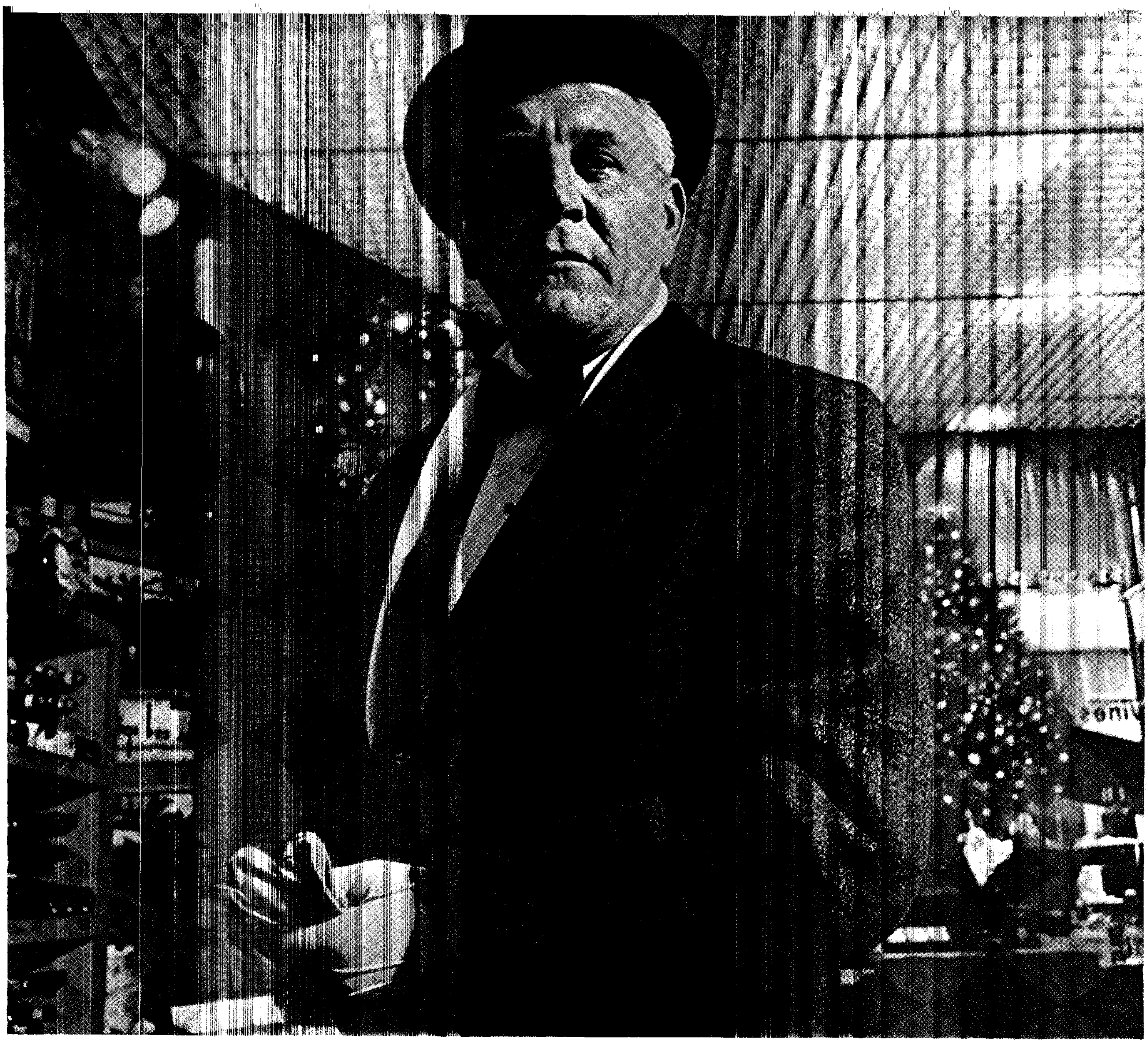

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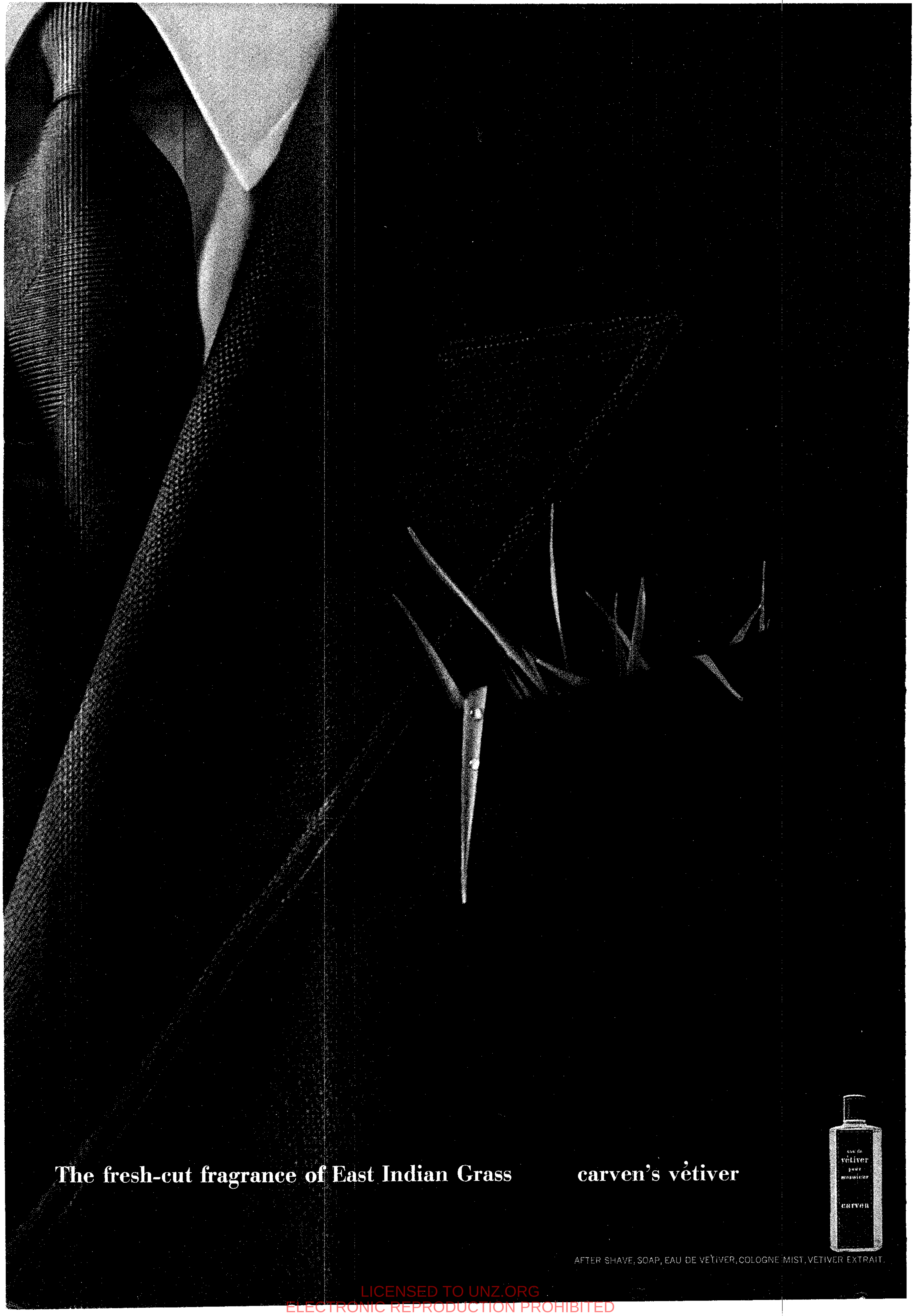
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three plausible instances exist in the book. But for the rest the book is a staggeringly dull account of a quest for a magic tree by some Southern children and a Negro mammy. It was written as a birthday present for an eight-year-old girl, and Faulkner couldn't have thought much of it or it would have been published during his lifetime. H. G. Wells wrote and did the pictures in "The Adventures of Tommy" (Knopf) in 1898 to amuse himself while recovering from an illness, and Aldous Huxley wrote "The Crows of Pearblossom" (Random House) in 1944 to amuse his niece. Both books are the sort of thing it is delightful to receive in manuscript form, done out of affection and done particularly for you. In print, such productions lose their charm, and seem arch, futile, and ill-made. In "Mossy Trotter" (Harcourt, Brace & World), Elizabeth Taylor departs from the concise, ironic, tautly constructed short story for which she is known and which she writes better than practically anyone living today, and takes it rather easy. The book is composed of loosely joined episodes in the life of a nice young boy and his nice, youngish, none too rich English suburban parents. Miss Taylor surveys both boyhood and parenthood with an indulgent eye, and she sets the small griefs and hurts and embarrassments and excitements and pleasures that occupy the boy against a background of the more serious preoccupations of the parents (money, child rearing), of which the boy is only dimly aware. But the book doesn't work, agreeable and human as it is. It is somehow flat. It is interesting for an admirer of Miss Taylor's short stories to read "Mossy Trotter," if only because it makes him aware of the enormous pains she must take to produce those stories, in which nothing is superfluous and everything creates its brilliant effect, but I think the book would bore a child.

"Mazel and Shlimazel: or the Milk of a Lioness," by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a wonderful book. It is based on a Jewish folk tale, but, like the stories by Tolstoy based on folk tales, it has a literary character that folk tales told by folks (or translators) don't have. It also has a scenic quality that gives the story a movielike immediacy and quickness. The story commences, as if before the credits, with two spirits holding a conversation as they walk through a village. One is Mazel, the spirit of good luck, and the other is Shlimazel, the spirit of bad luck. Mazel exuberantly boasts of his universal popularity, but Shlimazel curtly reminds

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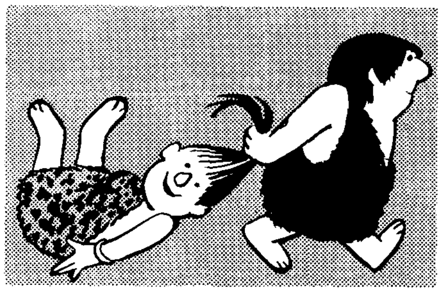

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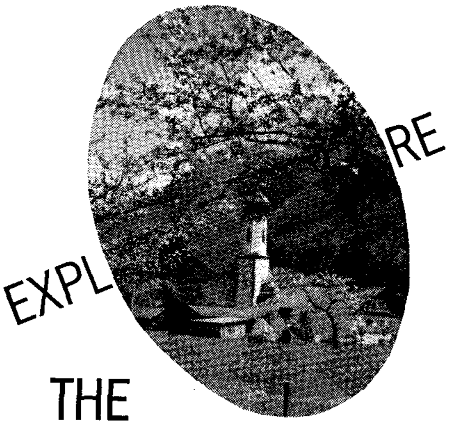
him that "the world is ruled by the strong and not by the charming. What can take you a year to accomplish, I can destroy in one second." Mazel has to agree, but he reproaches Shlimazel for his lack of originality. "You always do it in the same way—either you kill, or you burn, or you send sickness or famine, war or poverty. I, on the other hand, am always full of fresh ideas." Shlimazel demurs, and the argument leads to a wager. Mazel proposes to go to the poorest hut in the village and bring happiness to whoever lives there. He will stay with this person a year. At the end of the year, Shlimazel may take over, but he may not resort to any of his hackneyed methods; that is, he may not kill the subject through a mishap or make him sick or impoverish him. "Now, how much time will you need to undo what I will have done?" "One second" is the reply. The story proper then begins—of the poor boy in the hovel who becomes a king's favorite and the king's daughter's most likely suitor because luck (Mazel) is with him, and then loses all in a second as the year ends and Shlimazel takes over. The way Shlimazel contrives to win the wager is a witty surprise, and how, moreover, the storyteller arranges to have the story end happily after all is also ingenious and satisfying. The colored illustrations, by Margot Zemach, have the flavor of folk art but, like the text, are anything but artless. I particularly admired the way she drew Mazel and got into his expression, his gestures, his gait, and his stance the panache of the people one occasionally meets who go through life as if Mazel were always with them.

There is a particular fitness about Gerald W. Johnson as a writer of histories and biographies for children. He does something few other writers in this line of enterprise have thought of doing—he takes the trouble to amuse his readers and to reason with them. Although the writing he does for children is simpler and more explanatory than the writing in his articles and books for adults, it is no less forceful and idiosyncratic, and the point of view is just as marked and steadily held. The intention of the early chapters of "Franklin D. Roosevelt: Portrait of a Great Man" (Morrow) is to show how Roosevelt overcame the disadvantages of wealth, family, Groton, and Harvard to become an able politician. But it was not until he was crippled by polio, Johnson goes on to argue, that he showed any signs of being a great man. "One can believe that he might have been a President and done as well



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in the White House as he did on the tennis court—that is to say, not bad, but not very good, either. He would have been compared with such Presidents as Monroe and Polk and Cleveland, but never with Jefferson or Lincoln." For "even as late as 1920 he was a bit of a snob. . . . He did have a slight touch of the feeling that his class was a little above the masses of the people. . . . There was a touch of the hoity-toity in him. It was not enough to prevent him from being an able man, but it might have prevented him from being a great one." The illness changed all that. At Warm Springs, Roosevelt "developed a remarkable understanding of how many men take a terrible beating through no fault of their own. He felt more strongly than most political leaders that people crippled not by their own misconduct, but by sheer bad luck, have a right to be helped by those lucky enough to have escaped. He did not regard such help as charity. He thought it was simple fairness." The book's matrix is the author's egalitarianism, his mistrust of big business, his sympathy for the disadvantaged, his lack of awe for people with a lot of money, his hardheadedness and common sense. It is, consequently, less a portrait of a great man than an account of the development of a great liberal, yet it is such a good account that one cannot wish the book to be anything but what it is.

"ANNA OF THE BEARS," by Bjørn Rongen, translated from the Norwegian by Evelyn Ramsden (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a gentle and improbable story about a little girl who is abducted by a bear while she is playing in a farmyard and is retrieved a few days later, none the worse for her adventures. It is a story that a young child will enjoy and believe, and that an adult concerned with conservation may read as a parable. The story begins on a summer day, when a hunter named Knut unsuccessfully pursues a she-bear in the woods but comes upon her cub and takes it home with him and puts it in a cage. Soon after, a two-year-old girl named Anna disappears from her family's farm, which is a short distance from the woods. It quickly becomes apparent that the she-bear has taken the child as a substitute for the cub, and Anna's mother tries to persuade Knut to release the cub. Knut, who sees animals only as targets, is reluctant, but agrees when the child is glimpsed through a telescope trustfully sitting on the bear's paws and feeding

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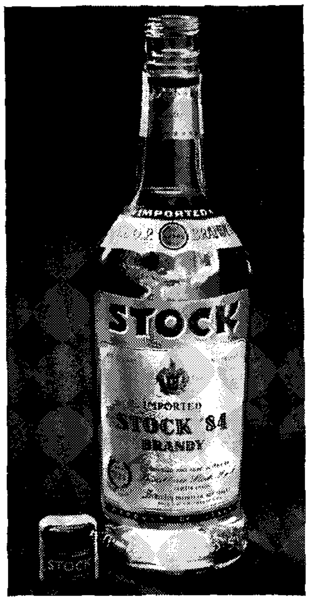

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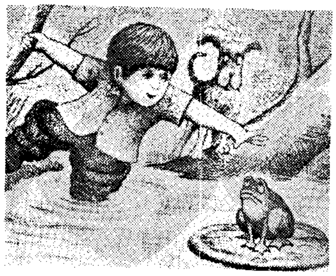
her berries. The scene in which the cub-child exchange takes place would bring tears to the eyes of a taxidermist, and though Knut almost ruins everything by taking a parting shot at the bears, he misses, and the book ends with the balance nicely restored between the human and animal sides. The story is unlikely, but the moral is unarguable: If you take something from Nature, she will take something from you. Evidence of the penalties Nature exacts when she is disturbed mounts all around us, and it is disquieting to think that the children reading this book today may be in no position, a few years hence, to make reparation for the sins of their fathers.

Books deploring the destruction of wildlife and the dislocation of ecological associations are becoming a staple of each year's list of children's books, but with few exceptions these works are as badly written as they are well meant. They tend to be amateurish, disorganized, anthropomorphic, and dull. "Nature in the City," by John Rublowsky (Basic Books), in contrast, is ably written and organized, scientific, interesting, and—what is more—not depressing. Whatever is happening elsewhere, the animals and plants that live in the city are doing well. Mr. Rublowsky asks the reader to regard the city environment as a no less "natural" one, as far as the life forms it supports are concerned, than country environments, and to see such animals as dogs or roaches as parts of the chain of life rather than as creatures put on earth for man's exclusive pleasure or annoyance. The dog is an animal (in fact, the only animal) that consciously tries to please man, and this is the essential factor in its survival as a species.

> Yet not many of us think of the relationship between dog and man as a natural adaptation. Instead, we toss off this remarkable partnership by saying that the dog is dependent upon man for his existence. He survives only by the grace of man in an artificially created environment. Nature, however, makes no such distinctions.

The roach, which has, "one can almost say, the lofty brow of a scholar," is one of the oldest forms of life on earth, and the most primitive of winged insects. It "has won its right to existence through some three hundred million years of struggle. It has survived climatic and geological upheavals and has clung to life tenaciously where other species have failed. Think about this the next time you step on one skittering across your kitchen floor." Mr. Rublowsky also writes of mice,



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RESTAURANT

rats, feral cats, bats, birds, squirrels, and even of foxes, coyotes, opossums, and armadillos who live in cities or their outskirts. In his last chapter, "Islands of Life," he points out that when we fly over a city in the summer we see that it is predominantly green, and he cites the prodigious variety of plants and animals for which parks and cemeteries and city back yards are a refuge. Back yards are apparently (and astonishingly) *the* most important and extensive preserves of nature in the city, and, writing of his own back yard, in Brooklyn, the author is moved to declare that "this little corner of open ground never fails to impress me with Nature's ways. Her myriad creatures fill the city as they fill the world, offering a glimpse of the creativity of which all of us are a part."

Hermann Tirler, the author of "A Sloth in the Family" (Walker), has gone a little further than most people in partaking of the creativity of which Mr. Rublowsky speaks. His account of his life with a sloth named Nepomuk differs from other accounts of the domestication of wild animals (lions, otters, for instance) in the complete lack of desire it inspires in the reader to own the animal in question. Eating the leaves of the imbauba tree and sleeping are their only occupations ("they never make a sound, except on very rare occasions, when they heave a gentle sigh"), with the emphasis on sleep, and when a sloth goes to sleep nothing rouses him, not even the smoke coming from his own backside. "Sloth burning!" is a cry frequently heard in the Tirler household, the author reports, "at which we leap to our feet and run frantically round trying to discover where Nepomuk has fallen asleep. On the kitchen stove? No! On the water heater in the bathroom? No! There he is on top of the floor lamp in the drawing room, with his bottom touching the big electric bulb!" The author named him Nepomuk because "there was something about his face that reminded me of the statue of St. Nepomuk in Prague." His fondness for the sloth, though inexplicable, is engaging, and the color photographs of the animal, mostly in repose, permit one to see what the author means when he says about the sloth that "the very sight of one makes you smile."

THE very sight of a child's drawing must make Rhoda Kellogg blanch, if her "The Psychology of Children's Art" (CRM-Random House), which states that she has looked at more than a *million* paintings

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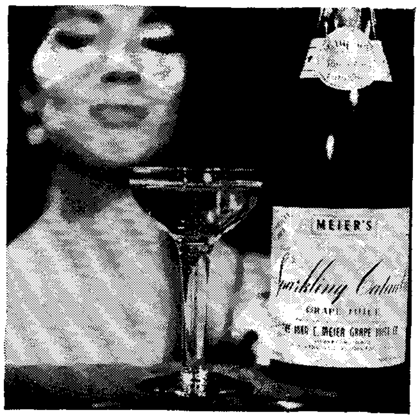

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and drawings by children, can be believed, and I believe it. After travelling around the world and looking at all those paintings, she came to the conclusion that all children paint, draw, and scribble exactly the same way at the same ages, whether they are Dutch, Finnish, Chinese, American, or French, and this book, written with the assistance of Scott O'Dell, is the product of twenty years of research and field work. The discovery is not startling—Malraux implied it in his discussion of the style of childhood in "Voices of Silence"—but the particulars are interesting, and one is glad someone went to the trouble of providing them. There is more to scribbling than you might suppose as you regard the large sheet of paper your three-year-old has brought home from nursery school, empty except for a few careless scrawls in one corner, and try to think of something polite to say. But if you had Miss Kellogg's book, you could turn to page 20, and among the "twenty basic scribbles" depicted thereon you would find your child's scribble, and see which of the "seventeen major placement patterns" the placement of his scribble falls into. Children progress from scribbling to forming outlines and shapes and designs, then to drawing people and things, and then, between the ages of five and seven, to making pictures, and at every stage every child does what every other child in the world is doing. The authors conclude that "if children everywhere are so much alike that they use identical shapes, designs, and symbols, then it may be possible to build upon man's common heritage rather than to founder upon his differences." But there are other things children do alike all over the world (lie, steal, cheat, hit each other, watch television) upon which one would just as soon not build anything, and it's probably enough to regard the universality of children's art as an interesting phenomenon and leave it at that.

Like "The Psychology of Children's Art," "A Harvest of Russian Children's Literature," edited by Miriam Morton (University of California Press; twelve dollars and fifty cents), is a book more suitable for educators and scholars than for children, if only because the age span of the material is so extensive (the selections range from poems for five-year-olds to Turgenev's "Mumu") that any child who receives the book will find that most of the material is for children of some other age group. There is a good deal of excellent reading in the book (especially wonderful are the short moral-

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istic—but not moralizing—stories by Tolstoy for very young children, which apparently have not been translated before; a long, affecting story by Vladimir Korolenko [1853-1921], "Children of the Vaults," which has an old-fashioned and oddly un-Russian flavor; and a very Russian and joyful excerpt from "A Merry Family," by Nikolai Nosov, about the birth of chicks in a homemade incubator built by some Soviet schoolboys), and perhaps at some future date Mrs. Morton will publish separate volumes for the three age groups she cites in her book: from five to seven, from eight to eleven, and from twelve on up. But the poems for very young children, translated by several hands, have not retained whatever merit they had in the original, and could give pleasure to no one except perhaps an indefatigable student of comparative children's literature or to someone gathering evidence for a paper on the hopelessness of translating poetry if you are not a poet.

"ALL THE SILVER PENNIES," edited by Blanche Jennings Thompson (Macmillan), is a reprint of two anthologies of modern verse for children that were first published in 1925 and 1938. It brings under one cover more wishy-washy poems than have probably ever been collected before. Here are some representative quotations:

By Walter De la Mare:

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure—sure—sure.

By Rose Fyleman:

Have you seen the fairies dancing
in the air,
And dashing off behind the stars
to tidy up their hair?

By Annette Wynne:

I keep three wishes ready,
Lest I should chance to meet
Any day a fairy
Coming down the street.

By Vachel Lindsay:

The moon's the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day.

The collection seems to me a daunting introduction to poetry. It represents poetry as girlish, trivial, and easy to read, when in fact poetry is masculine, dead serious, and hard to read. There are seven real poems in "All the Silver Pennies"—two by James Stephens, two by Ralph Hodgson, one by Emily Dickinson, one by Frost, and one by Yeats. The hundred and

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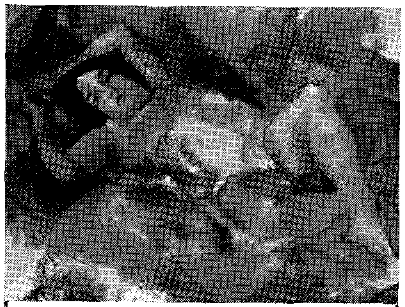

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seventy other poems are, to varying degrees, the North Wind's cooky.

The trouble with anthologies of modern verse, for adults or for children, is that they are apt to be anthologies of mediocre verse, since scarcely enough first-rate poetry is written during any short period of literary history to fill a volume. The selections in "Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle . . . and Other Modern Verse," compiled by Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders, and Hugh Smith (Lothrop), represent the acerb taste of the sixties rather than the saccharine one of the twenties, and therefore seem better than the poems in "All the Silver Pennies," but one can be sure that in another forty years' time most of them will look as dated and be of the preposterous sameness as the poems in the Thompson collection. In an introductory note, the compilers, who are college professors, report that they decided to do the book after talking about "how hard it was to find a collection of good poems for young readers—readers who had had their fill of verse about galoshes, bunny rabbits, and 'what I want to be when I grow up.'" Their aim was commendable, but one wishes they had aimed higher than the magazine verse the collection is mostly composed of. Enough suitable material exists in the genuine poetry of our language to make an anthology for children. This has been demonstrated on a number of occasions—most recently by Louise Bogan and William Jay Smith in "The Golden Journey" (Reilly & Lee) and as far back as 1861 by Coventry Patmore in "The Children's Garland from the Best Poets." There have been additions to and subtractions from the ranks of the best poets in the past hundred years, and Patmore's anthology is out of date, but his principle of selection cannot be improved on: "The test applied, in every instance, in the work of selection, has been that of having actually pleased intelligent children, and my object has been to make a book which shall be to them no more nor less than a book of equally good poetry is to intelligent grown persons."

—JANET MALCOLM

•

The tight Kevin O'Shea-James Mailliard race will be decided during the first part of next week when final vote tallies will be finished. At last count O'Shea led by 76 votes.

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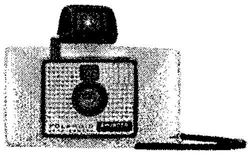

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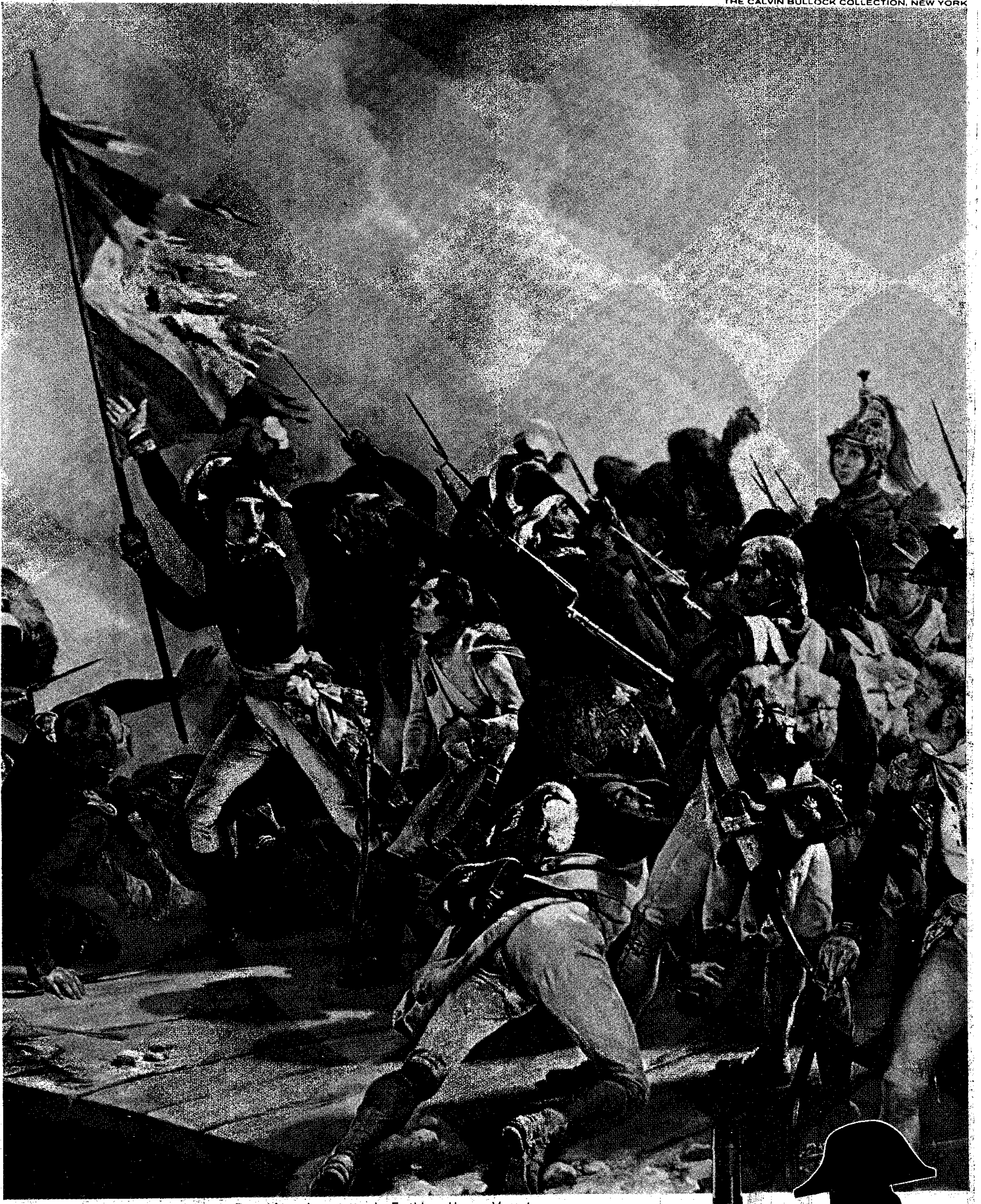

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